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THOMAS PLATTER'S TRAVELS  
IN ENGLAND 1599

Kein's Biechlin  
 Mein Andreß Ruffen von Basel was  
 Ich von meiner Jüngert auß für Reysen  
 geyen in welchen Ich die Grosse und Gütte  
 hat verzeichnet so Ich gesehen mir vnd  
 den meinen zu Linnen quido Zedel vnd  
 Bericht hats auß meinent altem vnd  
 Reichen Jön zu sammen Coligiert Anno  
 Christi 1600. Gott mit uns Amen.



MODES OF TRAVEL, c. 1600

From a MS in the University Library at Basel

THOMAS PLATTER'S  
TRAVELS IN  
ENGLAND:

1599.

*Rendered into English from the German,  
and with introductory matter by*

CLARE WILLIAMS



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## PREFATORY NOTE

So many friends have contributed to the making of this book that I am baffled and know not where to place my thanks. One, however, is pre-eminent. The editor of Thomas Platter's *Travels in England*, Professor Hans Hecht, has rendered me untold service both personally and impersonally. In person he has allowed me complete freedom in my use of his scholarly edition, he has been generous in his help and practical suggestions.

Impersonally his book has been my trusty friend, I dare not say how long. He, the foreigner, and his compatriots, have introduced me to studies in my native history that have been a sheer delight and revelation.

To the British Museum—the staff in the North Library, the Reading Room and Map Room—to the London Library and Mr. Fallon in particular, to University College and Professor Willoughby whence the inspiration for my work, my gratitude is due.

One further word to justify the introductory sections. These have been primarily designed to be a guide through the labyrinth of literature and ideas which lead to diaries like Thomas Platter's. No character in play or novel can be entirely self-reliant for the purpose of self-revelation: the shadows must be cast by fellow characters, and the interplay of spotlights both illuminates and dims the central role. So it seemed that Platter, a lone figure on the stage, might appear too significant and far less interesting, than Platter modified by period and generation by the atmosphere which bred such diaries as his.

## PREFATORY NOTE

To this end sources, many as they are divergent, have been sifted and reshuffled into slightly different groupings, so as to form a view of Tudor England as Platter's predecessors and contemporaries might have known it.

*To*  
*C. H. W.*



THOMAS PLATTER'S TRAVELS  
IN ENGLAND 1599



## CHAPTER I

### THIS ENGLAND

‘WHAT country in Europe comparable to England, what more wonderful than London?’<sup>1</sup> Such questions, the average citizen of sixteenth-century England knew in his heart full well, needed no reply. The causes of this nationalism are too closely bound up with universal movements and events for analysis here; suffice it that the stately prose and vigorous life-stream of Tudor England had for background works and thoughts of a more sombre hue than the glorious episodes of popular allusion; works little known to any but the dust-ridden disciples of scholarship, works not wholly unamusing.

From 1480 onwards, the presses in and out the liberties of London worked busily as they turned out handsome folios of chronicles. The histories of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, Julyan Notary . . . are rich and fascinating volumes; they show, despite the new development afoot both here and elsewhere, how distant yet was modern thought. Are not the centuries, compared with one another, like some scaly creatures which shed their old skin, yet but for a fresh lustre look very little different in the new? So in this great epoch of reconsidered values, when the spirit of Italian regeneration and culture walked abroad in Europe, medieval lore still held its own. Descended from the vast *summa* or sums of medieval learning, ‘mirrors of the world’, genealogies akin to those elaborate traceries, the branch-

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Johnson, *Cornucopiae*, 1595.



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ing trees of Jesse on carved choir-stall and bench, the chronicles told world history from the time of the creation. In these mosaics of compilation, occasionally small fragments bring to mind the existence of a tiny island situate on the borders of the unknown — namely Great Britain. To one of these monastic histories, that of Matthew Paris, we owe an early map of Britain; from the fourteenth-century *Polychronicon* of Ranulph Higden,<sup>1</sup> monk of Chester, many chapters on the history and characteristics of our island are inherited and passed on. These, William Caxton says, he used for his description of England, and de Worde and many chroniclers in their turn followed him. These were the ancestors of the great annalists, antiquaries, historians of sixteenth-century England. Our task then, like the chroniclers, will be to set forth 'a little treatise which treateth of the description of this land which of old time was named Albion and after Britain, and now is called England, and speaketh of the nobleness and worthiness of the same'.<sup>2</sup> Our beginnings, though obscure, partake of all the mystery which obscurity begets. Thus, in part, the story runs: Britain was first called Albion, some say of Diocletian's eldest daughter; others, more poetically minded, believe it signifies the land of white rocks, that armour of chalky promontories girdling the south. Brute the Trojan founder called it Britain, but when the Saxons came, they termed it Anglia, possibly after some Queen of theirs, or else because it formed an angle or corner of the world! Obscure history is followed by equally obscure geography; the length of day and night, such useful information as that 'Britain is end-long and larger

<sup>1</sup> [ed.] J. R. Lumbey: *Rolls Series*, 1882.

<sup>2</sup> Wynkyn de Worde: *The Description of England*, 1498.

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in the middle than in thendes', or that 'Britain is set within ocean as it were without the world'. Of her 'worthiness and prerogatives' there is not the slightest doubt, 'the land is plenteous and the sea also'. She abounds with hot wells, salt wells, metals, woods and streams and fishes. She exports wool and skins, and fells: 'Flanders loveth the wool, Holland the skins and fells, other countries the metals . . . A versifier in his metre praiseth this land . . . England is a good land fruitful of wool, but it is a corner, England is full of play, free men, free tongues, free hearts. England is beauteous of land, the flower of lands, and much more couched in a language reminiscent of the Psalmist. One chapter tells of the marvels and wonders of this ancient habitat; an enumeration of the islands encircling our already sea-girt isle (the Isle of Man, the Isle of Wight, the Orkneys), a description of the King's highways and streets, not always to be trusted, the Fosse which 'stretcheth out of the South into the North, and beginneth from the corner of Cornwall'. Watling Street stretching 'thwart over Fosse out of the SE. to NW. . . .' Ermine Street and Icknield Street; no rolling English roads these, but straight unsubtle ways, cast for the tramp of Roman legions. But the road has ever found its rival in the river, and so the giant waterways (Thames, Severn, Humber) and the lesser streams are treated next; so to the ancient cities, chief of these 'Caerlud that is London, Caerbranc that is York, and Caerbent, Canterbury'. Now London was 'a royal and a rich city upon Thames, of burgesses, of riches, of merchants, of chaffere and of merchandise . . .' Brute built this city, and called it Troyneweth (and variants) in memory of Troy; King Lud changed this to Caerlud, whence London, and Norman, Londres.

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The little treatise closes with chapters on the provinces and shires of which the numbers seem uncertain, on laws, bishoprics, sees and some jejune history. Wales, Scotland and Ireland have their turn, the tale becoming more and more preposterous as one proceeds. In Ireland there are places where people never die, wells which if touched cause eternal rain, strange monsters and magic more hair-raising almost than those undiscovered worlds of 'men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders' which tantalized Elizabethan buccaneers.

Such was the general form of Britain's history, geography, and institutions as handed down by Caxton from Higden to Holinshed. The latter, immortalized through Shakespeare, needs no introduction. But William Harrison<sup>1</sup> to whom Holinshed entrusted the description of England which had become a feature of such chronicles, is a less public figure. The half-century that had elapsed saw other works on English chronicles, yet Harrison still modelled the first book of his description on his predecessors, so that there is little change in form, although some small variations in the detail occur and the narrative is expanded into further chapters.

We continue through a familiar maze of legend. Albion, son of Neptune and Amphitrite, heard good report of us, and settled here . . . giants once inhabited the island, nor are these mere 'fables to delight men's ears', for 'there have been such men indeed, as for their hugeness of person have resembled rather high towers than mortal men'. Higden and Harrison and their intermediaries realized the hybrid character of their mother tongue. We are informed of ancient religions, of islands round Britain, of rivers, of the Thames' source

<sup>1</sup> [ed.] F. J. Furnivall: *New Shaks. Soc.*, 1908.

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and its doings on the way to London where the tides are highest; here its stream is crossed by London Bridge 'in manner a continual street, with large and stately houses' having 'twenty arches each of excellent free squared stone' . . . Would that the swans' statuesque white silhouettes still graced the London river, for they were a favourite sight with Englishmen and foreigners. 'In like manner I could entreat of the infinite number of swans daily to be seen upon this river', also 'the two thousand wherries and small boats, whereby 3,000 poor watermen are maintained . . . beside those huge tide-boats, tilt boats and barges, which either carry passengers or bring necessary provision . . . unto the city of London'. The four highways of Britain figure here again. Some quaint remarks on the air, which 'though by reason of continual clouds reputed to be gross and nothing so pleasant as that of the main' is indeed 'no less pure, wholesome and commodious', are succeeded by the conventional and unmitigated praise of English soil, fruitful for cattle-grazing, tillage, corn; of hills and rivers, and fat pastures, rich milk and cream, yellow butter and good cheese. In fact, a country flowing with milk and honey, fecund motherland. The book concludes with a discourse on the race, well-complexioned, 'tall of stature, strong in body, white of colour, bold and courageous in war' . . . and some history of a popular but false complexion with Brute to take the stage.

So far then, early chronicles have scarcely been out-distanced, but in the later books Harrison lets his vision range freely, spying out from the study table every corner of that nook-shotten Albion which he had himself explored so little, yet loved and criticized with fervour. Here, indeed, the cup of social history runs over, so

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brimful is the narrative of illustrations from Everyman's existence in Elizabethan England. 'From its Parliament and Universities, to its beggars and its rogues; from its castles to its huts; from how the state was managed, to how Mrs. William Harrison brewed her beer; all is there.' This feast of observation has been freely sampled — for the sake of uniformity, and as a foil to the hide-bound views and sparse remarks contributed by predecessors, here are some of the more appetizing morsels:

'The situation of our region, lying near unto the north, doth cause the heat of our stomachs to be of somewhat greater force: therefore our bodies do crave a little more ample nourishment than the inhabitants of the hotter regions.' A sound opening to any discourse! The English are great meat-eaters, especially the wealthier sort, accustomed to a variety of meat, of sea and river fish caught locally, of game and poultry, home-reared and imported, while white meats, milk, butter and cheese adorn even the poor man's table. Harrison says the rich man's board groans under the variety of meat it bears, some no longer known to-day. Drink is plentiful in England, wines of all descriptions are imported, beer is brewed at home, likewise cider and perrie. Elegant tables favour Murano glass, in which there is great trade, rather than gold and silver vessels, while even the 'poorest will have glass if they may; but sith the Venetian is somewhat too dear . . . they content themselves with such as are made at home of fern and burnt stone'. Gentlefolk and merchants keep much the same table: country hospitality is kind and hearty, but the town man or the Londoner is cannier and closer, complaining oftentimes of 'little room'. At one time, it seems, there were four meals a day, but Harrison thanks God that

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now these 'odd repasts' are done away with, leaving dinner and supper only. Thus the leisured [nobility, gentry and students] dined at eleven before noon, and supped at five or between five and six after noon: the busy upper classes [merchants] seldom before twelve and six; the husbandmen dined also at high noon, though the labours of the field demanded later supper at seven or eight: the scholars of the universities, as late as ten out of term, while the poorest sort oblivious of time and place and century 'generally dine and sup when they may'.

The business of procuring these good things must be the next concern. One sees the eager housewife kirtled and gowned at weekly marketings, which Harrison says were held in most great towns of England. She would need her wits about her to cope with tradesmen's tricks. Harrison is bitter on this subject; supervision is insufficient, salesmen offer poor stuff, underweight, cheat as they please. Corndealers are the butt of his particular derision: 'in corn great abuse is daily suffered to the great prejudice of the town and country, especially the poor artificer and householder, which tilleth no land, but labouring all the week to buy a bushel or two of grain on the market day, can there have none for his money, because of bodgers, loaders and common carriers of corn, do not only buy up all, but give above the price to be served of great quantities' and a thousand other ruses to raise prices and outwit their poor brethren. Then again the realm is 'pestered with purveyors who take up eggs, butter, cheese, pigs, capons, hens, chickens, hogs, bacon in one market under pretence of their commissions, and suffer their wives to sell the same in another or to poulterers of London'. Likewise the increase in the number of buttermen, who order butter from the source faster than

it can be supplied, has sent up the price of this commodity beyond belief. When the owners were enforced to bring it to the market, butter could be had for a reasonable figure, less than half the sum, in fact. Thus does the middleman invade even Elizabethan walks of life. In truth the chapter is a dreary comment on human execution of the Christian doctrine 'love thy neighbour' — in Harrison's words it is the old, old story of 'how each one of us endeavoureth to fleece and eat up another'.

A further chapter in the human sum of error follows, for those wretched coverings of human imperfection, clothes, spur the Puritan to onslaught. It is a subject ever open to the moralist when other matter lacks, and Harrison the parson has his fling at it. As one reads one is reminded of an earlier text in strange verse with crude woodcut illustration:

I am an English man, and naked I stand here  
 Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear;  
 For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that;  
 Now I will wear I cannot tell what.  
 All new fashions be pleasant to me . . .<sup>1</sup>

So Harrison:—as a nation we are fantastical and foolish in our changeability, yielding to every new trick of the 'fickle-headed tailors'. We adopt foreign modes — Spanish guise, French toys, high Almaine fashion, Barbarian sleeves, and the rest — 'that except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see any so disguised as are our countrymen of England'. How immutable is human nature! 'How hardly can the tailor please [a number of men and women] in making [the apparel] fit for their bodies? How many times must it be sent back again to

<sup>1</sup> Andrew Boorde: *The First Booke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, Early Eng. Text Soc., x, 1870.

him that made it? What chafing, what fretting, what reproachful language doth the poor workman bear away? And many times when he doth nothing to it at all, yet when it is brought home again it is very fit and handsome; then must we put it on, then must the long seams of our hose be set by a plumb line, then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us'. As for the range of coiffure and the variety of beards, there is no space for them. 'In women also it is most to be lamented that they do now far exceed the lightness of our men.'

And so, worked to a very pitch of frenzy, Harrison inveighs against the immorality of our English Sodom and Gomorrah, and lets the burning liquid of his words pour Jeremiad-fashion on his victims. The merchants alone adhere to 'ancient gravity' though their young wives are often lured away in quest of costly attire and housekeeping. In brief it was never 'merrier with England than when an Englishman was known [abroad] by his own cloth, and contented himself [at home] with his fine kersey hosen and a mean slop: his coat, gown and cloak of brown, blue or puce with some pretty furniture of velvet or fur, and a doublet of sad tawny or black velvet or other comely silk, without such [cuts and] garish colours as are worn in these days' . . . It seems that 'merry' England has ever been a dream-wish unfulfilled!

A section on architecture and interior decoration is in happier vein and contains much that will appeal to those who know 'the rapture of old towns and houses', lovers of those old baulks and ancient walls, about which cling the ghosts of other days. The buildings in the cities and good towns of England were for the most part of timber, few private dwellings being as yet made of stone.



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London houses are well known for the simplicity of their exterior while 'inwardly able to receive a duke with his whole train' . . . Likewise our 'street fronts have not been so uniform and orderly builded as those of foreign cities'. English country houses differ from the continental ones in having dairy, stable and brewhouse detached instead of annexed. Gentlemen's manorial homes and mansions are for the most part of strong timber, more recently of brick or hard stone, their rooms large and comely with the offices further distant from their lodgings. Similarly, the houses of the nobility are of brick or hard stone, 'so that if ever curious building did flourish in England it is in these our years, wherein our workmen excel . . .' but their high charges and 'lingering humour' cause foreigners often to be preferred for their more 'reasonable takings' and being 'less wasters of time'. Often at such moments time becomes telescoped — the middleman, the British workman, age-old abuses, national failings, human vanities, how stubbornly you persist and fossilize and flee the sickle that mows the years away!

Let Harrison close with three strange changes that had come about in English life: "There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remain, which have noted three things to be marvellously altered in England within their sound remembrance. . . . One is the multitude of chimneys lately erected, whereas in their young days, there were not above two or three . . . but each one made his fire against a reredos in the hall where he dined and dressed his meat'. A fleeting vision of courtly Tudor chimneys, elegant, afforesting the house tops, passes as one reads. The second is the 'great . . . amendment of lodging, for our fathers . . . have lain full oft upon straw pallets . . . covered only with a sheet . . . and a good

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round log under their heads instead of a bolster . . . Pillows (said they) were thought meet only for women in childbed . . . The third thing they tell of is the exchange of treen [wooden] platters into pewter and wooden spoons into silver or tin' . . . These three quaint changes bespeak better times, and other evidence in Harrison supports the inference — certainly the face of England was luxurious with the stamp of courtly parks and new-built palaces upon it.

Elizabeth's houses were built of brick or square stone, and while not aspiring to the grandeur of a foreign palace, they were distinguished for their neatness, good planning and good sites, Henry VIII's buildings differed from his predecessors', yet were excellent in style, for 'masonry did never better flourish . . . than in his time'. There is a hint of jerry-building in the comment 'And albeit that in these days there be many goodly houses erected, yet they are rather curious to the eye than substantial for continuance.'

Of parks in every shire there are great plenty, while gardens, the soul of Englishmen as music, sculpture, painting are the vehicles of foreign sublimation, flowered copiously. 'If you look into our gardens annexed to our houses, how wonderfully is their beauty increased, not only with flowers and variety of curious and costly workmanship, but also with rare and medicinal herbs. . . . How art also helpeth nature in the daily colouring, doubling and enlarging the proportion of our flowers, for so curious and cunning are our gardeners now, that they presume to do in manner what they list with nature and moderate her course in things as if they were her superiors.' Daily strange herbs and plants are imported from the Indies, Americas and other parts, every noble-

man, gentleman and merchant being well supplied, so that they are almost native to us. English orchards likewise flowered gaily, full of apples, plums, pears, walnuts, filberts, and in noble orchards strange fruits such as apricots, almonds, peaches, figs, corn-trees (cornela), for Tudor gardeners were most cunning in the grafting and manœuvres. Finally, a glimpse at Harrison's own garden might fittingly conclude this rapid survey from his strong, bold prose: 'For mine own part, good reader, let me boast a little of my garden, which is but small . . . little above three hundred feet of ground, and yet, such hath been my good luck in purchase of the variety of simples . . . that there are very near three hundred of one sort and other contained therein, no one of them being common or usually to be had. If therefore my little plot . . . be so well furnished, what shall we think of Hampton Court, Non(e)such, Tibaults [Theobalds], Cobham garden, and sundry other appertaining to divers citizens of London?'

So much for the living commonwealth, what of its thought, morality and institutions? For the latter Harrison provides a mass of information, less vivid, more pedantic yet no less surprising in extent. From it one can select according to one's taste such topics as the history of the Church, of the English law, of the marvellous power of our baths and hot wells, of the ancient universities, Oxford being preferable to Cambridge for situation 'enviored in manner round about with woods on the hills aloft and goodly rivers in the bottoms, and the valleys beneath', for its colleges 'much more stately, magnificent and commodious' and the streets 'more large and comely', though Cambridge gains on uniformity of building,

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orderly compaction and (politic) regiment, and much more that is diverting on the rivalry of Town and Gown, general student life and London's Inns of Court.

Harrison, had he but completed this one work, merits all praise as a prodigious worker. Into the categorical list of subjects treated in the chronicle descriptions he introduced an irresistible personal flavour which liberated the style and seasoned the commonplace. He has been dwarfed in the popular esteem by more celebrated scholars, his friend Camden, the author of *Britannia*, and his predecessor Leland, first of the topographers. Yet none of these could stand without the other. If the chronicles are the base, Leland is the keystone, Harrison the corner, and Camden, Stow and Saxton form the finished edifice. The chronicles set down statements as they found them, Harrison was a seeker after truth, and though he had not travelled forty miles all his life according to his own account, with the help of Leland's papers 'from sundry places and shires in England', by 'conference with divers at . . . the table, or secretly alone' he seriously attempted a true and honest rendering of English life and institutions. In his enthusiasm he can scarce have realized what a treasure-house of information he was handing down to us his heirs.

Leland's papers!<sup>1</sup> The name harks back to the beginnings of regional surveying, and of the direct scientific approach to cosmography in England. These regional surveyors wearied of ink-horn knowledge and black-letter texts, and stepped out of the study into the bright sunshine of personal experience. Tradition must be checked by observation from the life. A system of regional surveying based on actual exploration was devised, and

<sup>1</sup> *Itinerary*, 1535-43 [ed.] L. Toulmon-Smith, 1910.

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Leland was the unconscious pioneer of this method on this side of the Channel. He left an entirely haphazard set of notes and gleanings, which Harrison described as 'books utterly mangled, defaced with wet and weather and finally imperfect for want of sundry volumes'. Could John Stow have made his London classic without Leland? The might-not-have-beens of history, however, are as fruitless as their opposite, and the line of descent is obvious from Leland and his followers, Lambarde, William Smith, John Norden, names that have deserved a greater emphasis — to the celebrated Stow.

Leland, in the course of his itinerary, ranged over England almost from Land's End to John o' Groats. In the dedication to 'his sovereign Liege' he writes that 'totally inflamed with a love to see thoroughly all those parts of this your opulent and ample realm that I had read of . . . [in the histories] . . . I have so travelled in your dominions both by the sea coasts and the middle parts, sparing neither labour nor costs, by the space of these vi years past, that there is almost neither cape, nor bay, haven, creak, or pier, river or confluence of rivers, breaches, washes, lakes, meres, fenny waters, mountains, valleys, moors, heaths, forests, woods, cities, boroughs, castles, principal manor places, monasteries and colleges, but I have seen them' . . . and had his Maker sent him life as he besought Him, it is possible that Leland would have presented to His Majesty the great picture of his 'world and impery [empire] of England set forth in a quadrat table of silver' like unto Charlemagne's 'notable tables' of Rome, etc., as he had planned. As it is, a vast array of notes remains and some continuous itinerary. Unlike Harrison's historical approach, Leland saw the country with the eyes of a topographer. No

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flowers of speech adorn his work, the grace of that direct attack which charms the ear in Harrison's prose style is absent. There are no 'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones' (except on tombstones) where Leland is concerned; the wolds and folds, inspiration for so many of our poets, leave our antiquary mute. Nor did cathedral towns rouse a Tudor schoolman to the exaltation of a Ruskin. Glastonbury's 'fair and lightsome church' is rhetoric most rare for Leland.

A cursory view of Leland's England presents a 'champaign country', home of fair residences, orchards, gardens, a land of corn, rich pasture, sometimes woody ground. In the north we come upon the fens and heaths and meres, 'low meadows and moors full of pools . . . hilly and lingy and some moorish ground', the west presents the park-like qualities. Bath has 'fair meadows on each hand' and is environed with great hills. In Somerset are parks and pretty brooks and the deer 'trip over the dykes and feed all about the fens and resort to the park again', then come the Devon moors, while the Cornish coast is grim with its black rocks and creeks where gulls breed, its cliffs of blue slate veined with lead, its tin works, drifts of sand, and barren fisher hamlets. The countryside is sprinkled with small towns, plying their several crafts and industries; cloth-making, a staple occupation, seems more flourishing in the south of England. Take Beverley — 'There was good cloth-making at Beverley: but that is now much decayed', or Ripon — 'now idleness is sore increased in the town, and cloth-making almost decayed', while looms in Somerset (at Dunster, Bruton), Dorset (Sherborne), Devon, are apparently now most active. At Bideford in Leland's day was a 'pretty quick street of smiths and other occupiers of ship's craft' and most of the

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Devon coastal towns lived on fishery and shipping. Hull in the north had ousted Hedon as a harbour, Plymouth, Falmouth, Fowey were large southern ports. The provincial towns with their markets, hospitals, churches and monasteries (or remains of these), almost as we picture many of them to-day, were vital arteries of England's life-stream: 'Wellingborough is a good quick market town built of stone as all the towns be in Northamptonshire.' Sometimes the buildings were of stone, sometimes of timber according to the district or the period. Wakefield in Yorkshire is 'most of timber but some of stone'. Leicester at this time is built of timber. And since the constellations in their courses hovered over Stratford in this era, let us, with Leland as our guide, make this, a typical and wealthy market-town, our resting-place by Avon. 'The town of Stratford standeth upon a plain ground on the right hand or ripe of Avon, as the water descendeth. It hath two or three very large streets beside back lanes. One of the principal streets leadeth from east to west, another from south to north. The town is reasonably well built of timber. There is once a year a great fair at Holy Rood Day', which is a 'thing of a very great concourse of people for a two or three days. The parish church is a fair large piece of work and standeth at the south end of the town. . . . There is a right goodly chapel in a fair street toward the south end of the town, dedicated to the Trinity . . . newly reedified in mind of man by one Hugh Clopton, Mayor of London . . . This Clopton built also by the north side of this chapel a pretty house of brick and timber wherein he lay in his latter days, and died. There is a grammar school on the south side of this chapel . . . also an almshouse of ten poor folk. Clopton aforesaid made also the great and sumptuous bridge

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upon Avon, at the east end of the town. This bridge hath fourteen great arches of stone, and a long causey made of stone. . . . Afore the time of Hugh Clopton, there was but a bridge of timber.' . . . Thus the forerunners with Leland at their head—a catalogue of the many names can prove but wearisome and unenlightening—made the ways smooth for the mission of the great triumvirate Saxton, Camden, Stow! Without the previous spade work these last could not have achieved so fully. Leland in his personal tour conducted primarily as an antiquarian mission, foreshadowed Saxton's method. The latter did not sit at home to make his charts, but having 'travelled through the greater part of this our realm of England, [he] set forth divers true and pleasant maps charts or plats of the same counties together with the cities, towns, villages and rivers therein contained' to be an Elizabethan monument in the annals of cartography.<sup>1</sup> London for certain, her history and treatment, grown out of recognition from the brief allusion in the chronicle, owes the existence of her independent survey to this group of toilers upon untilled wastes of regional geography. William Smith, Rougedragon, author of several small works on England, and John Norden, are working contemporary with Stow to bring London to the fore. The first introduces his 'brief description of the famous city of London'<sup>2</sup> with the ancient rigmarole concerning Brutus and the founders and some topical history. Some facts about the city's situation, length and breadth are followed by remarks on father Thames; one thousand feet broad at this point it flows on for sixty miles, and turns twice in twenty-four hours' space, bringing great store of ships from all

<sup>1</sup> See Fordham, *Bibliog.* (i).

<sup>2</sup> Harl. MS., 6363.



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parts of the world upon its tide; furthermore, upon its tranquil stream 1,000 tame swans may be discerned, 2,000 or more wherries . . . barges, tiltboats plying to and fro. A comprehensive summary of the metropolis ensues, sights and buildings, wards 'within the liberties', parishes and churches, government and city officers, halls and merchant companies, hospitals and prisons. Here is a tour of London sights unparalleled as yet: from London Bridge with its tiresome accessories, the twenty arches and houses lining both sides across to Southwark, from the Tower 'amongst all ye notable buildings . . . most greatest, notablest and most ancientist', by way of the Royal Exchange 'most excellently and costly built' four square of brick and stone, with pillars of marble and some of jasper, to the Guildhall 'built of stone, lead-covered, being marvellous fair, large and long, and so had it need be'. From Leadenhall, 'a store house for the city', and St. Paul's, across to the liberties without, to Westminster and the Abbey, with its 'new chapel' of Our Lady at the east end, 'of such excellent workmanship that the like is not of lime and stone in all Christendom again'. Note that the 'city is well edified and beautified with very fine houses and palaces of noblemen all along the river towards Westminster', in continuous line from Leicester house to Whitehall palace. We remember this pleasing aspect of the north bank to which Harrison alluded. Smith mentions Cecil's house on the north side of the Strand 'over against the Savoy, a goodly house all of brick'. London is full of markets — four days weekly (Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday) in Cheapside, Cornhill, Gracechurch Street, Newgate and Southwark: there are fishmarkets and shambles and 'I have heard it reported that there is more flesh sold in a

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day than is sold in Portugal in a whole year'. There are fair days and holidays, there are conduits, and 'new devices for conveyance of water out of the Thames both at London Bridge and other places, which passeth through the city almost to everyman's house, yee even into their kitchens' . . . Turning to Norden's *Mirror of Great Britain*<sup>1</sup> five years later, its reflection is by now familiar. Its summary of the amenities of Middlesex, its descriptive list of towns alphabetically arranged are intended rather as a commentary on the very excellent maps. Norden's London map is legion, his card of Middlesex with the roads marked in duly famous. Hence he has fared less shabbily than Smith. Planning like 'the artificial painter who beginneth always at the head, the principal part of the body', to make Middlesex the start of a complete perambulation in the manner of this neat quarto, this and another volume, were the only portions of the *Mirror* to appear in print. His sketch of the 'head' itself drawn in the florid style of the time is most alluring. Middlesex is 'plentifully stored and as it seemeth beautified with many fair and comely buildings, especially of the merchants of London who have planted their houses of recreation not in the meanest places, which also they have cunningly contrived, curiously beautified with divers devices, neatly decked with rare inventions, environed with orchards of sundry delicate fruits, gardens with delectable walks, arbours, alleys and great variety of pleasing dainties; all which seem to be beautiful ornaments unto this country. But who so turneth his eyes unto the stately and most princely palaces of Queen Elizabeth in many parts of this shire most sweetly situate, garnished with

<sup>1</sup> *Speculum Britanniae*, 1593. Harl. MS. 570.

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most princely delights, beholding all the houses of the nobility may say as Vadian of a fruitful and pleasant place in Egypt . . . the face or superficies of this country is most beautiful'. Allowing for the flowers of 'rhetoric sweete' no denizen of the twentieth century can readily call up a vision at once so verdant and entrancing. As the details emerge, however, landmarks become visible again, and the scene takes on a more familiar aspect. Highgate upon the hill is most pleasant dwelling and healthful by the 'sweet salutary air', Hampstead is likewise 'very healthful' having London in pleasant perspective. As for London, in the printed version her sites labelled with their now familiar attributes and epithets — river, size, name, situation, fame — are quoted severally. The gates, the churches, London Bridge, the Tower, Exchange, Westminster, palaces and residences figure here again. Smith and Norden differ in their exposition; for the matter of their texts there is not much to choose. Each is experimenting, each adds his tithe in the evolution of regional surveying. The form of their accomplishment will be employed by the more ambitious survey of John Stow.<sup>1</sup> He will complete what they began. The proportions of his monumental survey to their tentative productions are as Michelangelo's giants to some trifling Dresden figurine. Here are Smith's and Norden's London worked out both in mass and miniature — the gates and wards and suburbs explored in full, the city's history and constitution retailed in ample bulk and measure. This is the epilogue, the grand conclusion to the civic sentiment of an age egotistical as a child in the pride and pleasure of its own achievement:

<sup>1</sup> [ed.] C. L. Kingsford, 1908.

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O! Town of towns, patron and not compare [compeer]  
London thou art the flower of cities all . . .  
Strong be thy walls that about thee stand,  
Wise be the people that within thee dwells,  
Fresh is thy river with its lusty strand  
Blith be thy churches, well-sounding be thy bells,  
Rich be thy merchants in substance that excels,  
Fair be thy wives, right lovesome, white and small,  
Clear be thy virgins, lusty under kells:  
London thou art the flower of cities all.<sup>1</sup>

Summing up, the first phase of this our sixteenth-century English journey, might be epitomized in Andrew Boorde's<sup>2</sup> grotesque account of the 'noble realm of England' (1542). Its main features — products, type, cities, hybrid language, a passing reference to London and the universities with special emphasis on the marvels, recall the chronicle: ' . . . as for the noble fertile country of England, hath no region like it. . . . For gold, silver, tin, lead, and iron grow there. Also there is plenty of fish, flesh and wild fowl and copiousness of wool and cloth . . . . Though they have no wines growing within the realm . . . yet there is no realm that hath so many sorts of wine as they . . . Englishmen be bold, strong and mighty; the women be full of beauty, and they be decked gaily. They fare sumptuously . . . In England there be many noble cities and towns, amongst the which the noble city of London precelleth all other . . . for there is not Constantinople, Venice, Rome, Florence, Paris or Cologne cannot be compared to London . . . And there is such a bridge of pulcritudnes, that in all the world there is none like . . . In England is the third university

<sup>1</sup> William Dunbar (?).

<sup>2</sup> See note, p. 22.

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of the world named Oxford. And there is another noble university called Cambridge. Also in England be many wonderful things . . . at Bath certain waters, the which be ever hot or warm, and never cold . . . salt well waters . . . Upon the plain of Salisbury is the Stonehenge' . . . which leads the author to realms of fay and fancy, to forests where the nightingales never sing, to divers places where the wood doth turn to stone, to the royal power of healing sick men of a sickness called the king's evil, to mysteries unplumbed, marvels unfathomed. Forty years elapse when William Camden, rich with the wisdom and endeavour they have yielded, closes a second phase with his *Britannia*.<sup>1</sup> Dividing his material into two clear parts, he sets out first the history and origins, natural and historical divisions of the country, a brief survey of the sees of Canterbury and York, the estates and parliament and courts of England. In second place comes a bird's-eye view, along the now accepted lines of treatment, of England's counties, thirty-nine in all, of Scotland, Ireland and the islands. Camden's analysis is enlightened, though in the process of clarifying legend he spins other delicious webs of fantasy about the place-name history. He treads warily when the aristocracy and antiquity of our forebears are imperilled, over-anxious that justice should be done; nor would he wish to cast a slur upon the past by denying Brute and all that the island hero had embodied. For with this apologia he is drastic in his quest for truth. 'Away with Angelus — and with Queen Angela whom foolish folk babble to have been the founders of our nation.' Likewise angle, corner and the rest are mere inventions of men's minds. All his powers of scholarship are exercised

<sup>1</sup> 1586 *et seq.* Eng. trans., 1610.

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in giving an accurate county history and survey. If in so doing he has to poach on other men's preserves, lest he should be accused of 'close pilfering', he hastens to acknowledge and explain. Kent, for instance, cannot be omitted from his project, despite another man's exhaustive work on it, but he renders, unlike earlier procedure which lifted wholesale and unabashed, fully unto Lambarde<sup>1</sup> what is Lambarde's. The chief towns of the county have their comments, and any features of the neighbourhood are pointed out. There is an interesting disquisition on the Cornish tin mines — underpropping, pinning, the workings of the mine are clearly drawn. The shelf of green hills 'called Downs' behind the Sussex shore, the joy of many an English heart, rejoiced Camden's too. Middlesex, bounded by so many shires of luxuriant woodland and undulating greensward — Bucks divided from it by the Colne, Essex by the Lea, Herts by a 'crooked' demarcation, and Surrey by the broad belt of Thames — receives its share of blame, and more especially of praise as the haven of the 'Epitome and Breviary of all Britain, seat of the British Empire and King of England's Chamber . . . [which] overtoppeth all, as the cypress tree among sinal [bin] twigs'.

So, we have feigned ignorance of our England, in order with some zealous sixteenth-century antiquaries for companions, to revisit some of the scenes they knew. That there was no more fertile period, no epoch more race-conscious than the Tudor, is too often stressed; but that behind the literary efflorescence, the bravura of the age, there lay a solid mass of introspective study, coincident with its rampant cosmopolitanism, may be

<sup>1</sup> *A Perambulation of Kent* . . ., 1576.

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easily forgotten. It has been little realized how large a part such study of her history and topography played in the land which boasted Shakespeare, prince of poets, Sydney, Essex, the epitome and flower of Renaissance English gentlemen, with Gloriana for their mistress.

## CHAPTER II

### ENGLISH JOURNEY

‘THE Italian and the Lombarde say, *Anglia terra-bona terra, mala gent.* That is to say, the land of England is a good land, but the people be ill.’ There is a similar suggestion in the chatter of the gravediggers in *Hamlet* —

Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Why, because he was mad: he shall never recover his wits there, or if he do not, it’s no great matter there.

Why?

’Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

— one aspect of the foreign attitude to which Shakespeare wittily alludes. A century or so before the dialogue was written, to the average European mind the island fastness Anglia was more remote than any legendary Arcadia. The Khan and Saracen were more familiar names than Anglia — but as the fifteenth century wore into the sixteenth and the awakening West began to realize its own peculiar personality, as European race-consciousness developed and Anglia herself became a power, her contour from across the channel grew in clarity and precision. With Italy in the van, European scholars were collaborating to rediscover Europe’s past and build her present on a reliable pediment. Ancient texts were ransacked, personal experiences and any oral information brought to bear upon the work in hand.



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Amongst these scholars, Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, the brilliant Humanist, ranked high. In his *Commentaries* and another work, *Europa*<sup>1</sup>, may be read some of his personal adventures on British soil in 1435. His first assault here, virtually a fiasco, showed him London, most wealthy and populous, St. Paul's and the splendid tombs of the kings at Westminster, the Thames 'spanned by a bridge which resembles a city' . . . and '(that which obscures the fame of all else) the golden shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, covered with diamonds, pearls and carbuncles'. His second trip, however, exciting to a degree, showed him much that many travellers after him never saw. Tossed ashore by a random wind he beheld remote Scotland (a desolate and penurious land) and its monarch, and such places in England as his route thither led him to visit. His *Europa*, the outcome of his wanderings, blazes the trail for the new descriptive geography.

To Italy, indeed, nursery of new thought, treasure-house of antiquity, our own island owed its incipient fame upon the mainland. Some time after Piccolomini there appeared the suave stereotyped cycle of Venetian relations to the Doge, reports of English character and climate, government and institutions. There was, too, the fine history of Polydore Vergil, scrupulously honest in its attempt to state the truth 'because an History is a full rehearsal and declaration of things done, not a guess or divination', a dictum which many moderns might take to heart. And finally Paul Jovius in his *Description of Britain, Scotland, Hibernia and the Orkneys*<sup>2</sup> became the standard textbook of his day.

But the 'forties (associated in England with Leland's

<sup>1</sup> See Ady Bibliog. (ii).

<sup>2</sup> *Descriptio Angliae, Scotiae, Hiberniae*, 1548.

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laborious journey) mark the beginning of widespread publication of works on cosmography abroad. Sebastian Münster, eminent among the scholars in Basel, has now launched his two important works, the latter of which, his famous *Cosmography*,<sup>1</sup> apparently had a vogue throughout the century comparable in proportion to the modern best-seller. The following year (1545) sees a *Compendious Description of England*<sup>2</sup> issued in France by Guillaume Paradin, the advocate of a 'better-known Britain', in which the author, by dint of searching the monographs of talented men and *not* by crossing the ocean, discloses what these consider worthy of sight or memory.

In face of such publications continuing throughout the century, was Jean Bernard<sup>3</sup> justified in stating in 1579 that '... amongst great and learned persons versed in the knowledge of history and foreign lands, each contributes his share of what he has seen and experienced, treating, however, in most cases of Spain, Italy, Germany, Piedmont or the Netherlands but rarely of our English and Scottish neighbours . . .'? Had the foreigner, like Euphues, passed the stage which held that 'all the Britains do dye themselves with woad . . . they wear their hair long and shave all parts of their bodies, saving the head and the upper lip'? How far does the dialogue from Hamlet really meet the mark? What in short did a sixteenth-century foreigner know of England from his guides?

A sketch of England as portrayed in the diminutive volumes and bulky folios of the time may furnish a reply.

<sup>1</sup> *Geog. Universalis*, 1540. *Cosmographia*, 1544 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> *Angliae Descriptionis Compendium*, 1545.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 58.

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A rare old German chronicle<sup>1</sup> from that hub of the waning Middle Ages, Nuremberg, points the first phase. In this quaint contemporary of Caxton, the medieval flavour again seasons the new learning. With much show of scholarship and amply illustrated (Dürer's master had a hand in the woodcuts) the compilation relates world-history from its origins in limbo. That a woodcut termed the region of England, representing no place in particular, later serves to illustrate France is of no greater import than that luckless flamingos be used as croquet mallets or live hedgehogs for balls! The story Schedel tells is familiar enough — England was once called Albion from the white cliffs visible to navigators. Brute conquered Albion from the giants and named her Britannia. She was called Great Britain to distinguish her from Little Britain adjoining Gaul! Brute built the town of Trimoantem [*sic*] on the river Ramesis [*sic*] in memory of old Troy. His three sons shared the land, and Lundinum, where is a great concourse of merchants, was still said to be in Lotrino. The island, divided from Scotia by a mountain and small rivers, is fertile, rich in cattle and mineral ores, possesses many animal species, amongst them the very finest mastiffs, and exports raw materials. The remark that the author and his party were in Scotland in winter time and his description of James as 'square and rotund' is more suggestive of Piccolomini's *Europa* than of the personal exploits implied.

Heinrich Glarean or Loriti, man of wit and man of letters, makes a minor contribution, in his popular and much used handbook *Of Geography*,<sup>2</sup> but there is nothing

<sup>1</sup> Hartmann Schedel: *Register d. Buchs d. Chroniken*, etc., 1493.

<sup>2</sup> *De Geographia*, 1527 et seq.

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new about the island, though the compliment regarding her many eminent men and 'what is rare', the erudition of her monarch, is flattering and possibly attributable to Loriti's friendship with Erasmus. It is a compliment which stales a little with recurrent use.

Nor would Joachim de Watt, despite his distinction in the field of neo-classical learning, seem to add much to the sum of knowledge about Anglia. His *Epitome of three parts of the globe*,<sup>1</sup> quotes Tacitus on England's damp climate, and cloudy sky, continues, with Ptolemy in mind, that England is oblong and transverse from west to east, with cliffs on the coast washed by the tides. Remarks on modern England's superiority in arms to the ancient Briton's, the statement that as much Greek and Latin are still spoken as under Roman rule, or that the Angles were converted to Christianity before the Germans, do not take one very far. Further, England's commercial prosperity, vast export and import, fine wool and abundance of minerals, even to the 'pearls collected on her coast', are stressed again. Such small and transient works as Loriti's and de Watt's place England on the map, they form a rung upon the ladder, but there is yet far to climb.

So far while there is no talk of woad, long hair or shaven bodies, a strange distance and uncertainty hover over the faltering efforts to construe a real land with real inhabitants. But Italy in the form of an adopted Englishman steps in again, for in the same year that Vadianus published, there came from the pen of one who had worked twenty-eight years in the creating, a history of England presented to the 'rare' monarch praised above, very different from the former unreliable

<sup>1</sup> *Epitome trium partium terrae* . . ., 1534.

## PLATTER'S TRAVELS

and tentative volumes. From Polydore Vergil<sup>1</sup> all subsequent writers seem to have derived at random, that is, from the first book which contains a prelude to the history, a general description of England more valuable than any we have so far met. There is no innovation in the manner: the rivers and borders and divisions of Britain, the shape, climate and general character of the country, they are all there, but the matter is fuller and more personal. Subsequent writers, Paradin, Münster, Jovius, and from them smaller fry, have pillaged this storehouse unmercifully. Vergil writes, for example, 'notwithstanding . . . it appeareth very champain and plain, nevertheless it hath many hills, and such as for the most part are void of trees, with most delectable valleys, wherein the most part of the inhabitants, especially the nobles, have placed their manors and dwelling houses'. Jovius elaborates this somewhat, saying that the inhabitants of England avoid the rough winds by building their villages in the hollows and valleys and by the streams, not on the hills and high places 'as we see in Italy'.

Take again England's flourishing wool trade, her 'golden fleece' Vergil terms it, and see how ten years later Guillaume Paradin steals both the metaphor and the whole previous story that the sheep drink nothing save the 'dew of the air'. So Paradin — the shepherds do not suffer cattle to drink other than 'celestial dew, for it is known . . . that a drink of water means destruction to the flocks of sheep' . . . the inhabitants' profit from these flocks is very great: indeed it may be called a golden fleece . . .' In Vergil occurs the description of the pike which is slit open by the fishwife

<sup>1</sup> *Ang. Hist.*, libri xxvii, 1534. See Ellis Bibliog. (ii).

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to allow the customer to judge of its fat, and if rejected, is flung back into the tank where the slime of little fresh water fishes heals up the wound. It is a favourite with many subsequent writers; William Harrison has it, and the famed Giovanni Botero, and Matthias Quad, a German compiler of geographical handbooks contemporary with Platter, who also tells the story, as a glance at the translation will confirm.<sup>1</sup> One might play indefinitely with such examples of a method of book-production inherited from the Middle Ages, a method employed in all conscience, nor deemed wrong in the sight of contemporaries.

Turning to Vergil again, his description is that of a Camden rather than Caxton. If he uses the ancient divisions of Britain, they are at least clearly set forth; like Camden he supplements these by division into the thirty-nine shires or counties of England. Here too is the Thames, 'a most pleasant flood', with its source in the village of Winchcomb. Vergil's Scotsmen are flesh and blood mortals, neither pure Calibans nor the pale-blooded figures of Osin; two types exist, highlander and lowlander: they are a diligent people, and learn with ability, are religious and devout. Wales and the islands are likewise divested of romance. The length of the Channel crossing at its narrowest is orthodox (thirty miles is the figure usually given): the weather is cloudy and showery: summer days are long: the country is fertile and prosperous so that 'there is no man so needy but hath his saltcellars, cups and spoons of silver'. The beasts of the field and the fishes of the waters abound in this blessed plot, Kentish hens are the greatest, green geese before their feathers fall make a good dish for a

<sup>1</sup> Text p. 175.

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banquet, and game is plentiful in nook-shotten Albion. Englishmen are tall, mostly grey-eyed, 'well-favoured and fair of face': caution and deliberation in action, general kindness to their fellows, generosity and hospitality, mark them out, though the 'baser sort' have no love for strangers and show it. Their women are of 'excellent beauty, in whiteness not much inferior to snow'. Their cities are princely, villages populous and many, manors and mansions curious and magnificent. The moderns would say that Vergil 'debunks' Brute and his glorious achievements; a recent writer, he says, 'grating often on Brutus' has tried to purge the defaults of the Britons by 'enhancing them with most impudent lying', but nothing, he continues, is 'more obscure, more uncertain, or unknown than the affairs of the Britons from the beginning'. Paradin, who wrote over ten years later than Vergil, contains little that either improves or enhances his work. 'So much for Polydore's version', with which the former concludes one of his chapters might stand motto for the whole, for it is Polydore's folio reduced to duodecimo size. The divisions of Britain, her climate, counties, length of crossing from France, and her origins, tally exactly — even the statement that disease is rare and the inhabitants are long-lived hail from this source. The final section concerning 'certain English said to have tails' gives the lie to this legend, but is scarcely a great contribution to the contemporary knowledge of England. Paradin, it would seem, suspected the reports concerning English tails to be 'worthless', but current stories attributed the phenomenon to the men of Stroud near the banks of the Medway. 'They say that the inhabitants of this district cut the tail off St. Thomas of Canterbury's horse for a joke, and that therefore the inhabitants were

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born with tails by divine vengeance' . . . Jovius, Bishop of Nocera, said to have found Vergil's opinions too flattering, inserted the latter where suitable, but is far less dependent than Paradin. He begins with some history according to Caesar and Tacitus and others, and like his predecessors, tells of the founding of the Garter Order and the ceremony of annual investiture at Windsor. He continues along the now well-worn paths of geographical information, from Tacitus takes the story of the rabbits which abound in the Isle of Wight, and proceeds rather unexpectedly that the inhabitants count themselves more blessed than others, since they are freer from hooded priests, lawyers, foxes and wolves! Quasi-historical and descriptively colourless epithets — 'most notable town' . . . 'a most famous city' . . . 'a noble port', and the like — are attached to certain towns and English provinces. London, however, which appears for the first time at any length, 'obscurcs all their fame'. His praise of this city is superlative—here is 'the court of all Britain, ennobled by the trade of many lands, improved with villas, ornate with temples, excellent in palaces and moreover exceeding marvellous with abundance of all things and affluence of wealth'. With the entry of Father Thames, bearing the world's riches on laden vessels to London, the style is heightened again.

A journey with Jovius downstream starting from Windsor, 'royal seat and castle, twenty miles from London', touches at Richmond, St. Peter's Westminster, the palace and law courts, thence under London Bridge, 'a stone structure of marvellous workmanship', and stays finally outside the noble palace of Greenwich, so named, Jovius adds, from the verdure about it. The author then passes to other aspects of England — praise of her



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universities, the modesty and frugality, subtle dialectics of her youth, leading to praise of youth's mentors, the flower of our English renaissance, Linacre, Grocyn and others very eminent. Such brief biographical eulogies became a regular feature of contemporary and later descriptions. More, John Colet, George Lily, Richard Pace, Grocyn and Linacre are, with the portrait series of Tudor royalties in the gallery of Venetian reports, favourite figures. Seedling biographies they are in an age when the fuller plant was slowly bursting its sheath.

Returning to Jovius's England, the rather tiresome fact that 'our England is a garden full of stately views' finds fresh acclamation. As if the distinction and beauty of a rose were to obliterate its rare hue and fragrant scent, so the pastoral quality of the islands overshadows all else.

Thus does Jovius picture England, the land 'ennobled with pastures, watered with rivers, not raised up into sharp, steep mountains, but swelling into gentle slopes . . . clothed in perpetual green and perennial flowers', a verdant land where the flocks graze unharmed by wild beasts, safe and unshepherded. Indeed, this almost canvas impression of England which the foreigner conjures up, lacks only Phyllis and Corin with their flocks of mock fleecy lambs to complete the unreal effect. The situation, however, is retrieved by a glance at the comments on climate and character. England is once more familiar in the grip of fog and murk and humidity, the English come to life when chastised for gluttony, luxury, sloth and the rest. The nobles and merchants are accused of the first of these two deadly sins: 'it is marvellous', he says, 'how many dainty viands one house consumes in a single day, tables laden with warm food are spread

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almost at all hours. They make as an excuse for their intemperance the dense air which more easily than elsewhere stirs up hunger . . . ' This was Harrison's apology for his fellow countrymen's keen appetite. And finally, as always, the pastoral idyll is shattered by the nobles and their lust for the chase. Jovius tells us that the nobility disdains the towns, enjoying its castles, hunting, and an open-air existence. The scene closes with a sketch of one who could rejoice in the horn's strident halloo, who could tourney with the best of the nobles or yet enjoy the quiet solace of study — a noble amongst nobles, a *bourgeois* amongst his *bourgeois* intellectuals — Henry VIII.

So much for the Latins, but had the Germans lain dormant meanwhile? A race already at that time more than inclined to pedantry, her bookmakers and schoolmen were likewise preparing their ponderous black-letter texts.

While Paradin and Jovius were publishing for the Latins, the two Sebastians stepped into the field in Germany. Neither of them does much to instil life into what is virtually a plaster cast. The first, Sebastian Franck,<sup>1</sup> whose work with its verbose, highfalutin title is typical of scholars at the time, grinds out a little confusedly the ancient tunes. England in his 'mirror and image of the universe' is neither mirrored nor adequately 'imaged'. Such is the type of information he vouchsafed — The English, a fine well-made race, hence called Angles lived of old round the North Sea in huts, on milk and flesh, wore wild beasts' skins and the women had ten men or more in marriage. The former nowadays are pretty, receive guests with

<sup>1</sup> *Weltbuch, spiegel u. bildtnis d. gantzen Erdbodens . . .*, 1542.

bowed head, bended knee and a kiss, while the men-folk are courageous and good marksmen. London their capital is full of commerce; England, a fertile country, has more rain than snow. The Scots are a coleric, proud, vengeful, superstitious lot. Ireland, half the size of England, harbours no poisonous beasts, as spiders, frogs, foxes and the rest. In his preface, Franck seems to invoke the credulous, for he calls on them that have ears to hear, to hear and believe! 'People should not be incredulous, because they have not witnessed with their own eyes.' Throughout Franck's text one is clearly aware of the ring of the chronicle.

The second Sebastian,<sup>1</sup> the more famous of the two, whose books in their manifold editions became the German 'household bible', has set to work more ably, though his English section does not shine the more for this. 'I have ranged far and wide for inquiries for eighteen years in Germany', Münster says in his cosmography, 'and sought help farther afield as is necessary in such an enterprise, and have found many a friendly person who has lent me a helping hand, and sent me letters of information or books.' . . . The addition of splendid maps to the descriptions is an asset not yet realized in modern works. Otherwise Münster's England is largely that of Franck; in fact 'the stone Gattes or Gagates which burns in water and is extinguished with oil' common in England, and other points from the latter are strikingly reiterated by Münster. Coincidence, sheer borrowing or common source? Only in the embroidered background, now monotonous and flat, does Münster attempt a scientific exposition. The story of Albion and her white chalk hills, of Britannia and her

<sup>1</sup> See p. 41.

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ancient founder, of Anglia and her many origins, are worked on to the tapestry in such orderly fashion as the gospel of their various protagonists, Bede, Albertus Krantz (German historian), Vergil . . . would have it. Where the foreground, the immediate present as opposed to the distant past, is concerned, the compiler's spirit was willing, but the scientific scaffolding collapsed. The following remarks seem to be brazenly stolen from his colleague. The latter said the Scotch used to paint their faces black, Münster repeats it; that women in Caesar's time had ten or more men in marriage, that now their greeting with bowed head and bended knee was a kiss to the lucky stranger, Münster re-echoes it. Other details of small interest recur and the usual points on the fertility, good pasturage, abundant mineral products, fish and cattle, the general character of the people and the pretty women are stressed. London, the Thames, Greenwich palace, Oxford, Cambridge, Canterbury, York, receive a fleeting comment and no more. This time the rabbit surplus invaded not only the Isle of Wight but all England, and the fable of the Scottish trees which 'bring forth leafy buds, and when the time comes for them to drop and touch the water, live birds issue out of them called claikgeese' lives on spuriously and unabashed. Franck referring to the phenomenon quotes Aeneas Sylvius' exploits. If compared one would find that the legend of the barnacle and claikgoose had very slight variants, and that the trees belonged alternately to Scotland and the Orkneys, or to Ireland; certainly their lease of life runs on throughout the century and the numerous editions of Münster. In the 1564 version, for example, the cause, possibly a dying one, is strengthened by quoting Saxo Grammaticus on

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the subject: '... that you should not think it is a joke invented by the moderns'.

Looking at the later editions a number of slight alterations may be observed — here (1550) an engraving and description of Edinburgh are inserted, there (1550-56) a map of England or a view are omitted; in 1588 new place names are added, the counties marked on the map. And at last in the final edition (1598) a view-plan of London accompanied by a description finds a place — a poor reproduction of Hoefnagle from the famous collection of view plans which appeared over twenty years earlier. London, queen of cities, commercial emporium, receives yet another ovation. This most productive and healthy of English towns, situated on the Thames (which rises near Winchcomb) with a latitude of  $51^{\circ}30'$  by  $11^{\circ}20'$  longitude, is famed for its fine suburbs, and palaces and that 'mighty castle' the Tower, contains 129 parishes with St. Paul's for their high priest. Here at St. Paul's Cross a sermon is preached to a congregation of 6000 every Sunday, here also around the precincts is the home of the printers and booksellers of London. The Inns of Court, where 'the children of noble and eminent men study law', are not far distant. Other fine churches there are, such as St. Mary Overy's, St. Sepulchre's (Pulcher's), St. Botolph's. Parks and promenades for the citizens abound — in short it is the familiar panegyric of London, that burial place of kings, birthplace and nursery of eminent men.

With notes from such ponderous sources of learning in his wallet, the foreign traveller would be assured of losing his way in Anglia, Scotia, or Hibernia! He might converse — in broken Latin — with More's or Shake-

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spere's fellows on the general nature of the country, and its inhabitants, on the splendours for which the capital was famed abroad, without too great show of ignorance, but his topographical knowledge would very soon reveal signs of collapse.

And while in the interim — between the first and last edition of Münster — the cartographical horizon has cleared, the cartouche accompanying now improved maps remains stagnant. Mercator<sup>1</sup> of Holland's map of Britain is a well-known landmark in map-making; his legend, the stories of marvels and familiar historical data, is hackneyed. Nor like his earlier colleague has Ortelius<sup>2</sup> any textual contribution. Once more Vergil, Paradin, Jovius and certain British cosmographers act as hostages to learning.

Two men there were, however, who at about the same date attempted an advance in the visual picture so far lacking.<sup>3</sup> Admittedly their verbal descriptions register no progress, the gist of the matter being familiar as ever. Oxford, once called Bellositum or perhaps Rhydychen or Oxenford: Windsor Castle, its distance from the Thames: the tale of the dropped garter which gave rise to the Order of that name: Cambridge in prehistory: lastly, London, that very old city in the healthiest spot of all England, the county of Middlesex, latitude 52° by 19° 15'. Present truth too soon surrenders to past fantasy; the 'unanimous' opinion of historians regarding Brute, the first founder. Brute — Trinovantum — Troy — Lud — London (Londres) the dominant fifth cedes to the tonic: Thames (noble river) that is Isis and Winchcombe — Oxford and Thame. As the river broadens citywards

<sup>1</sup> See Bibliog. (ii).

<sup>2</sup> Abraham Ortelius, *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, 1570, et seq.

<sup>3</sup> G. Braun u F. Hogenberg: *Civitates Orbis Terrarum*, (?) 1573-1618 et seq.

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before flowing out to sea, the present returns and sets up painfully familiar vibrations.

London — fine suburbs — splendid buildings and churches (120 parishes) — a strong citadel, the Tower — a bridge of fine houses like to a street in the east. Imagination then fails completely and Jovius is called in to assist with Vergil for supporter, and the already feeble strains peter out, with the remarks on commerce, the parliament (*sic*) composed of twenty-four aldermen, and the eminent men which London, mighty mother, has suckled.

The engravings, however, though too few, tell a different tale. The poor foreigner whose vision must have been somewhat clouded by the muddled and aloof verbiage of the frail descriptions, can now handle a view-plan of London without rival. In this, the present lives, the monument is defined, the mind has no longer to wrestle with dead etymologies, abstractions of character, products and climate. The palaces so much applauded can be seen clearly dotted along the north bank of the river west of the Tower, also the Temple gardens; on the south two rings for bull and bear baiting, a playhouse, and a sprinkling of houses; the street plan is clear, and from the dense mass of the city proper there radiate northwards and westwards the outlying suburbs so often referred to with praise. The wharves and hythes are marked in, likewise the rectangular bend of the river at Lambeth — and the playgrounds of London and the marshlands.

A second volume shows a similar view-plan of Cambridge with colleges and sights inscribed, a fine view of Windsor, the castle's whole length with the squat, powerful circumference of the keep in crude contrast to

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the delicate upward stress of the chapel of St. George in the east. Next comes a picture of Oxford — Bellostium, hardly discernible in the dip of a valley, and smothered in trees. A few spires forecast the view gained to-day from the Radcliffe. Further volumes add Canterbury and other English towns to the repertory, also a treasured illustration of the gorgeous palace of Nonsuch, while an impression of Tudor Richmond, also found in Speed, figures there likewise. But we trespass in these last volumes on the preserves of a new century.

Thus have we sauntered by the banks of the river of time to arrive in the end at some small popular works, the aftermath, produced at the turn of the century, mere excerpts from their bulky progenitors. Michael Neander,<sup>1</sup> a Silesian schoolmaster, in a 'succinct explanation of the globe' adds to the barnacle story one of birds in Ireland 'reborn at certain times of the year'. Neander refers to the pike, which are slit and healed by tenches on the authority of Ortellius, says that London is the capital of England, but for more solid information sends the reader back to Herodotus and others after him! Some allow rhetoric to blow out the narrative: 'I do not know what earth rises white in the ocean. Am I deceived, or is this not the greatest island of Europe, full of power, an isle rich in works?' A decade after Neander an anthology of poems, epitaphs and other sundries concerning Europe appeared; in this are accumulated an ode to London's greatness by Scaliger, some inscriptions from the tombs in the Abbey, and similar bric-à-brac. Superior to all these petty works is the set of geographical handbooks by Matthias Quadt of Kinkelbach.<sup>2</sup> He

<sup>1</sup> *Orbis Terrarum Partium Succincta Descriptio* . . ., 1583.

<sup>2</sup> *Europa Universalis*, 1594; *Geog. Handbüch*, 1600, and other works.



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aimed likewise at the common reader. 'Many cosmographies written by great men are too large and too expensive, and frighten the reader'; Quadt, therefore, replaces them by handy manuals, 'little handbooks of the world', 'fascicles' of Europe, in format Münster's cosmography abridged, books of maps and accompanying commentary. The latter is entirely traditional though an occasional sparkle relieves the monotony and suggests some personal contact with the topic in question.

The now stale reference to England's good pasture is momentarily freshened up by more picturesque handling — a delicate herb grows on the island 'making good pasture for the sheep which graze on the slopes and in the valleys day and night', or again 'laurels and evergreens grow in England and much rosemary too, which is used for garden hedges, and the making of brooms'. A livelier note again is struck, when over the statement about the abundant provision of fish in the country Quadt smacks his lips at the 'tasty, delicate, oyster', a real *bonne bouche* in his estimation. In fact, every comment while entirely familiar, has an air of its own, is a trifle breezier than its forebears.

The old Adam will out, however, and the old sin remains. The giant shadow of Polydore Vergil lies over Quadt's dwarf edition. One recognizes vines which do not ripen, and are grown more for shade than for fruit, the numerous crows which harass the farmers by digging up the seed, the flourishing wool trade, England's golden fleece, and the pike with which 'they fill up their tanks. And as they are sold alive in the market, their bellies are slit open to show how fat they are: and when it is not sold the wound is sewn up again, and it is placed back

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in the water, and the cut does it no harm' — though this last, '*cosa incredibile*' says Botero the Italian — is part of the common stock-pot. Quadt, in this number, gallantly banishes the spurious history of our origins, and dubs the claikgoose legend a 'fanciful fable' though he dare not exile Ireland's barnacle and magic wells. But where the Irish themselves are concerned he is far less fantastic than most: 'it is a peasant and inhospitable race, whose greatest joy is idleness, to whom liberty means great riches — a race very fond of musical instruments'.

So closes an epoch: 1599-1600 is the year, and how far from Schedel or Caxton a century earlier? The question cannot be answered until the few extant road-books which may have their tithe to offer are considered. There is Jean Bernard who opened this short survey by querying his contemporaries' knowledge of Britain — what had he to add?

The primary function of the road-book, an offshoot of the road-lists and other general information to be found in the chronicle and almanack was to provide routes, to list them with mileage or other relevant aids to travel. Both Bernard and the *Crown and Sum of all Road Books*,<sup>1</sup> a German work almost two decades later, are more lavish in the number of roads they supply than their englished equivalent Richard Rowlands, in his *Post of the World*. Like a certain manuscript road-book brought to light from the early seventeenth century,<sup>2</sup> they concentrate on 'the highwayes from any notable town in England to the city of London'. Numbers differ in each copy. Bernard gives nine. The German includes ten and two alternative routes besides. But where

<sup>1</sup> *Kronn u. Ausbundt aller Wegweiser*, 1597.

<sup>2</sup> *Eng. Hist. Rev.*, xxxiii, 234 ff.

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Bernard scores is in the brief additional commentary to towns by the way, a livelier view of England as a whole and a more photographic descriptive technique to replace the traditional jargon on London to which the other two cautiously adhere.

Bernard<sup>1</sup> follows the popular route via Canterbury (12 miles from Dover), Sittingbourne (12 miles), Rochester (8 miles), Gravesend-Dartford (11 miles) and London (another 12 miles) with a warning almost as ominous as the utterances of the witches in Macbeth, 'beware of the wood of Shooters Hill'. Having escaped this particular danger a tour of the obvious landmarks begins — the Tower with its armoury, St. Paul's, London Bridge founded, he believes, by Mary Overy who lends her name to the church on Bankside in Southwark, the fountain and cross at Cheapside by Goldsmiths' Row, Whitehall, Westminster, on no account missing the chapel of Henry VII, with accompanying historical text, inaccurate more often than not. The route north to Scotland gives Bernard the opportunity of casting his net over England; even in those days carrying coals to Newcastle, 'the town whence coal comes', was a superfluous gesture! Bernard thinks Coventry one of the finest cities after London, Walsingham once noted for its vast throngs of pilgrims was dead then, to York and Durham are devoted some historical notes, the country round about the Humber was fertile and pleasant, becoming mountainous farther north. Another warning note sounds on approaching Salisbury Plain, a dangerous place because of the thieves and brigands which frequent it. Thus by 1579, the date of Bernard's publication, the

<sup>1</sup> Jean Bernard: *Discours des plus memorables faicts des roys et grands Seigneurs d'Angleterre*, etc., 1579. A MS. original of this text dated 1571, MS. Reg. 16 E xxxvi (3) B.M.

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foreigner has good maps of the British Isles and of London, descriptions in plenty and road-lists to hand, he was amply equipped, and Bernard's supposition of his ignorance may be confidently refuted.

Nor, despite her big start in the race, has Italy out-distanced her fellows. The pupil has left the *maestro* wondering, a little rusty perhaps in comparison. Botero's<sup>1</sup> *Universal Relations* beat a retreat of sixty years odd, or would it be fairer to say are no older in wisdom than Polydore Vergil. Once more the household gods are set up for worship, the temperate climate, humid air, fine pasturage, delicate white wool, main rivers (Severn, Humber, Thames), fisheries, vendors of pike, character of the people, two archbishoprics and universities, Oxford 'with few peers in Europe' — the entire stock-in-trade, correct in a measure, yet fit only for iconoclasts, so dreary and nauseous is the repertory. The description of London, a string of high-sounding phrases with the epithets magnificent, excellent, superb in place of more solid fare pepper the narrative. Needless to add Scotland, Ireland and the Orkneys, and the fraternity of small islands have their innings, for the figure would lack limbs were these absent. One sighs for a torso, a mere fragment, a lack of completion, if only it brought with it some innovation. By the end of the century the repetition has become so acute that the senses are dulled, and any change, any progress that might have occurred is scarcely observed. And yet it is there — broadly speaking, England in 1500 was an outpost almost beyond European ken. By 1600 England, with the pack of conventional fables and facts attaching

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni Botero: *Relazioni Universali*, 1592, complete edn., 1595; Eng. transl., *The World or An Hist. Des.* . . . ; *The Traveller's Breviat*, 1601.

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to her name, was an island familiar to any educated European. The contemporary of Schedel would visualize some chalky promontory rising from an angry surf, a land apparently fertile, possibly mountainous, coursed with rivers, peopled by unknown beings. Before the eyes of Bernard's, Botero's, Quadt's European a definite contour would take form; the road from Dover through busy towns and docks to a great commercial capital on a river full of ships and yards, with bustling populace (to be avoided by foreigners!) and crowded streets: a city flanked by a towered citadel on the one hand, a palace, a parliament, an abbey on the other; the cradle, residence and grave of English monarchs. Some meaning at least, these things would have, the monuments assume some tangibility. Surely an advance has been made — and if the picture is rather dead and stereotyped like the first crude woodcuts of the chronicle, if the engraving has as yet little vitality, at least the features of the sitter are taking shape within a limned outline, and with the years, the European continent is discovering a personality behind the rather austere wooden countenance.

Albion's bleak cliffs, lashed by a dreaded ocean, were but a subterfuge. Behind this grim exterior, under a watery grey sky, rolled verdant hills, drear marshes, mighty rivers, amongst which lived a people, sturdy, genial, fair of countenance, with human virtues and very human vices, whose 'little lives were rounded with a sleep', like that of any other European.

## CHAPTER III

### ‘ARS PEREGRINANDI’

THE ‘art of love’ is Ovid’s by prerogative; the ‘art of travel’ as a European cult was the product of sixteenth-century ideas. With the practice of this cult a literature emerged which by the eighteenth century had become a staple source of income to hack authors, but at its best was facile, entertaining and avidly devoured by the public. Dr. Johnson pours cold water upon Boswell’s scheme of writing up his continental travels: what can he possibly have new to say about countries so familiar? To which Boswell:

‘I can give an entertaining narrative, with many incidents, anecdotes, jeux d’esprit, and remarks, so as to make very pleasant reading’. The sixteenth-century journalist was not so ambitious. Often cramped in style by a vernacular which he found unwieldy, unused in many cases to literary self-expression, he was glad if he could tell the facts as he had mastered or observed them. Johnson’s demand for novelty he would scarce have grasped. To his epigram, that in travelling ‘a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge’, he would probably have agreed, though not quite in Johnson’s sense. Let us discover how the founders of an ‘art of travel’ set to work.

It was in 1589 when England basked in the golden glow of her Elizabethan summer that a very handy treatise saw the light. It was a translation from a Latin work published in Germany two years earlier, and was

dedicated to the 'Achilles of this age' Sir Francis Drake. It bore a title breath-taking in its dimensions, offering 'Certain brief and special instructions for gentlemen, merchants, students, soldiers, mariners, etc., employed in services abroad . . .'<sup>1</sup> The purpose of the composition follows. Since 'some by passing the seas change climates but not minds . . . returning with brains nothing bettered, and spirits nothing quickened with the varieties of the world', the author advises them to mark, learn, inwardly digest and carry the pamphlet as a *vade-mecum*, whereby 'the thick mists of ignorance will soon be scattered'. A potent charm this must be that can lay claim to a performance so miraculous; but a glance at the incantation promises fair to unlock the mysteries of the cosmos — or to annihilate the owner of the clue! Indeed, it will be a brave Elizabethan who masters such a labour. He must proceed as follows:

From the twelve main categories, cosmography or 'the description of the world', astronomy, geography or 'the drawing and proportioning of the earth', chorography or 'the demonstration of regions and cities', topography or 'the portraiture of particular places', husbandry, navigation, the political state and the state ecclesiastical, literature, history and chronicles, the traveller is to note and sift his evidence. He must know the longitude and latitude, under what parallel the place is situated, the length of day and night, the 'sign of the heaven . . . whereunto the place is subject', whether the region is an isthmus, or peninsula or what else, whether in form trianglewise or more in length than breadth — he must know further whether he be in city,

<sup>1</sup> Transl. by Philip Jones from Albrecht Meier's *Methodus describendi regiones*, etc., 1587.

town or village, in what region, kingdom, dukedom . . . it is placed, the distances in miles from place to place about the coasts and borders, with what regions, rivers, mountains, woods encompassed and of the public ways, streets, ferries, passages and the like. Worse follows, for when the situation of the town, the nature of the soil, the castles, trenches, bulwarks, walls, market and public places, bridges, conduits, wells, colleges, churches, palaces and their paraphernalia such as tilts, parks, ponds, orchards, and apartments have been enumerated and learned, then come aspects of physical geography, rivers, minerals, indigenous flocks and herds; details of government; whether monarchy or democracy or neither, whether kingdom elective or successive; questions of character and custom, punishment and offence; a discussion of religious history and heresy, a study of the letters and the lettered of the land, a history and etymology of the origins of places and their names . . . Finally, no doubt somewhat to rekindle the poor traveller's now long extinguished wanderlust, a perusal of the chronicles for accounts of more sensational matter is advised, of war, pestilence, famine, death, the four dread spectral horsemen. ‘Births of monsters, prodigious signs and apparitions, great frosts, deep snow, tempests that have been horrible’ are to be sought, the sum of mysteries still hovering about the dawn of modern times; the ‘horrid sights’, the graves which ‘yawned and yielded up their dead’, the ghosts that ‘did shrink and squeal about the streets’ — a vast property box of superstition into which Shakespeare often dipped to send a shudder down the Elizabethan spine.

So much for the pamphlet and its final exhortation to make notes and to recount experiences while travelling,



for 'whatsoever the eye seeth, is the easier and better remembered if it be once written'. But can we leave so astonishing a document without marvelling that by 1589 a system so complete had been devised? Nor is one less surprised at finding early travel diaries in most cases true to type. Thomas Platter, the central figure in this present work, like all pedants of the age certainly attempted to obey the rules, and like those, his compeers, in so doing marred the spontaneity of his narrative. Indeed in this respect, though one student of the subject would deny it, the average tourist seems to have been most docile in following his instructions, clinging to the data as to a spar in an ocean of original possibilities which might swamp him. There were, however, as in every other line, trade tricks, and while following the growth of a treatise such as the above, we shall have learned the 'art of travel', an accomplishment which every courtier-child of the renaissance, every gentleman and scholar regarded as a necessary part of culture.

For the purpose of analysis we are led back into the mazes of another age, since history like the ocean tides flows forward and flows back, is a flux and a reflux, a progression and regression; hence the illusion of a static quality common to every phase, hence the startling novelties brought in on the wave crests of new thought. Even a study of so small a chapter of world history as the guide and travel diary proves the truth of such a simile. Looking back we are repeatedly astounded by the modernism of antiquity, and yet the intervals of time are washed and silted by fresh tides which slightly change the aspect of the generations. We will try to watch the process.

‘ARS PEREGRINANDI’

No one with an ear for the melodies of language will have missed the opening verses of *The Canterbury Tales*. The words evoke the soft spring breezes, burgeoning life and silver lights of an immortal April day. The magic of a season when the March hares gambol over the brown furrows lures abroad a band of medieval men and women — a miller, reeve, a man of law and wife of Bath — ‘than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages . . . to ferne halwes couthe in sondry londes’. It is with these folk on pilgrimage, a feature of the Christian faith since Constantine and Helena sought out the holy places of the East, and returned with relics for the West, that we shall deal first. Chaucer must have felt how topical was pilgrimage as the vehicle for his inimitable tales. Certainly for a century or more after his time, like an epidemic, the love of relic-hunting raged fiercely over Europe. Canterbury, Compostella, Loretto, Rome, the Holy Land were in all men’s mouths. Pilgrims to the East met pilgrims to the West and exchanged notes and information; ‘they enquire diligently of our pilgrims through the interpreter about the position of the country of Cologne, the size of the city, of the cathedral church, and the sepulchres of the three kings, and they devoutly write down what they hear in answer word for word in their note-books, even as we note down the position of the Holy Land, of Jerusalem, and of the Church of the Lord’s sepulchre’.<sup>1</sup> Mingled with the religious fervour and finally outstripping this was the wanderlust escaping like a sigh from Chaucer’s ‘ferne halwes couthe in sondry londes’, and clearly satired in Erasmus’s bitter colloquy. This concerns the debasement of the pilgrimage ideal: A has been to Walsingham

<sup>1</sup> *The Wanderings of Felix Fabri*, trans. Aubrey Stewart, 1887, ii, 216. |

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and Compostella, B retorts 'What! out of curiosity, I suppose?'<sup>1</sup>

The fifteenth-century pilgrimage, an organization only comparable to the final stages of grand tourism in the eighteenth century, was a system which enabled folks to travel abroad without too much personal effort. It was the Cook's tour and cruise of the fifteenth-century generation. There were of course discomforts which a modern tourist would scarce expect to find. Accommodation might be unreliable, pilgrims having on occasion to resort to houses of ill fame or even worse abodes. The sea-voyage on overcrowded galleys, with supplies so short that even 'putrid, stinking water . . . stale bread, biscuit full of worms, and tainted meat' were precious, and many other horrors of the road, must have often proved unbearable. The gradual elimination of such evils has been a triumph of equipment due to scientific progress rather than of pure organization. As regards the latter the age of pilgrimage knew more than its immediate followers in the art of travel. The travel manual quoted at the outset of this chapter may have caused surprise, but what is to be said of a volume for use of travellers to Compostella four centuries earlier?<sup>2</sup> The manuscript is slight, but it contains all necessary information. It is the compressed Grieben guide of modern times rather than the expansive Bädcker. It deals first with the snares and pitfalls of the route to Compostella, the roads thither, towns and hostels on the way, rivers good and bad to drink — jogging along on horseback or trudging through the passes of the Pyrenees a drink by the wayside must have often tempted the

<sup>1</sup> *Familiar Colloquies*, 'The Religious Pilgrimage'.

<sup>2</sup> F. Fita et J. Vinson: *Le Codex de St. Jacques de Compostelle*, 1882.

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parched lips and weary spirits of wayfarers — the lands and character of the people met with, saints’ bodies to be visited *en passant*. In second place it treats of the city and basilica, churches and other sights, of the shrine itself, and concludes on a warning note to those who send pilgrims begging alms empty away: there was once a woman in Compostella who refused a pilgrim bread, and later on going to fetch the loaf she found it turned to stone.

Since the great anonymous of Compostella, the author of this manuscript, guided the feet of pilgrims along the famous pilgrim road to Santiago, many men of many climes have passed that way, and no doubt they too have composed itineraries and compiled guides for the benefit of their relatives, friends, or for a larger public. Certainly by the fifteenth century such manuals seem to have been household property, as was the case in a certain Nuremberg family of Rieters, some members of which visited the Holy Land and left a diary. An English monk, John Capgrave,<sup>1</sup> shows us how all and sundry were impelled to leave a record of their pilgrimage. ‘Many men,’ he says, ‘in this world aftyr her pilgrimage have left memorials of swech thingis as thei have herd and seyn . . . After all these grete cryeris of many wonderful thingis I wyl folow with a smal pypyng of swech straunge sites as I have seyn and . . . herd.’ Others again like Hermann König of Vach,<sup>2</sup> whom we might term the Everyman of pilgrimage, chose to ‘pipe’ in verse. His is the most aggressive doggerel composition, often a mere rhyming of place-names on the route. König may have thought the form an aid to memory on the lines of modern jingle of the

<sup>1</sup> [ed.] C. A. Mills, *Ye Solace of Pilgrimes* 1911.

<sup>2</sup> Konrad Häbler: *Das Wallfahrtsbuch des König v. Vach* . . ., 1899.

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type: 'In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue'. Nevertheless he gives us some amusing patches:

Hermann (us) König of Vach am I,  
Who with God's help will supply  
A tiny book, which I will name  
St. James' way, and in the same  
The routes and roads I wish to teach,  
How every Jacob's brother may reach,  
The place, and how take care  
Of his lodging, drink and fare . . .

His narrative is interspersed with a miscellany of advice. At Montpellier one should seek a priest; meat, bread and wine could be had at a monastery, or failing that at the St. James' hostel, though there the brother, if a German, will be the sport of the monks, since the master of the hostel is not fond of Germans. Or again:

Take thou plentiful store of wine and bread,  
For they will stand thee in good stead,  
Since though on a tavern or two thou stumble,  
They have no welcome for the humble.

Thus every Tom and Jackanapes by the fifteenth century, be he Englishman or European, poor cleric, rich burgher, knight errant or pompous ecclesiastic set down impressions of his journey to the relics of Europe or the Holy Land, impressions in dialect, vernacular or the period travesty of Latin, sometimes verbose, sometimes stark itinerary; almost always a colourless routine is padded with a fund of traditional jargon straight out of former sources. 'Some sit and look at the sea and the land which they are passing and write about them and make books of travel, which was my daily employment out of the

aforesaid canonical hours’<sup>1</sup> writes Felix Fabri. But even he, most fascinating and entertaining of all the raconteurs with his immense enthusiasm, his sense of humour and realism, is well versed in source material, for before his second trip, because of a feverish desire to return, he ‘read with care everything on this subject which came into his hands; moreover [he], collected all the stories of the pilgrimages of the crusaders, the tracts written by pilgrims, and descriptions of the Holy Land’, and in another place he tells us how a fellow traveller, the great and renowned Bishop Bernard of Braitenbach, went to work: ‘...whosoever will see a most beauteous and most ancient description of the Holy Land let him read the book of brother Burcard ... from this book,’ he continues, ‘my fellow-pilgrim ... lord Bernard of Braitenbach has *copied* the description of the Holy Land, which he has *inserted* into his own pilgrim’s diary or book of travel.’<sup>2</sup> (The italics are mine.) In fact had Fabri wished, he and Bishop Bernard, by the latter’s invitation, might have collaborated and composed their travels jointly.

It was as if men were attempting frantically to revive and save a view of life which they felt instinctively was passing from them. They flocked to the holy places, loading galley after galley, filling Venice with their numbers. Meanwhile new sap was stirring in the very land which bred and fostered pilgrim superstitions. Someone in Florence had sung of a ‘*dolce stil nuovo*’, voices were heard proclaiming the lost glories of imperial Rome. There was a murmur of triumphal days that seemed to have sunk into oblivion during centuries of religious and feudal cosmopolitanism, hints of unknown western tracts were on men’s lips. The eyes of Europe,

<sup>1</sup> See note p. 65.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., i, 206.

so long fixed in fascinated gaze towards the Orient, now turned full of wonder westwards. Saints' blood and shrivelled limbs were discarded for the pulsing, sensuous marble of an Athene or a Venus, the fleshless, flat madonnas, staring stonily with their dark almond eyes from golden, gessoed grounds, were replaced by full-bosomed girls breathing mother-love set amongst flowers and fields, and living things. The pendulum had swung through the course of its ellipse to paganism. The new movement was the product of years of quiet preparation. A spirit of inquiry was abroad, men unearthed the classics and re-read them, and while the 'soldier's, courtier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword . . .' became the beau ideal of the late renaissance man, or again while a da Vinci or a Botticelli, Raphael, Michelangelo, and the new paganism in art leap to people's minds as the very symbols of rebirth, it is this profound spirit of inquiry and research which really constitutes the basis of the age. Even with this last we are to deal — for history and cosmography found a new interpretation as viewed through the works of Herodotus and Livy, Pliny, Tacitus, Caesar and Ptolemy. The medieval legends of the cosmos built on Genesis and the theory of creation, the great 'mirrors of the universe' like the saints' bones and the eikons were slowly vanishing, and cosmography would become a pagan heritage. Here again the transformation was a gradual one as the next chapter will reveal, but a citizen of 1600 (Meier, writing in 1587, for example) would no longer fully comprehend the world of Chaucer's pilgrims.

A passage from Sir Thomas Elyot's *Governour* of 1531 shows the rift that had occurred. It points the new trend in education and suggests how travel and cosmography are now to render service to each other. To ease the

tedium of the facts of history ‘replenished with the names of countreys and towns unknown to the reader’ it is a good thing for the pupil ‘to behold the old tables of Ptolemy where in all the world is painted, having first some introduction in to the sphere whereof now of late be made very good treatises, and more plain and easy to learn than was wont to be. Albeit there is none so good learning as the demonstration of cosmography by material figures and instruments . . . For what pleasure is it, in one hour, to behold those realms, cities, seas, rivers and mountains that uneth [scarcely] in an old man’s life cannot be journeyed and pursued: what incredible delight is taken in beholding the diversities of people, beasts, fowls, fishes, trees, fruits and herbs: to know the sundry manners and conditions of the people, and the variety of their natures, and that in a warm study or perler [parlour] without peril of the sea or danger of long and painful journeys: I cannot tell what more pleasure should happen to a gentle wit than to behold in his own house everything that within all the world is contained.’

This passage is an epitome of European ideas on this subject after the Quattrocento. The exponents of the new thought saw that the proper study of mankind was man; to the *civitas dei* the medieval city of God, a *civitas hominis*, a city of man became opposed. To this end, history, biography, cosmography, geography were all employed to reveal man to himself. New editions of the ancient texts were made. Ptolemy’s world atlases were brought out in 1478 in Italy, in 1482 in Germany. These universal charts spurred cartographers to their researches. It was realized gradually that even the ancient world on which the Humanists founded their



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faith was not infallible, for had it not completely failed to recognize the existence of new continents now looming on the far horizon? And if such was the case, of what other heresies were these ancients capable? If actual journeys into the unknown revealed so much that was undreamed of, mere print and parchment scrolls must find a supplement in practical experience. The Elyot attitude becomes allied with its antithesis that 'experience is the better part of wisdom'. Thus was grafted on to the bulk of traditional knowledge now enthusiastically revived, a branch of study based on practical results. Maps were plotted from personal itineraries — as Etzlaub's famous chart of Germany in 1501, said to be based on pilgrim routes. Ptolemy was corrected and enlarged by regional explorers. Wimpfeling, celebrated German historiographer, advises Elyot's method in teaching children history and geography. Let them hear Piccolomini's descriptions of Vienna, and they will know as much as if they themselves had been there. Pedagogues are seasoning the past with impressions from the present. So again we read in the preface to a German geographical handbook<sup>1</sup> as late as 1600 that it can be a pleasure to sit in the dry and study the world without travelling. One may read the descriptions and follow the routes on the maps. Here then are facets of Sir Thomas Elyot's view, but with the occasional difference, that some think travel in itself may furnish valuable material. A handmaid to history and geography, key subjects in the new philosophy, it assumes a status indispensable to these. By paths thus overgrown and devious and often difficult to trace, the European 'art of travel' finds its new significance: the end is the beginning of our thesis. A

<sup>1</sup> See note 2, p. 55.

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set of rules made out for the Venetians on which to plan reports of foreign lands brings us round once more to Albrecht Meier, the author of the method quoted at the outset. Not only does the traveller as a self-conscious individual add to the sum of knowledge in the community: he must prepare himself for this responsibility by proper acquisition and disposal of information. Only then has he performed a useful service in which he himself has gained an education. Let us look at the Venetian rubrics:<sup>1</sup>

- I These things are required for making a relation. First to describe the situation of the province . . . adding firstly the name both ancient and modern of the said province, showing in what part of the world and what position in the heavens all four confines occupy, its breadth and circuit, and in how many lesser regions and provinces it is divided, not omitting to name the principal cities, forts, archiepiscopates and episcopates, the chief rivers and villages, mountains . . . and the whole circuit.
- II It is necessary to treat of the quality of that province, that is to say the temperature and value of the air, likewise of the value of the waters, of the fertility or sterility of the crops and other things appertaining to human life; of men and animals; whether the country is mountainous, flat, wild, marshy, and where; forests or marshes which obstruct the growth of population, and any marvellous natural phenomena.
- III It is customary to discuss the inhabitants, showing their customs, and ways, colour, stature and character; whether religious or superstitious and other

<sup>1</sup> Pietro Donazzolo, pp. 6 and 7. See Bibliog. (iv and v).

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particulars of religion, the order and apparatus of war on land and sea. Of their arts, and in which they are most diligent and excel; what merchandise they export and import from abroad; of the government of princes, and captains, their riches, nobility and train, of the nature and conditions of the people.

- IV It is necessary to come to particulars of the prince and to narrate his genealogy, describing his person, life and customs, how popular he is with his subjects, how much his revenues and expenses; what guard he maintains, the size of his court, and with what princes he is friendly or hostile.

Do not these, the fruits of advanced Italian culture, contain all the elements of the later work translated into English in 1589? In itself a comment on the spread of views from continent to continent, by the sixteenth century this 'art of travel', fully theorized, is a fashionable finish to male education. Pedantic 'methods of describing' or 'arts of peregrinating' see the light, letters of advice are written to young men, the heavy father tutors his son Cecil-wise. He must remember to carry out instructions, to submit an account of his pursuits and how he spends his money, he must send his father letters in the French or Latin tongue, and forward a copy of his diary in French. Baron Burghley<sup>1</sup> regrets his 'naughty boy's' dissolute conduct and idle ways — like the majority of parents he errs in thinking that children as 'gifts of God' should be a comfort to them. Instead, he fears that Thomas will return from his travels a 'spending sot, meet only to keep a tennis court'. Indeed the noble lord's letters are a forecast, for the 'methods for travel' and

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. State Papers (Dom.)*, 1547-80, Vols. xix, xx.

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‘directions for travellers’ do not appear for some two to three decades after Burghley’s injunctions are posted to Paris. Sir John Stradling’s<sup>1</sup> for the young earl of Bedford for instance — like all the solid works of sombre European pedants with sombre Latin names, Graterolus, Pighius, Lipsius — are similarly designed to keep young men out of mischief. For ‘pleasure as a fair wanton standeth in every corner of the street. . . . But as for profit it is not so easily attained’. Reading histories and discoursing with the learned is conducive to this profit, and three golden rules for behaviour are like amulets to protect the traveller from wizardry:

‘Frons aperta, lingua parca, mens clausa’ (An open countenance, a silent tongue, a mind concealed). Dallington’s<sup>2</sup> method six years later, planned along similar lines, contains some practical hints such as a table of costs and the sum required for a year abroad, not to overload oneself with luggage on the journey, to buy books of study not available in England at one’s destination. Above all, the value of discretion is stressed once again, the control of one’s tongue.

‘Give thy thoughts no tongue . . .’ Might not Shakespeare as he wrote those now famous lines have heard the echo of such comments?

‘Frons aperta, lingua parca, mens clausa’, we repeat — thus did Polonius exhort his hot-blooded son, Laertes:

Give thy thoughts no tongue  
Nor any unproportion’d thought his act.  
Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried  
Grapple them to thy heart with hoops of steel . . .  
Beware

<sup>1</sup> *A Direction for Travellers*, 1592.

<sup>2</sup> *A Method for Travel*, 1598.

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Of entrance to a quarrel . . .  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy  
But not express'd in fancy; rich not gaudy:  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man. . . .  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend; . . .  
This above all — to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man. . . .'

Out of the precepts to be found in these dull manuals of advice, Shakespeare has formulated a philosophy of universal application. The 'art of travel' has acquired a code of ethics applicable to the common round, applicable to the game of life.

## CHAPTER IV

### FOREIGN TOURISTS

ANDREW BOORDE, the humorist physician earlier quoted, though he might rail at his fellow-countrymen, had no illusions about their superiority to the mere foreigner! '... Wherefore, all nations espying this realm to be so commodious and pleasant, they have a confluence to it more than to any other region.' He says that having travelled round about Christendom he has never discovered more than vii Englishmen dwelling permanently in any foreign town, whereas how full of aliens is England, to which arrogantly 'let every man judge the cause why and wherefore, if they have reason to perscrute the matter!'

Certainly for references to the number of settled aliens in the land — more particularly in its capital — one has not far to seek. Not only did celebrities like Erasmus, artists of Torregiano's or Holbein's stamp honour us by their residence amongst us, but merchants and common artisans abounded.

Froissart in his day tells of riots against the foreigners of London. A century later Trevisan complained 'They have an antipathy to foreigners, and imagine that they never come into their island but to make themselves master of it, and to usurp their goods', while Stow murmurs that they will not pay the levies as other citizens do, and says that Billingsgate, more particularly St. Botolph's, had many foreign households lodged there.

One of Giustinian's<sup>1</sup> letters reflects the English spirit:

<sup>1</sup> Rawdon Brown: *Giustinian's Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII*, 1854.

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'After Easter a certain preacher preached as usual in the fields, and commenced abusing the strangers in the town, and their mode of life and customs, alleging that they not only deprived them of their industry and of the emoluments derivable thence, but disgraced their dwellings, taking their wives and daughters; adding much other exasperating language, persuading and exhorting them not to suffer or permit this sort of persons to inhabit their town, by which means he so irritated the populace that from that day they commenced threatening the strangers that on 1st May they would cut them to pieces and sack their houses'. It was a social and economic problem which rankled with the Britisher; 'evil May days' were a feature of London life which not unjustly gave him the unenviable reputation for 'fisting strangers'.

Tourist traffic, however, was not all too heavy yet awhile. The 'art of travel', as the previous chapter showed, had not yet matured. Great merchants like the Welsers and the Frescobaldi sent emissaries to and fro, ambassadors and diplomats had perforce to brave the evil fates of travel and snap their fingers at the elements. One Italian envoy had twenty-four hours' buffeting at sea, another was particularly deserted by the patron saint of travel. On the St. Gotthard his horse stumbled and hurt its leg, in Germany the Rhine was swollen and his boat ran aground, and after twenty-six days' riding and many perils (at the age of sixty-two, he says) he finally set foot in London. Nor were these the only dangers, for London like other cities was often plague-ridden, and death and eternity in some plague ditch might await one. One Orio died of plague, Giustinian had to move to Putney to evade it.

As the century grew older and Elizabeth's fame was

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bruited she became a sight worthy of any self-respecting traveller's mettle and travellers flocked to see her. Walsingham must have sighed as he perused the growing quantity of letters from those desirous to see her Majesty: one wishes 'to kiss the valorous hand of the queen', another 'professes his repair into England to be only to see Her Majesty, the court and London', a third repeats the formula, for he too is 'desirous to see Her Majesty and the city of London'. Travellers in the old world had not as yet heard the pipes of Pan, nature's irresistible call, they were happy if they saw the towns, the courts and Majesties. As generation followed generation, visitors to England sought out St. Thomas's shrine and London, or London and the court, eventually Her Majesty and London for their goal. Such a repertory cannot be said to offer unlimited variety of tone and range, unless the fluctuation of time and circumstance cast light and shade upon the surface of their wanderings. Were the proper names obliterated from the impressions which the travellers left behind, would century and hour ring true or would day merge into day, decade mingle with decade?

The beginnings take us back once more to those prolific parents of prose literature, the chronicles. Chroniclers like Jean le Bel or Froissart provide some fleeting glimpses of our native land. An occasional picture shines through the description of some historic incident — a familiar landscape, or some well-known site is sketched into the background of a riot, tournament or coronation.

When Froissart lands at Dover, for example, after twenty-eight years' absence he finds the place changed, as one would expect, in the faces that surround him, 'young children are become men', and the houses also



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are 'all newly changed'. Seemingly there is nothing to detain him so he passes on through Canterbury where he lingers for a while by the tomb of Becket and the Black Prince, then on again by way of Sittingbourne and Rochester to London. Or the Wat Tyler riots conjure up local scenes. Some striking chapters show the rebels marching from their camp at Blackheath, beating down abbeys, houses of advocates and men of the court on their angry way to London's suburbs, described as 'great and fair'. Here they plunder and pillage 'divers fair houses', amongst them the Savoy on the route to Westminster, also the 'fair hospital of the Rhodes called St. John's' at Clerkenwell, finally they slay the Flemings, break up the houses of the Lombards, also the king's prisons, the Marshalsea and others. Having caused the gates of London Bridge to be thrown open, they choose St. Katherine's 'near to the Tower' as the place of their abode. They assemble once at Mile End 'a fair place where the people of the city did sport them in the summer season' (as in Fitzstephen's day), once at Smithfield 'whereas every Friday there is a market of horses', a live stock market from before Fitzstephen to Defoe, and on again to the marge of our own time. The pageantry of coronation, tournament, or funeral requires some local setting against which to move. The crown of England and the grave both awaited monarchs at Westminster, thither they came to pray, there was 'an image of our Lady . . . that did great miracles' in which they had great trust and confidence. Richard of Bordeaux invited knights from many lands to join in a great jousting to be held at Smithfield, to which on the opening day 'sixty knights and sixty ladies . . . should issue out of the tower of London and fifty to come along the city through

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Chepe and so to Smithfield', while for that week the Queen was lodged in the Bishop's Palace beside St. Paul's. And when poor Richard's day was done the London streets again were draped, while seven conduits ran with wine both white and red for the coronation of his rival and successor.

Yet while enthralled we listen to the 'tumult and the shouting', watch 'the captains and the kings depart', examples such as these leave but pale images of localities behind. Would that Froissart had dallied with the mob to look more carefully at London, or picked out scenes at Windsor, Eltham, Sheen in the delicate *petit point* of ancient epic style! Indeed the microscopic rendering of shield or brocaded robe, the intricacy of thrust and parry, the finesse of the epic poets do not tempt his pen. Until in the later chroniclers and diarists, their descendants, fancy is blunted, prose is become prosaic.

So one Windecke,<sup>1</sup> chronicler to Sigismund of Bohemia, offers none but the simple fact to stir the reader. Even St. Thomas's shrine at Canterbury, that 'rare and costly ornament' well known from Trevisan's scintillating picture, awakens Windecke to but a casual phrase: 'nor do I remember seeing any finer image for the least of it is gold'. Perhaps he still felt prostrate from the passage over. Two days and nights the unfortunates were tossed at sea, almost drowned in the harbour, and obliged to land near Sandwich 'so that both ourselves and the horses were very hungry and thirsty, for we had taken nothing, as we had thought to land quite quickly like his Roman Majesty'. For this personage the elements were apparently assuaged, since his caravan and fourteen hundred horse had made the crossing tranquilly in five hours.

<sup>1</sup> Eberhard Windecke: *Deukwürdigkeiten* . . . [ed.] Wilhelm Altmann, 1893.

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Passing Canterbury and its relics, the cortège came to London and was royally received by an escort which went out to meet it, while the citizens and their wives 'most magnificently clad', loath to miss the opportunity of a spectacle, turned out to watch the ceremony. No further information does Windecke vouchsafe, he furnishes no interesting side-lights on the London of 'Prince Hal', rejects a canvas which might have glowed with the colour of his vision. Yet unseeing he praises the benefits of travel, saying 'that it were most bountiful in almighty God of His infinite goodness, to permit young people to set out in youth for foreign parts and mix with foreign races'. A very early tribute to this mode of life. It is evident how sparse and pale as yet are the foreign efforts at description. As though a veil hung before their eyes as they passed by the sights we should have liked to share with them. Nor is it better when the young knight Jörg of Ehingen<sup>1</sup> surveyed our scene during his 'errantry in search of Knighthood'. Sir George, who was received and decorated by the King of England, offered generous hospitality, hunting, dancing, feasting, by the Scottish King, and handsome gifts (a handsome jewel, a stallion, a 'black velvet cloth') condemned the island to complete oblivion where his journal is concerned. Not until the great Lord of Rozmital of Blatna,<sup>2</sup> a person ranking high in Bohemian aristocracy, came to England, is there any coherent narrative description of a tourist nature.

His exploits in this country are well known, and unlike his predecessor's, fully documented. England, at the time of both Jörg and Rozmital, was suffering the aches and conflicts of organic change. The epigones of

<sup>1</sup> *Litt. Verein Stuttgart*, i, 1842. See Letts Bibliog. (iv and v).

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, vii, 1848. See Cust Bibliog. (iv and v).

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chivalry in Europe, like Don Quixote, were breaking lances with lost causes, fighting desperately for their way of life. The smouldering fires of dying knighthood shot sudden tongues of flame into the century, until exhausted, they burned out. But Rozmital and his recorders neither sensed nor attempted to reflect these things. How should they, being typical children of their day? Besides, as foreigners in England during a lull between the storms of civil war, they would only see what met the eye. At the time there was no fighting in their region, so that no ripple stirred the outwardly smooth surface of the waters. England was clad in festive garb for these her guests, whom she welcomed and entertained. If at the banquet which ensued after the churching of Elizabeth Woodville, Earl Warwick was feeling vexed with a ceremony that recalled past humiliation, the Bohemians detected nothing, or, if they did, said nothing of it to posterity. The scene from the churching to the subsequent palaver at the banquet may be found in Tetzels record, the alderman of Nuremberg, formally set down. After all had eaten and Elizabeth had partaken, dancing followed, and the Slavs were ravished by 'maids lovely above measure'.

Another meal, more interesting than most, was taken with the Duke of Clarence, treacherous and charming brother to the King. Unfortunately on this occasion, interest was centred on the fare rather than the host, so that some curious beast 'supposed to be a fish, roast, and in form like a duck . . .' which had 'wings, feathers, neck, feet, and laid eggs . . . said to grow out of a sea-serpent' offered them as fish, 'though in my mouth it became flesh', is portrayed in preference to the Duke!

For the rest, an experience which has the usual

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channel overture of horses wading belly-deep in water owing to a leak sprung by the ship, and for finale an attack by pirates and a storm worthy of any Prospero's black art, keeps much to the familiar plan of sightseeing. To the Canterbury relics others in the capital are added. We do not now readily associate London, that 'mighty and ample temple doing great traffic from all lands', full of goldsmiths, clothmakers and artisans, with her pleasant homes and gardens 'elegant with divers shrubs and herbs which are not met with in other regions', with relic-hunters. But the Bohemian caravan, it seems, regarded it as fruitful soil for pilgrims. Their tour of London took them to the birthplace of St. Thomas and the tombs of his mother and sister, to the golden gem-set shrine of the Confessor and other holy objects. 'Nor are a greater number of sacred relics in any city than here. In London are twenty golden shrines and throughout the whole realm as many as eighty.' Indeed England, 'girt round by the sea on all sides like to a garden', is for them a land of Benedictine monasteries, abbeys and all the symbols of the Catholic faith militant on European earth. Some of these monasteries they visited, the road from Windsor to Poole led them to abbeys now forgotten at Andover and Reading, and to that gem of great cathedrals Salisbury, all of them boasting fair images of Our Lady and kindred subjects. One scribe in particular was affected by these grand hymns in stone: 'for abbeys and cathedrals in no region have I seen more elegant than in England' and of Salisbury 'the cathedral is most beautiful and most spacious, second to none for the elegance of construction both of the exterior and interior. And there is a spire attached most artfully designed'. Strange it is to watch the long-haired Bohemians halt as they contem-

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plate that fair tapering spire, strange to remember another wrapt observer, five centuries later, subdue his stormy palette to immortalize the grey stone set in a green dale. Another foreigner, a Spaniard,<sup>1</sup> also stayed his step by the columned tiers of Salisbury. The principal church of Salisbury, he says, is very beautiful '... it is said there are as many pillars in it as there are days in the year, which I can easily believe, since they are so numerous and so delicately formed that it appears impossible to count them. The church is very well lighted and so graceful that I never saw any to surpass it. One thing most worthy of notice is that in the middle of the edifice, supported by four large pillars, stands a grand and lofty spire'.

Turning from this digression back to the Bohemian scribes, it is quite clear that their impressions are not stained by bloodshed or the suggestion of a 'garden rooted up and down'. Nor do the generalities that England is a sheep-rearing region of good pasture, wooded and undulating, where fires are made of peat, beer is the common beverage, farmers encircle their meadows with ditches so that rider and pedestrian must use the highway, foreshadow Bosworth field or the impending tragedy of a house divided and a sovereign killed. And if instability and unrest are detected in a short Italian history of this period recently discovered, if ill augur hovers over Richard's 'usurpation',<sup>2</sup> the brief but vivid sketch of London at the end goes far to counter the effect. Here is an etching of the city as the author, an Italian, saw it rearing proudly from the river; a suburb 'remarkable for its streets and buildings' on the south bank, a busy town-

<sup>1</sup> *Archaeologia*, xxiii, 1831.

<sup>2</sup> C. A. J. Armstrong [ed.], *The Usurpation of Richard III*, 1936.

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ship on the north 'continuing uninterruptedly' from the city proper to Westminster; against the river numerous great cranes 'to unload merchandise from ships' are outlined, while 'enormous warehouses' receive these goods. Three paved streets there are leading from the Tower westwards, each dedicated to the god of commerce — one full of 'liquid and weighty commodities', another devoted to the sale of cloths, the third to precious wares and metals. While spanning north and south across the flowing thoroughfare for ships, London Bridge stands like a link of stone and wood, no ordinary construction, but having 'several gates with portcullises' and dwelling houses owned by divers sorts of craftsmen 'built above workshops'. So scene by scene, we are led on until the wealth of London, which so impressed this writer, becomes the symbol of a national prime. With reports of the Venetian for a glass, we will observe the heavens with a Tudor star in the ascendant. As is well known Trevisan inaugurates the English series. As different in style and calibre his work and the relations are from what has gone before, as Donatello or Giotto from a Byzantine mask. The German diaries are crude in the setting out of their materials, a trait which clings as late as Thomas Platter. True, the relation and the diary are not strictly parallel, for one would not have the idle musings of unofficial tourists resemble the official mouthings of reporters. Yet the advent of the *relazione* heralds a conscious parting of the ways: we have already noted the awe-inspiring hints to travellers emanating from a spirit incarnate in the Venetian rubrics. This spirit and the Venetian method impose their will upon the coming diarists. Yet with the Germans this method is only a veneer, as may be seen in Platter. They retain the per-

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sonal touch, the particulars of sight-seeing and the places passed, while the Latins keep to generalities, remarks on character and country, state and church and history.

Turning to Trevisan,<sup>1</sup> his is the pattern of all subsequent reports. From 1500 to the date of Elizabeth's accession the Italians mirror England according to this pattern. So standardized is the form that one might imagine a printed slip with captions and gaps for the resident ambassador to fill in — gaps for the amounts of royal revenues and expenditure, for additions on the services, for a description of the respective ruling house and any persons of eminence attached to it, for alterations in the statements on parliament or city jurisdiction. The standard commentary, with a space for marginal glosses which might occur, would fall under such headings as position and form of England, details of physical geography, natural products and raw materials, a short discourse on Wales and Scotland, on the character and customs, on the jurisdiction temporal and spiritual, a trite survey of the capital and its form of government, a talk on armed forces, on the ruler and his finance. Perhaps Trevisan's, the first known of these relations, is as complete as any: despite the shape imposed he is not entirely mechanical. He is clear and vivid, nor does he shun the truth because it is unpleasant. In fact so often do these two concepts seem identifiable in him, that one wonders just how much the author was prepared to hate us! Another feature common to our Latin visitors; they may admire but do not love their English hosts, while occasionally they become positively venomous.

How does Trevisan compare with those he follows and others who will succeed him? Is there any break with

<sup>1</sup> Cf. C. A. Sneyd [ed.], *Camden Soc.*, 1847.



Rozmital? In the first place we will finally dispose of traditional jargon which appears alike in chronicle and diary, journal and relation, phrases which emphasize the temperate climate, fertility of soil given over in the main to pasturage and parkland wonderfully well stocked with game and cattle, the plenty and prosperity that greet the eye. Says Trevisan, 'the riches of England are greater than those of any other country in Europe' and 'every one who makes a tour of the island will soon become aware of this great wealth . . . for there is no small inn-keeper, however poor and humble he may be, who does not serve his table with silver dishes and drinking cups . . .' Indeed, the presence of silver salts in poor men's houses, the vast array of gilt and argenterie displayed in private and in public, stand like any golden calf as the foreigner's symbol for English wealth and the poor man's well-being in this island treasure trove.

Henry Tudor's England as seen by Trevisan would to the ordinary observer present no startling breach with Yorkist England viewed by Rozmital. A certain stress on economies in finance and exchequer matters, a caution in promoting peers, the phrase 'wise king' recurring through the narrative, are indications only. The land is thinly populated, has few towns of great importance outside London. The latter, luxurious, almost maritime owing to the influx of the Thames with the shipping that it brings, is remarkable — firstly for the 'wonderful quantity of wrought silver', but more so in that 'these great riches of London are not occasioned by its inhabitants being noblemen or gentlemen: being all on the contrary persons of low degree, and artificers who have congregated there from all parts of the island, and from Flanders, and from every place. No one can be mayor

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or alderman of London who has not been an apprentice in his youth. . . . Still the citizens of London are thought quite highly of there as the Venetian gentlemen are at Venice.' Trevisan objects, however, to our tavern-haunting habits, to our gross appetites and lust for worldly goods and pleasures, so that 'we would rather give five or six ducats to provide an entertainment for a person than a groat to assist him in any distress', and to a variety of vices too melancholy to dwell upon. Reminiscent of Rozmital are the carrion birds and kites which circle over the city, so tame that they will eat buttered bread from little children's hands: very striking also is the wealth manifest in the Church. 'But above all their riches are displayed in the church treasures; for there is not a parish church in the kingdom so mean as not to possess crucifixes, candlesticks, censers, pattens and cups of silver . . . Your Magnificence may therefore imagine what the decoration of those enormously rich Benedictine, Carthusian, and Cistercian monasteries must be.' In fact, so vast were the incomes of a certain abbot and abbess, that there was a saying amongst the English that 'the finest match that could be made in all England would be between that abbot and abbess'. The day was not far off when these two might stand symbol for the poorest in the land. Trevisan had no forebodings as he wrote: 'there are, however, many who have various opinions concerning religion.'

Roughly fifty years later, Soranzo<sup>1</sup> mounted that now famous rostrum to deliver his address to a Senate probably more than conversant with the matter in hand. Visiting ambassadors in the interim — Badoer, Gius-tinian, Falier, Barbaro — have stretched the length of

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. State Pap., Ven.*, v, 934.

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their narrative upon the standard frame and stitched dutifully according to orthodox design. Inevitably faces change, but the general groupings are unaltered. Their reports resemble those engravings used at different periods as illustrations of some site, which on perusal prove to be the same with costume and accessories brought up to date.

Using these accessories as a barometer, they would register fluctuations in the political atmosphere. The mercury in Trevisan shows fair, rises in Giustinian, wobbles again with suggestions of religious unrest, debased coinage, divorce in Falier. Many illustrious and excellent men have come from Oxford and Cambridge who 'annotate holy writ . . . entertaining opinions totally opposed to the Roman Church; and their numbers would increase daily were they not purged with fire and sword'. The outlook in 1551 is menacing; storm-clouds are drifting across the Tudor sky. Henry has dislocated order by actions complex in their nature, and his boy successor and unfortunate daughter Mary will reap the tares and thistles he has sown. Michiel and Soranzo are the chroniclers for this period.

Mary Tudor found no rose-strewn path to Westminster, but wrested her right to tread its formidable way from impostors at the sword's point. Nevertheless, she made a welcome entry into London, where Soranzo was amongst the ambassadors who met her. His picture of the capital differs only in one phrase from that of his precursors. 'On the banks of the river there are many large palaces making a very fine show, but the city is much disfigured by the ruins of a multitude of churches and monasteries belonging heretofore to friars and nuns.' The reign of the famous Tudor palaces beginning with a

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fire at Richmond Palace, continuing with the upstart cardinal's fine erections of Hampton Court and Whitehall (York House) and some typical and conscienceless appropriations at Nonsuch, Oatlands and elsewhere is in full swing, but they must be seen against the background of ruins which made a desolate impression.

Our racial characteristics, always a source of mild amazement to the foreigner, who cannot grasp the innate contradiction of the English mind which has helped to formulate a creed of careful compromise, are handed down from diarist to diarist as make-weight for a tale of sparse originality. The subject varies slightly only in so far as the vision of the observer registers off white, grey or black; the same qualities produce a hero and its travesty, the caricature. Trevisan saw a race of beings, *horribile dictu*, with clay feet! Soranzo beheld a benevolent edition of this race! One of the well-known constants that occurs about us has a certain charm as expressed by him: 'the English do not delight much either in military pursuits or literature, which last, especially by the nobility, is not held in much account, and they have scarcely any opportunity for occupying themselves with the former, save in time of war, and when that is ended they think no more about them, but in battle they show great courage and great presence of mind in danger, but they require to be largely supplied with victuals.'

Religion is the touchstone of the times, however. Trevisan the bird of augury, Falier at the parting of the ways, Barbaro, Soranzo and Michiel weathering the storm. Soranzo records progress in Mary's obstinate attempts to mend the breach with Rome, 'so that . . . mass and divine service are performed in all churches and attended by a good number of persons', but 'the

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majority of the population is perhaps dissatisfied, yet may it be hoped that the Almighty will support her Majesty's good intentions'. By Michiel's time religious houses were being rebuilt, churches were frequented, images replaced, but the public mind was 'irritated', discontent rife, and the Lord did not after all sponsor the work of his hand-maiden. Mary's good intentions ran counter to her people's will, and in a country 'where men's minds are very mutable' and 'it is a very easy matter to raise a rebellion' such a policy was unwise.

It is quite evident then, that the ambassador's report is a political pamphlet, and as such, no further concern of ours, that he is the ancestor of the foreign correspondent rather than the journalist on tour. There are three tourists proper belonging to this period — one whose letter has slipped in with the relations, Mario Savorgnano an Italian, the other two Nicander Nucius a Greek, and Estienne Perlin a Frenchman, not unknown.

Savorgnano<sup>1</sup> lodged with Falier during his five days' round of London sights; his letter is an interesting sample of a rapid tour. The writer is almost unique in his enjoyment of a pleasant passage over, embarking two hours before daybreak on board a medium-sized vessel, and crossing by a pleasant south-west wind and a calm sea in six hours 'without trouble or inconvenience of any sort'. Having inspected Dover castle, with its 'very ridiculous' ancient weapons, he rode post to London on horses of 'marvellous speed', traversing a most beautiful country with many hills, and very pleasant, seeing many small streams, and the great river Thames which 'disembogues into the sea'. He takes about a day and a half to reach London from Calais. The capital with houses

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. State Pap., Ven., iv, 682.*

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on either bank, with its many palaces particularly superb by the river which 'renders it cheerful', he seemed to like. He found the population immense, and like every true-hearted Italian, be he product of the fifteenth century or the eighteenth, he found our domestic architecture uninspired. There are houses in very great number, but they are ugly being mostly of wood, and the streets are narrow. An Italian dispatch<sup>1</sup> twenty-six years later says on this point, that the fronts of the houses and their windows are like Flanders or Germany, while the building materials are coarse. 'Milordi' lately began to use brick, but at great cost, and it is very usual to whitewash the houses from the abundance of chalk. The interiors this same visitor found disorderly, 'as for the rooms, there is no imaginable order, as the English merely look to convenience', while because of the coarse materials they cover the walls with tapestry or 'canvas on which they paint foliage'.

Savorgnano, whose visit befell soon after Henry had scooped up Whitehall, saw this palace being enlarged: 'and I saw there so-called galleries which are long porticos and halls, without chambers, with windows on each side, looking on gardens and rivers, the ceiling being marvelously wrought in stone with gold, and the wainscot of carved wood representing a thousand beautiful figures, and round about there are chambers and very large halls, all hung with tapestries.' But even this, our very pride of noble architecture, did not meet with the approval of the second critic, author of the dispatch; he finds it most convenient with regard to apartments, 'but without much architecture as usual in all the buildings of this country'.

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. State Pap., Ven.*, vi, 3, 171.

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As regards our habits the latter scribe sees black, like Trevisan. We are gross in our love of food: 'many Englishmen eat five or six times a day, and more of meat than of anything else, so that more butchers are seen in London than in any two of the chief towns of Lombardy, in fact it has been thought 'worthy of the first title in the world for shambles'. As for the 'miladis' they have neither carts nor coaches, but go on horseback, preceded by footmen and followed by maids of honour. They are mostly handsome, with fine complexions and have 'great liberty of action'. So much so that 'under pretence of going for meals', they do what they like, and married women will accept a repast from Englishman or foreigner, the husband, as Savorgnano reinforces, 'not taking it amiss but remaining obliged to you'. However, ducking-stool, wooden cage, and houses of correction put some curb upon their pranks and machinations. As a whole the race is slothful, and loves its ease, living in a land of comforts, a land 'beautiful and good' but 'in proportion to its beauty, the worse are the natives'; in short, it is a 'paradise inhabited by devils'. This critic closes with a pretty anecdote which illustrates a certain Tudor snobbery often played upon by foreign visitors and to be found in Platter's diary. A foreigner asked a certain English captain, whether any of his family had been hanged and quartered. 'Not that he knew of.' Whereupon, blushing no doubt for his countryman's prestige, another Englishman whispered to the foreigner: 'Don't be surprised, for he is not a gentleman!' As a family the Tudors must have created more gentlemen with the axe than with the sword and the escutcheon! When Nicander Nucius,<sup>1</sup> a Greek, was here in 1545, he says the skulls of those involved in

<sup>1</sup> J. A. Cramer [ed.], *Camden Soc.*, 1841.

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the Catherine Howard scandal were 'elevated upon spears and fixed on one of the turrets . . . even at this time to be seen, denuded of flesh'. And Estienne Perlin also underlines the fact that 'there are no great lords in England whose forebears have not had their heads cut off', and wisely elects rather to be a hog-driver and keep his head.

Nucius, who though contemporary, not surprisingly confuses the order of Henry VIII's consorts by shifting Anne of Cleves down a place, has only some few remarks on London that may concern us. He opens with a description of London Bridge and the busy thoroughfare it spans, the river; the former as we already know, 'supported by stone cemented arches and having also houses and turrets upon it', the latter busy with ferry boats, small barks 'rowed with speed' and mighty merchantmen. The mansions and lofty halls 'ornamented with florid paintings' of noble and merchant, the royal palaces encircled by gardens and parks, suggest the usual luxury.

That almost all pursue mercantile concerns, is stressed once again. 'And in this city there dwell men from most of the nations of Europe, employed in various mercantile arts' — the working of iron and other metals, the weaving of woollen cloths and richly embroidered tapestry. Interesting is the next remark: 'And not only does this appertain to men, but it devolves in a very great extent upon women also . . . And one may see in the markets and streets of the city married women and damsels employed in arts and barterings, and affairs of trade, undisguisedly.' This leads necessarily to the familiar emphasis on women's freedom and absence of jealousy, as Nucius deduces, in the English male.



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That London excels in temples, public edifices, baths, noble mansions and fine palaces, that the whole city is paved with flint stones, and that merchants are active daily at a place 'somewhere about the middle of the city', with a note on the Tower and its treasures, on the arsenal and dockyards for shipbuilding near Greenwich, alas completes the information to be extracted from the Greek. Estienne Perlin,<sup>1</sup> eight years later, presents a somewhat jaundiced view of England. But although one purpose of his visit was apparently to revile his hosts, we would not forego either his remarks on the Jane Grey incident, and somewhat gory picture of the execution of Northumberland, nor Mary's triumphal entry into London, nor his often original impressions.

The son of a nation addressed by Englishmen as 'knaves, dogs and whores' sons' does not conceal a very genuine hatred; firstly the land is a 'retreat for rogues and brigands', secondly he hates 'the way these villains spit in our faces in their own land, while in France they are honoured and revered like little gods', quite an intelligible attitude. These proud, fickle, drunken, gluttonous villains who 'belch shamelessly at table' have little to redeem them, while like other villains we have met, they continue to 'smile and smile' and go their idle ways. Take the apprentices, for example, who lounge away the time of day 'standing against their shops and the walls of their houses . . . insomuch that passing through the streets you may count fifty or sixty thus stuck up like idols cap in hand'. While the people, for ever feasting on rabbits, hares and a variety of meats in the taverns, whose proprietors have large purses in which three or four smaller ones are tucked away, bespeak prosperity. Or again

<sup>1</sup> *Description d'Angleterre*, 1558, repr. R. Gough, 1775. See Bibliog. (iv and v).

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'here you may see artisans such as hatters and joiners play at tennis for a crown, which is not often seen elsewhere, particularly on a working day, and continually feasting in a tavern'. Government was unstable enough, it is true, and the heads of political meddlers insecure, but the people were able to buy fish and butter cheap, Perlin having achieved nine plaice for a denier (1d.).

Although most of the countryside was devoted to pasturage (a further evidence of English sloth according to most Latins), Perlin alludes to some considerable tracts of arable land, seen on the route from London to Cambridge, Bristol, Newcastle, going towards Scotland. Some things it seems, he did not disapprove: English bread which was whiter than French, though no dearer, 'the very good soft saffron cakes filled with raisins', which accompanied the beer, making it doubly good, while he liked the shops of all trades 'open like barbers in France, [having] many glass windows as well below as in the rooms above' where are 'many glazed casements . . . In the windows as well in cities as villages are plenty of flowers, and at the taverns plenty of hay upon their wooden floors and many cushions of tapestry on which travellers seat themselves.'

This last remark makes not the least suggestion of the stench and pestiferous mess which so nauseated Erasmus. Perhaps by this time, or when Lemnius, a Dutchman, was amongst us, matters had improved. The latter writes: 'And beside this, the neat cleanliness, the exquisite fineness, the pleasant and delightful furniture in every point for household, wonderfully rejoiced me; and their chambers and parlours strewn with sweet herbs refreshed me; their nosegays finely intermingled with sundry sorts of fragrant flowers in their bed-chambers

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and privy rooms . . . cheered me up . . . and delighted all my senses,'<sup>1</sup> A very different impression from that produced by his more famous countryman in the fifteenth century.

Imperceptibly we have reached the turn of the century. It is about one hundred years since Rozmital dined with Earl Warwick, since his scribe, the 'gossiping alderman' of Nuremberg, ate fish which in his mouth 'became flesh'. For some time England will see no Venetian resident ambassadors, there will be no more such estimable records until the Stuarts come to Westminster. We have seen how far they pointed the trend of political events despite the strait-jacket of tradition: we may observe that since Rozmital the travel odyssey has undergone some variations.

First a change of tempo may be felt: those vast caravans which slowly dragged their lumbering forms across the earth and went visiting with the heavy seals of officialdom upon them have given place to tourists of Savorgnano's stamp. The odyssey has become a sprint across the channel in which a five days' tour of London, trips to palaces in the environs, are included. This is to be the coming tourist generation, while such as Rozmital or Windecke are relegated to the curios of antiquity. The mental scenery has likewise shifted. The holy images and wonder-working relics for which these sought have been supplanted by interests purely secular, city sights are exchanged for religious sights. An Italian eye, trained to new experiments in art and architecture, looks at buildings and overlooks the relics. We have already spoken of the crop of Tudor palaces and mansions, if not of the renovated inns along the Strand, the spacious

<sup>1</sup> W. B. Rye, pp. 75-80, Bibliog. (iv and v).

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merchant dwellings which were springing up. Already Savorgnano does the round of some. But tiny signs of change they are that can be found, and yet where revelry and joust, banquet and procession, generalities on England and the capital are indifferent to date and century, they point the way. Quite unawares the travellers indicate the historical process. More they cannot do, they cannot tell a story intimate as that revealed by native letters.

## CHAPTER V

### ELIZABETHAN ROUND

PERHAPS there is no more fitting introduction to the batch of German visitors who come to England with Elizabeth in the saddle, than the experiences of John Casimir, Duke Palatine of Germany. One would expect a queen recently described as charming hostess to a select men's club, the court, to render gracious and experienced, if wary, hospitality to such a guest. Contemporary letters unanimously agree that Casimir was well fêted in 1579. 'Great entertainment', and 'extraordinary courtesies' were shown him, not only by Her Majesty, but by her lords and by the city magnates with great feasting, banqueting and gifts. He certainly went home laden, receiving golden chalices, horses and dogs amongst the offerings. 'These regions flourish in great peace: therefore I have nothing to relate of them than that this people is the happiest of all Christian nations' are the closing words of Languet,<sup>1</sup> friend of Sidney, in reference to the stay.

Journeying from Dover by the common route, Casimir was lodged at Thomas Gresham's 'splendid mansion' for two days. Thence he progressed with difficulty to the palace (Whitehall) through the 'broad streets' — the route would lead him through the broadest as some foreigners have noted, though many term the streets of London 'narrow' — which were crammed with

<sup>1</sup> Hubert Languet: *Arcana* . . . *Ep.*, 161-163, 1699.

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people come to watch. He was received there by Elizabeth, who it would seem, carried on her usual form of political flirtation, and in the evening made for Somerset House 'now belonging to the Queen, and not far from the palace' where he was boarded. On January 27th, he was shown over Hampton Court and Windsor, which trip lasted till the 30th. The noble lord preferred the pleasure of the chase 'hunting deer and stag' to looking over buildings and personal curios. On return soaked with rain and mud-bespattered, he entered the presence of the Queen at her behest, after which there followed another bout of entertainment; hunting at the Earl of Leicester's box, a tournament in the royal palace, a banquet with the mayor who presented him with a handsome chain, two great silver gilt tankards, and other ornaments, an invitation to the Duke of Suffolk's place and to the German merchants at the Steelyard, culminating in the final honour of conferment of the Garter by Elizabeth's own slender hand. Before dawn on February 14th the party left for Dover, whence three days later, captained by none less than Martin Frobisher, it put out to sea. But even he, sea-dog that he was, could not ward off the tempest that drove them off their course, so that it took ten days to get to Flushing.

So much for the dashing prelude to the tourists in Elizabethan England. They will centralize their interests in the capital, the universities, the palaces and Elizabeth the queen. With reference to the almost compulsory nature of this round of palaces, there is a rather humorous example of an emissary to England who sighs that although he has seen them all before, rather than give offence to Essex he must once more visit Richmond,

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Nonsuch, Hampton Court, Oatlands, Windsor, Whitehall, Greenwich.<sup>1</sup>

Half a dozen German diaries<sup>2</sup> written after 1580 will illustrate the new trend of tourism in England. Their authors, typical of European wayfaring — a belated knight errant, a young man destined to be a merchant, a great lord's secretary, the mentors of young lordlings, a youth of the enlightened professional classes, Thomas Platter himself, represent the new idea in touring England. No longer 'out of the world', no longer an unknown isle, like the continent, she is acquiring a tourist cachet. Things to see in France, things to see in Italy there are — also things to see in England.

From their headquarters in the city (in the place of private lodgings) be it the White Bear, Fleur de Lys, the Dolphin favoured by a type of sixteenth-century Casanova, or Dutch Post, the travellers mechanically perform their daily round. In the subjects of their commentary, each is a replica of the other; one may omit a palace or a university, one add some small personal observation or an extra feature on the accepted route, but that is all. Certain things no conscientious diarist would miss. Not all include St. Paul's, but the Abbey is essential. It is identifiable first and foremost with

... the man that keeps the Abbey tombs  
And for his price doth with whoever comes  
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Buchenbach: *Lit. Ver. Stuttgart*, lxxxj, 1865.

<sup>2</sup> (i) Lupold v. Wedel [ed.] *Baltische Studien* 45, and *Roy. Hist. Trans.*, ix, 1895; (ii) Samuel Kiechel [ed.] *Lit. Verein Stuttgart*, lxxxvi, 1866; (iii) Fred. Duke of Wirtemberg v. W. B. Rye, *Bibliog.* (iv and v); (iv) Paul Hentzner, *Itin. Germanicum*, 1612, printed with transl., 1757 v. W. B. Rye; (v) Thomas Platter v. Hecht, *Bibliog.* (vi); (vi) The Diary of Philip Duke of Stettin, *Roy. Hist. Trans.*, vi, 1892.

<sup>3</sup> John Donne, *Satyre*, iv.

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the coronation stone, King Edward's sword and the wax effigies. Two travellers mention Queen Katherine's shrivelled remains, exposed there and embalmed 'like an Egyptian mummy'. A close comparison of these two, who in succeeding years lodge at the same inn and have much else in common, suggests that the official guides were often responsible for the programme and such commentary as the above.

The Tower with mint and armoury, tapestries and wild beasts, must next be seen, and London Bridge where the interest was entirely centred on the skulls; thirty-four in number, over thirty, and just thirty are the estimates at different times. The travellers all went over Whitehall Palace, admiring tiltyard, tennis courts and bowling alley, the interior, and the gardens. Other palaces offered similar attractions, each having its own particular advantages: at Hampton Court, the many courts, the profusion of flowers, the play of fountains, the luxury manifest within, at Theobalds and Nonsuch, the Italianate devices displayed in the lay-out and interior decoration. Burghley spared no expense in decking out the former with its costly ceilings and lavish show of ornament — while it seems that Henry VIII outdid his ostentatious chancellor in the architecture of the latter, ornate with Roman statuary, columns and pyramids of marble, classic fountains, so that it might stand the nonpareil of palaces. Oatlands was less impressive, Richmond, Greenwich, the last a summer palace, were charming by the waterside, but they were overshadowed by the Queen who was sought there and described to the exclusion of all else.

One German made two vain journeys to behold her, and only on the third occasion did his quest succeed.



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As a foil to his bad luck, the good fortune of a countryman of his is striking, for he not only saw her at the usual public Sunday ceremony on the way to divine service, but twice at a tournament in her honour at Whitehall, once on her entry into London with all the state which she so enjoyed, and once again at the opening of Parliament, when the streets of Westminster were made clean and neat and strewn with sand, as the diarist adds in an interesting aside.

All of these occasions are public and impersonal, and the impression which they leave is one of a queen whose person is always attuned to the moment, knowing and loving well the pleasure and powers of pomp, of a woman bent on currying public favour with her charms. Riding alone in her coach, she appeared to one onlooker like a 'goddess such as painters are wont to depict'. A single and more intimate flash shows her philandering with one Master or Captain Ral (*sic*): 'pointing with her finger at his face, she told him that there was dirt on it, and offered to wipe it off with her handkerchief, but he anticipating her, removed it himself'! Most foreigners added years to her longevity only to subtract them in their standard flattery of her eternal youth. The over-statements of most recorders verge on the absurd, one saying in 1592 that although she was sixty-seven already, despite the burdens of a kingdom, she did not look more than sixteen; another six months before her death said that she bore herself as freely as a maiden of eighteen, though his gallantry is tempered by the ambiguous compliment that even at this great age she was not ugly to look upon from a distance, while Platter's version (1599) makes her over seventy, but in appearance 'fairly young still, not over twenty'. Paul Hentzner's is the classic portrait,

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neither playing with her age, nor over-emphasizing time's 'base ingratitude'. The passage is well known and reminiscent of the conventional features of contemporary portraiture, yet some few to whom it is still novel may enjoy it: 'next came the Queen in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow and her teeth black [a feature of the English attributed to eating too much sugar]; she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown . . . her bosom was uncovered as all the English ladies have it, till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk. . . .'

Keeping strictly to the repertory meant that the tourist must cross the water into Southwark for the bull and bear baiting; where seasonal, watch the Lord Mayor's show, an accessory appearing for the first time in this cycle, and be sure to visit one of the universities, both if possible. Later additions to these items took the traveller to the ancient citadel of Windsor, where the buildings and the chapel seemed to hold no other fascination for him than their emblems and legends of the Garter, though the parks and undulating meadowlands aroused his admiration, while sometimes he would combine Woodstock and its romantic setting of Fair Rosamund and young Elizabeth with the Oxford visit.

One last feature of recurrent interest to tourists was

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the problem of religion; this is very natural, the religious issue being then uppermost in men's minds. We have seen the point arise with the relations; other travellers also have their comments. Of these, three German diarists contribute their opinions. To travellers from the Continent, where religion has riven nations with a flaming sword of hate, the forms of Anglican devotion are no doubt surprising. Wirtemberg and Platter, who was influenced by his narrative, and Stettin all affect this attitude. The first says: 'In this beautiful church, the English Ministers who are dressed in white surplices *such as the Papists wear*, sang alternately, and the organ played', or again, 'In this church, his Highness listened for more than an hour to the beautiful music, the usual ceremonies, and the English sermon. The music, especially the organ, was exquisitely played . . . In short, their ceremonies were *very similar to the Papists*, as above mentioned, with singing and all the rest . . .' Platter apes his model in the phrasing of the passages and constantly repeats the formula 'as is the custom in the Popish church', while Stettin's secretary, perhaps with Wirtemberg's remark in mind, also noticed on attending a service at St. Paul's to hear 'the beautiful music', that 'the singers as well as the preachers, wear white surplices, making use of many Popish ceremonies, all kneeling down on entering the church, and otherwise keeping good order'.

In this connection one might quote an earlier comment by a German visitor present at a Scottish church, an occasion graced by the presence of the sovereign James V: 'Now they sang about five psalms, for here as well as in England Zwinglian ceremonies are in use. . . . This done the Bishop of St. Andrews, mounted the

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pulpit and delivered a sermon . . . He had a long red taffety coat on.'

From all that has been said it is quite evident that the diarists, like the authors of relations, will be more 'honoured in the breach than the observance', which is to affirm that deviations in them will be more refreshing than their categorical remarks. It is too much to seek for differences in mood and style, but small and unimportant comments, slight deviations in things seen, will prove more precious than the lengthy inventories (useful enough matter for the antiquarian) of palace or college or cathedral on which they pride themselves. For then only does a breath of the traveller's own person escape the lifeless pages of his diary.

That squirts of water preceded the Lord Mayor to keep the crowd off on his return to the Guildhall, presents a livelier picture to the eye than the order of processional; that when in English inns 'three or four persons are together they have a room to themselves where they sleep and rest, so do not have to suffer strangers. And there is a chimney in the room, so that one may warm oneself and dry there in bad weather', or that 'beds at inns are made by waiters' are remarks which bring us nearer to the spirit of the text than would a list of armour at the Tower. Evidently the coachman who refused to drive Platter to Cambridge because his coach was in disrepair was a rogue with some rights on his side, for if Wirtemberg's account is to be trusted, the road thither was not a bed of roses. 'On the road we passed through a villainous, boggy and wild country, and several times missed our way, because the country thereabouts is very little inhabited, and is nearly a waste; and there is one spot in particular where the mud is so

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deep, that in my opinion it would scarcely be possible to pass with a coach in winter or in rainy weather'. Certainly the Duke of Stettin lost his way round Bicester on the stretch to Oxford, complaining also farther on of the 'bad, marshy' road, and was directed by a gentleman in Latin. He had cause to thank his Latin twice that day, for at his lodging 'having no interpreter' a 'learned pastor' helped him out in Latin. Such episodes as these are more colourful than the list of colleges piously appended.

Others ranking with them are Hentzner's chance encounter with a harvest-home: 'As we were returning to our inn [from Eton] we happened to meet some country people celebrating their harvest-home; their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which perhaps they would signify Ceres; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men- and maid-servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn. The farmers here do not bind up their corn in sheaves, as they do with us, but directly as they have reaped or mowed it, put it into carts and convey it to their barns . . .'; or Stettin's impressions of London bellringing, till seven or eight in the evening, by youths, for sport and exercise and wagers, adding that parishes spend much money on their bells; or his discovery that the students who make good use of the backs at Cambridge, keep more dogs and greyhounds than books (!); or the observation that oysters are cried in all parts of the streets; or the crazy spectacles — 'six legged cows', 'white Moors' — and similar curiosities, these are the incidents which bring life into the dead matter of the past, lending personality to these diaries.

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Or . . . but the list is almost inexhaustive. To this category belong likewise the motley pictures so reminiscent of Pieter Breughel the elder, or Tenier's father, scenes of English jollification at the tavern, at the theatre, at the ring, where nuts and fruit and wine and ale were sold, the jokes and junketings on Midsummer Night, the wrestling and races and extempore games at St. Bartholomew's fair.

So these travellers after 1580 do their stated round perennially. In this respect their reflections are quite timeless, more so than the relations which plotted changes on the political chart. Yet they perform their task with more conscious method than their forebears: they are units in another touring system, one that eventually has supplanted pilgrimage. Though the regular channel packet service had not yet arrived, and the travellers still crossed as random cargo having previously haggled with the captain, within limits guides and interpreters and traffic facilities inland were established. What were the accepted sights, and what the deviations from the plan, has been investigated. On the whole the batch of diaries provides no clues to topicality, unless it be such stray hints as enter unawares. One traveller at Flushing sees a ship arrive laden with cheese, butter and herrings and five prisoners, called a cornrunner, and bringing food to the enemy, and the prisoners were hanged in Flanders before the Spaniards, as it was forbidden on pain of death to carry food to the enemy. The same in London hears the thrilling news that a Spanish galleon with all the fabulous wealth of 'distant Ophir' has fallen prey to Drake. Another tourist finds Theobalds deserted of its staff, away at their lord's funeral. One says that Elizabeth is in mourning for the

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death of Alençon, others see the wreck of the Armada littering the shore at Dover. These are signs, almost invisible signs, faint clues to chronology and period. It has been stressed enough that the travellers add little to the present knowledge of the history, social culture, even topography of the land they visit, they do but scratch the surface of existence there. And yet to read them is a pastime very pleasurable. In their impressions we recapitulate some of the daily life of our own past. Their study often causes us to sink into another kind of study — a brown study — for obliquely, as in every human memoir, we watch ordinary folk doing ordinary things, in many ways materially unchanged as they come and go and come again, rotating like the globe in the symbolic circle of eternity.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE PEDANT'S PROGRESS<sup>1</sup>

IT is the misfortune of Thomas Platter the Younger to be a shadow. When we seek him he eludes us, when we try to grasp him he is gone. Whatever path we explore, it is the figure of the brother Felix, the fortunate, the gifted, that stands astride it, waiting for us at the end. Sometimes arm in arm with him there goes another form, that of their petulant and famous father, Thomas of the mountain plat, Thomas of the summer meadows in the Zermatt district, Thomas the poor goatherd, wandering scholar, friend of Erasmus, respected and redoubted burgher of the pious town of Basel. And if the light is strong enough upon these two it may throw off a shadow flickering to right and left as they proceed. For so it is that Thomas takes his place in the dynasty of Platter. Yet the analogy may prove misleading, wrong conclusions may too quickly be deduced from it — that Thomas was ill-treated, suffered rebuffs, was temperamentally obliterated by the fame which hung about his brother's person. As far as the faltering evidence speaks at all this is not the case. Thomas the Younger was content to be a shadow, indeed such an idea would scarce have struck him, his was a nature gladly led along the paths that are made smooth by the tread of earlier wayfarers. Born of a second marriage when his father was already an old man of seventy-five, it is not

<sup>1</sup> See *Autobiographies of Thomas Platter, Senior, and Felix Platter, the Travels of Felix and Thomas Platter, Junior*. For edns. see Hans Hecht, pp. ix-xiii and *Bibliog.*, vi and vii.



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surprising if the strain was weakening. Given over to the care of his already celebrated brother — four years before his birth Felix had been Rector of the university of Basel — Thomas appears to have followed in docile fashion where the others led. Zeal, diligence, conscientious application, are the qualities ascribed to him . . . he applied himself 'with diligence' to his preliminary studies, worked at medicine 'with all his forces' . . . held academic offices 'to advantage'.<sup>1</sup> Thoroughness and the colourless mediocrity that set one down amongst the piously respectable, but are a certain barrier to the glorious company of the immortals, mark him out at work and play, in his career and in his observations. His career is modelled on his brother's, his interests fostered by his brother, his wife, niece to his brother's wife, no doubt chosen by his brother, he wrote his journal at the instigation of his brother, and his only medical publication was apparently a posthumous collection of his brother's smaller treatises. As the records of his university write: 'and though he did not excel his famous brother Felix, he equalled him at least, and followed in his footsteps'.<sup>2</sup> That he 'equalled' him is already in the nature of an overstatement, for Felix, woebegone and sad, weeping uncontrollably for home against his horse's flank, Felix digging up corpses by night from the churchyard at Montpellier, or Felix the pioneer of medical instruction, pathological anatomy, sought after by the exalted, preferring service to his countrymen be they of high or low degree, trying to fight the plague so rampant in his day, was a man of different calibre from Thomas.

<sup>1</sup> *Athenae Rauricae sive Catalogus Professorum Acad. Basil.* . . . ab 1460-1778, Basel, 1778.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

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Looking at their portraits there are Platter features, a heritage from the stern visage of the father, common to both brothers, but Thomas's eye is dull compared to Felix's lively physiognomy. This is perhaps an arbitrary judgment, for the medium of the pictures differs, the talent of the artists and the respective ages of the sitters should be reckoned with, yet it is easy from the rather wooden and inexpressive bearded physiognomy of Thomas Platter to give credit to Felix's statement that 'this my brother, whose uncle I might be (there is thirty-eight years between them) seems older than I, for his hair is interspersed with grey', and the doctor's interesting afterthought, 'perhaps because he was the child of an old man'.<sup>1</sup>

'Look here, upon this picture, then on this . . .' but justice must be done to Thomas. If he did not excel, he certainly brought no shame upon his family. As a boy he had not the stimulating presence of his father to goad him in his grammar, his Donatus or his dialectic, to rage and preach at him and tremble for him as he had for Felix. The standards of the famous school upon the Münster Square are said to have gone down after old Thomas Platter its headmaster had retired, and young Thomas may have suffered if he attended there. After he was nine, he lacked the affection of his father, who if petulant and erratic, possessed a manly spirit and a generous heart as the charming Latin letters<sup>2</sup> to young Felix testify. Perhaps it is not too far-fetched to attribute Thomas's lack of warmth and ardour, traits which so characterize his brother's every thought or action, to the absence of parental love in formative adolescence. We

<sup>1</sup> *Athenae Rauricae sive Catalogus Professorum Acad. Basil. . . . ab 1460-1778*, Basel, 1778.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Platters *Briefe an seinen Sohn Felix* [ed.] Achilles Burckhardt, 1890.

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know nothing of his schooldays, though the curriculum he followed would not be very different from his brother's — a Latin schooling on German Humanist foundations. Basel in its niche within the strong arm of the Rhine that swept with icy tales from the mountains, was no mean town. Thomas was just eighteen, when Fynes Moryson,<sup>1</sup> English gentleman and traveller, rode into Basel 'through a fair plain of corn and pasture . . . having on all sides woody mountains in sight, and near the city were most pleasant fields, planted with vines . . . I entered by little Basel seated in a plain on the East side of Rhine, and so passed by a bridge of wood, into the greater Basel, seated upon pleasant hills on the West side of the Rhine. . . .' Moryson liked this pleasant town, with its 'fair houses of private men, and a most pleasant shade of trees'. There is a 'pleasant green for walking' on the Petersplatz and 'the yard of the cathedral church lieth over the river, and hath a linden, the which giveth a very pleasant shade, having seats under it and along the river'.

Indeed the guardian towers of the cathedral, which Coryat<sup>2</sup> so admired, 'exquisitely tiled' in blue, yellow, red, and wrought by way of chequer work, he says, might ring the praises of many famous men that they had seen alight within their city, attracted by its situation, its university, above all its celebrated printing houses and its solid comfort. The university of which Thomas's brother had become rector was on the upgrade, and had lived down the miserable upheavals of the religious conflict during the period of its interregnum (1539-41). Basel had settled to the quiet fruition of seeds sown by the fighter-scholars Oecolampad,

<sup>1</sup> *Itin. Rept.*, 1907, 1908.

<sup>2</sup> *Crudities Rept.*, 1905.

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Rhenanus, Grynaeus, Münster, Amerbach, Frobenius, greatest of all Erasmus. Thomas did not see the victory spiritual and intellectual wrested by his father's generation from the iron hand of tradition: he did not live like Felix in a state of insecurity and turmoil. His early years were passed with a brother financially successful, as his accounts will prove, in a home that savoured of patrician ease. Felix was the fortunate man that his sponsor at his baptism had foreseen, the important citizen and comfortable burgher that his father had so passionately desired. A man of eminence in the city, he was sought out by foreign visitors. Basel then was not unused to acting generous host, and Jacques Auguste de Thou found his short sojourn profitable. With Amerbach the younger for cicerone he saw some interesting library exhibits and collections, amongst the items 'some few small pieces of furniture which Erasmus had bequeathed to Amerbach's father'. He visited Dr. Felix Platter 'in a large and agreeable house where he was very civilly received',<sup>1</sup> and beheld there a case of famous fossils, and in the stable a wild ass and a marmot. In the coming year an eminent contemporary of Jacques de Thou condescended to alight at this same pleasant house. 'Amongst the curiosities of the place we saw the house of a doctor, called Fælix Platerus, the most painted and ornate with arabesques in French style imaginable: which the said doctor has built very large and sumptuous'.<sup>2</sup> On the evening after their arrival in the town Felix had the honour of dining with his visitor, none less than Monsieur de Montaigne, in company with the celebrated savant François Hotman. The hospitality enjoyed by Montaigne at Basel, his impression of the

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires* . . ., 1711.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal* [ed.] A. d'Ancona, 1889.

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city, 'a fine town about the size of Blois', with its many churches, over three hundred fountains, fine public library on the riverside, are reminiscent of Aeneas Piccolomini's sojourn amongst this well-to-do and liberal-spirited *bourgeoisie* a century and a half before. Thus, if young Thomas missed the somewhat rude affections and the vicissitudes of his original home, he had the certainty of status and the sense of comfort that his brother's eminence produced. So that by the time he was twenty-one it was no callow youth, no mere boy that set out for the medical school of Montpellier, but a sophisticated and satisfactorily informed young man. The contrast with the harassed little boy Felix is extreme. The latter rode away from Switzerland with his father's sobbing '*vale*' mingled with the murmurs of unpaid debts and stringent economy ringing in his ears — Thomas was adequately supplied throughout his tour, and comfortably escorted on his way; there is no echo in his diary of monetary embarrassment such as little fifteen-year-old Felix had to fret him, he treats his friends, he buys books and curios everywhere 'to send to Basel' — he is, in short, a young man self-possessed, secure and unabashed, the brother of the famous Dr. Platter, a foil to the struggling student Felix who had lodged with Catalan father forty-three years ago. The wheel turns full circle and young Thomas now dismounts before the premises of Catalan son who is to give him likewise board and lodging.

He says that Montpellier had changed since fifty years ago (roughly his brother's time). Many churches and convents in the suburbs had quite disappeared, though the lower classes and country folk still held the Catholic faith. We recall the executions in the market

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square which Felix saw — and the letter from his father telling him not to doubt, for that such cruelty was the very sign of the faith: 'nor let the fact that you see many slaughtered, burned, put into exile for Christ, deter you, those are the most certain signs of our true faith'.<sup>1</sup> In other ways, however, the tenor of their lives was much the same. Generation after generation registered, pursued their studies, passed out with a preliminary degree after satisfactorily maintaining some such thesis as Thomas chose, 'The healing or draining of an ulcer'. Both young men attended autopsies and made dissections, both went botanizing in the environs. Felix, to whom the realm of medicine was new and whose father's dearest dream was to see him monarch in this realm, was less tempted to play truant than his younger brother. The latter, no doubt already more familiar with the language of his subject through constant contacts with the now eminent physician, this same brother Felix, older too and having more to spend, seems to have been constantly *en route* rather than at the feet of his professors. This does not mean that Thomas became a 'goliard' or wandering scholar, throwing caution to the winds, singing only of wine and women and the freedom of the road. He merely joined excursions into neighbouring parts as a prelude to those longer travels which took him to the Peninsula, to Paris and to England. Thomas was an eager traveller, an observant and a very earnest one. In fact it is this latter quality that makes him dull and tedious. For so serious was he that he failed to be selective, inserting every detail whether weighty or irrelevant. Moreover, the coldness of his disposition chills all emotional reaction, so that as if mechanically propelled, he lives

<sup>1</sup> Note 2, p. 113.

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and moves and has his being. With equal sang-froid he will collect shells, bright stones, marine plants, take part in Shrovetide masquerades, walk across the ancient Pont du Garde at Nîmes, describe the Ghetto in the city of the Popes, watch the fishermen put out their nets, take a purge which 'works seven times and makes him feel very fit', dine with the grand-provost of Languedoc and governor of Bagnols who discourses on occultism, on demons, evil spirits and lovely women, dissect a live dog, or hold a cat to die over a poisonous spring. No emotion is betrayed, no feeling roused, he knows not anger, knows not sorrow, knows not joy. The grand provost's company for the future he evades, though he stays some days longer in the place to make up his diary; the experiment with the cat which twice escapes and is twice caught, then expires, leads to the comment that 'cats are hardier than fowls', with which he has previously performed the test. News of his brother Nicholas's death from scarlet fever evokes the pious prayer 'May God accord him a happy resurrection as to all of us. Amen'. It is possible of course that if the family was dispersed, Thomas did not know his brother, and did not feel the loss, the relations are not known, but one cannot help comparing his father's misery and his brother's grief on the death of Ursula, beloved daughter and cherished sister, from plague. Thomas comes nearer to real emotion when writing of the hardships suffered by the galley-slaves at Marseilles. Young Platter's objectivity of spirit was shocked out of its torpor by the motley sights that greeted him in this centre of human oddity and passion. He was fascinated and shaken by the galley-slaves' existence, fed on 'biscuits, a sort of hard thin bread. . . of dirty corn, that had to be

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dipped in water for the teeth to penetrate them', having 'meat once or twice a week; but their other food is ghastly. They are uniformly clad, their heads shaven to avoid vermin, and confined to the galleys day and night, winter and summer, by rain, snow or heat. The galley is covered with a large tarpaulin at night, and when this is removed in the morning if the weather is good, it is a curious sight to see them busy at their various occupations. Some knit, some sew or fell wood, rub, scrape, scour, cook, wash up the crocks. All are working; for when they are at anchor and are not employed with cleaning the streets, squares or the port, they are free to pursue their own activities. When they row . . . and if they do not obey [the whistle] quickly enough, the cracks of the whip rain down upon their head and shoulders, drawing blood; often for an example a member is amputated.' He wondered at the variety of wares unloaded in the harbour, spices, rhubarb, medicaments, monkeys, strange beasts, oranges and lemons, he was nauseated by the extravagance of Marseilles womenfolk, flaunting 'valuable pearl necklaces', gifts to atone for a husband's or a lover's prolonged absence overseas, 'scarlet bodices and skirts of grey, yellow or blue like parrots'. Already Piccolomini had noticed that the citizens of Basel were prosperous but disliked show, and the delicious broadbacked drawing of a burgher and his wife by Urs Graf bespeak a proud and Puritan solidity. So that Thomas's fustian-mindedness, his sanity, shied at these women 'clad with more show than good taste'! This is one of the liveliest passages in the journal, but there are others perhaps less colourful, yet no less valuable as pictures of the daily life and customs of sixteenth-century people.



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Choosing at random, the botany excursions are entertaining and usually eventful episodes. With twenty other students conducted by a learned doctor Thomas sets out from Montpellier — the latter on horseback goes too fast and they only catch him up at nightfall, when they lodge at a wretched inn, sup off an omelet, and sleep in the hayloft. There are baths at this place which are none too good, yet in the season they attract visitors from Nîmes and other towns round about, and are a source of good revenue to Montpellier physicians! From this same trip they return muddy and soaked with rain, their plants spoiled by the drenching, only to find the gates closed, so that once again they spend an uncomfortable night sleeping sixteen in a room with four beds. Sleeping four in a bed was in fact an inflicted accompaniment of these enterprises! The best treatment meted out to them after such an expedition which, marred by a thunderstorm, drove them drenched to the skin for shelter, was at a guest house owned by two spinsters who made a roaring fire, dried their clothes, and did their best to make them comfortable. During mountain rambles the students prescribe to the villagers for goitre. Another time they go to watch the bathers in the sea 'who think to avoid maladies there'. Thomas almost came to grief while bathing on this occasion, for when he wanted to stop swimming he could not touch the bottom and the water was over his head and tasted abominably salt . . . 'Had the wind and the waves flowed from the verge as they did landwards, I should have been lost.' But all was well, the tide carried him to shore, and he landed on a sandy bottom and lived to tell the tale.

As for the accommodation in these parts, it is natural that such student parties in their haphazard wanderings

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should alight upon the worst, though there were evidently good hostelrys like the Bégude Blanche, one of the best in Languedoc, where Platter and a travelling companion put up and were served an excellent meal.

There were good sights to be seen in this fertile valley of Provence, set between the Alps and Pyrenees. In front of the houses at Bagnols Thomas saw grapes hung out to dry and figs placed upon wooden boards or straw mats. The vineyards and the olive groves were refreshing to Swiss eyes, and the harvesting of these fruits a rich and thankful labour. Vintage time at Montpellier is a very busy one and the bustle is tremendous. The grapes are packed on mules for conveyance; each beast bears two wooden tubs and always trots, particularly when the vessels are empty. Let the passers-by look to themselves, for the muleteer does not heed them. Fatalities are by no means rare. When the grape has been in the cask for some time it is put to press. There are some who hire portable presses and go from door to door, pressing the grapes in the street. The wine is put into casks and placed in cellars by the porters. The olive gathering follows in November: 'the olives are planted either in the vineyards or the cornfields. The green olive is picked and salted for export as an *apéritif*. As it ripens it turns red, then black. The olives are beaten down like nuts in our parts. They are allowed to ferment until the skin dries, when they give the most oil . . . and are crushed in a great mill turned by a mule' until after many processes the 'virgin oil' is extracted. And so the seasons revolve from festival to festival, from lenten sowing to the bounty of the autumn harvest.

Later in the narrative, after Platter has gained his bachelor degree and is practising at Uzès north of

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Montpellier, he describes another source of income which this country yielded. The whole of this short trip is interesting from the ascension of Ventoux with which it opens to the description of some curious marriage customs at the close. The plague is raging at Uzès so that the travellers have to obtain permits in order to leave the town. All the way health bulletins — bills printed with blanks for filling in — were made out and shown on entry to a city. Entry was refused at Montpellier until further inquiries had been made. Thomas says that relics were still shown as they passed through the towns and churches. If we may deviate for a moment we shall see that this question of religious creed added to the thrills which travellers might encounter. At the outset of his travels, Thomas tells of a certain celebrated doctor, who on opening a French bible at a Jesuit college, roused a member of this order to extreme wrath, saying it was the work of the damned. Here he saw some manuscripts to be published against Calvin. On entering Avignon, Platter had to pose as a German, taking the name of Grosman, for 'had they surmised my quality of Bâlois, I could not have entered without the security of an inhabitant'. His nonconformity, however, did not prevent his attending midnight mass on Christmas Eve in the Papal city, or his enjoyment of their excellent music. In Spain at Montserrat a hermit asked him whether there were still many Lutherans in Germany — Thomas remarks: 'they have singular notions of the reformed religionists, as if they were beings of a peculiar species, for their writings are not read, the Inquisition taking good care of that' — and at an inn on the frontier, his young lackey became involved, for being Lent the keeper thinking him a Papist gave him eggs, not meat,

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'but he declared he was of our religion . . . I think he spoke the truth, for I remember at Barcelona, he did not know how to make the sign of the cross one day when a Spaniard challenged him. . . .' These are nice allusions that show how electric was the atmosphere charged with the memories of St. Bartholomew, with the spirit of the Inquisition and the fanaticism of nonconformity.

In the meantime our tourists on the summit of Ventoux are taking lunch with all Provence for a kingdom at their feet. Thomas has removed his clothes to dry as they were wet with sweat, but he dons them now, for it is blowing cold. Having lunched, and cooled their wine with snow, they hunt for plants, and proceed upon their way. This takes them at one point to the salt marshes of Peccais, which make a very vivid picture. It is a fort surrounded by ditches full of water . . . To the west may be seen seventeen tables for salt, great rectangles twenty by fifteen paces, from which the salt is gathered during the summer. The sea water flows in through numerous channels in wooden pipes, and filters into these tables to the depth of a finger, they are turned by means of a wheel and a horse and soon resemble a sheet of ice beneath the sun's rays. This is called the first bed. A second bed is formed and so on, and in August labourers are employed to hack it up with picks; more than a thousand are at work daily, and despite the expenses incurred by such an enterprise, the King obtains a goodly revenue thence.

This picture together with the descriptions of a fair at Beaucaire, when the whole town turns into booths, while performing fleas and civet cats, comedians, tightrope dancers, tumblers add to the confusion and the fun, of *Fête-Dieu* and flagellant processions, of miracle plays and degenerate Italian comedies, acted in a mixture of

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Italian and Languedoc at Avignon, of life at Marseilles already cited, are the high lights of Thomas's long French journal. Reminiscent of the vivid scenes depicted by Thomas Platter senior, by the wandering (and erring) scholar, Johannes Butzbach of the Benedictine order, by Bartholomew Sastrow, a Pomeranian worthy, by Dr. Felix Platter, by the authors of itineraries and personal memoirs, the journal makes a bright addition to the library of social history.

Thus after three years at Montpellier (two acquiring the degree of bachelor, and one more practising in the environs before his final examination taken in October 1598), interspersed with innumerable excursions, he makes a final tour to Spain before the last farewells to masters, friends and patients in April 1599 and packing up for Paris. He had had good times, passed his examinations, though there had been no prophecies of future greatness to attend him, as there had been for Felix. He must have been quite popular with friends and patients, and particularly regrets his departure from Uzès 'where he had spent such happy times'. There is none of Felix's childish joy at the prospects of homecoming, in fact Thomas, when urgently recalled on his way to Paris, appears flagrantly indifferent to the summons and continues his journey, later putting the English channel between himself and Switzerland.

Again there are no such charming vignettes as abound in his brother's very much shorter narrative: Felix arranging a tiny study for himself, hanging it with pictures and 'my master (the chemist) gave me a gilt chair . . . so that all who came were astonished that it looked so attractive. It was a pretty garret at the top of the spiral stair, from which I could see the town, and

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across to the sea, and sometimes I could hear the waves break in the distance.' Or Felix in difficulties with a young lady he takes to a dance. 'On the way there was a muddy pool, and I tried to make way for her to walk in the dry, and in so doing trod in the puddle, splashing the *demoiselle* all over with mud, and I was horribly ashamed, especially as a passer-by made fun of me saying that I had sprinkled my sweetheart with holy water!' Felix performing a morning serenade, which lasted some three and a half hours, for a local nobleman, in honour of a young lady: playing his lute to the trumpets, shawms, pipes and viols, and enjoying hippocras and muscat wine after the labours of the night. A final peep at him reveals a little personal vanity: 'my father sent me two splendid skins dyed green; out of them I had a suit made, trimmed with green silk. And I swaggered in it, and the *gentilshommes* admired me when I wore it at dances. The tailor who made them for me, made them rather tight, complaining that there was not enough leather. It transpired, however, that he had made his wife a small bag of it, and had stolen a good piece'. Thomas Platter was far too worldly and adult for such naivety, a young man with a lackey and a mistress at his call takes such things for granted.

Nor did Thomas bother to climb ladders to forbidden rooms, to haul down learned tomes from which to copy out prescriptions; as for forming expeditions into churchyards to dig up corpses for anatomy, the day had gone by for such puerile adventures, in any case Thomas had no inclination for them. He preferred the wholly righteous task of leading the appeal towards funds for a hospital in Montpellier.

Felix's picture of the graveyard scene is too good to be

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allowed to pass: 'I received my first instructions on December eleventh (1554). Gallotus lead us in the dead of night outside the town to the monastery of the Augustinians. There friar Bernard a bold monk, disguised, assisted us in our enterprise. In the monastery secretly we made an evening draught, which lasted until midnight: then very silently we stole out with the weapons to the graveyard of the monastery of St. Denis. There we dug out a corpse with our bare hands, for the ground was still quite soft. Having got at the body, we bound a rope around it and heaved it out, wrapped it in our dressing gowns, and carried it on two thick poles as far as the town gate; it was now 3 a.m. We stowed away the body and knocked at the small door through which people pass in and out of the town. An old door-keeper came out in his night-shirt and opened it for us. We begged him for a drink as we were parched. While he was fetching the wine three of us dragged the body in and carried it into Gallotus' residence, not far from the gate, so that the keeper had no idea of it'. A second expedition of the kind when the bodies were dragged through a hole beneath the gate and Felix scratched his nose squeezing through himself, led the monks of St. Denis 'since this time to keep watch over the cemetery, and when they saw students coming, they shot at them with their cross-bows from the monastery'. Gruesome expeditions in the cause of science, but as many a remark in such diaries will show, people were not over-sensitive or squeamish in the sixteenth century.

Thomas's own picture of student life may aptly close this episode. Amongst the advantages offered by this historic centre of medical studies, our informant says, the visits paid by the doctors and professors to their

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patients in the town whither the students might accompany them, were most precious: 'thus one may follow the diagnosis, prescriptions and actions of the patients; it is a great honour for the doctors to be escorted through the streets by a large number of students . . .' There is a dissecting theatre — for which Felix's generation paved the way — and the corpses of criminals or deceased persons from the hospital serve this purpose. 'When ladies are present amongst the audience they often need to hide themselves behind their masks.' The college, containing a lecture-room, and a hall for promotions — which could prove expensive owing to the ceremony and treats incurred — called its devotees to duty with a bell. Strict rules applied to itinerant medicos, and to prescriptions served by apothecary or quack. If not observed the quack might find himself in the undignified position of target set tailwards upon a donkey for the crowd to fling its mud and dirt at — as almost happened to a victim in Thomas's experience. Such a rag, the celebration of degrees, quaffing and seasonal festivity, spiced the college routine.

So much for Montpellier. Thomas had obtained his doctorate, had casually acquired a mistress, had wound up matters satisfactorily, had been to Northern Spain, a portion of the journal with much to recommend it, more particularly the vivid extract dealing with life at the monastery of Montserrat, had in the process reached the age of twenty-five, and was now a young man fully qualified to fill the role of sober citizen. Neither Thomas nor his elder brother lost their heads abroad like the riotous youths so commonly encountered in the custody of their unhappy 'bearleaders'. In Paris where such conduct was most to be expected, Thomas seems to have



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performed his round of sights most soberly. As in his English section, he has successfully deadened his impressions by a host of etymologies, catalogues of tombs, exhibits, epitaphs. Again as from his English tour, however, many good things may be extracted. The keynote of the Parisian narrative — more so by far than London — is the throng of people everywhere, both indoors and out he says, on the streets and in the taverns. Paris was alive with human beings; hordes of students, tourists, *beau monde*, *peuple* gave it its own peculiar and unmistakable ethos, the flutter which has always been the very soul of Paris.

## CHAPTER VII

### THOMAS PLATTER LOOKS AT ENGLAND, 1599<sup>1</sup>

AND now Platter's thoughts turned towards England; the idea was not new to him. In the previous year already he wrote that 'Monsieur de Bartissière left by post for England. I should have accompanied him but he was going too fast for me to be able to see the country, and I renounced this project'. But the time was now ripe, and he crossed at the beginning of September to spend five weeks in our midst. He knew no English, but that did not deter him. There were Latin and French at a pinch, though Englishmen, like their colleague Shakespeare, seem to have known 'little' of the former, and appeared very rusty in this 'little', as amusing incidents experienced by Platter at Eton and Oxford will discover. A learned don, steering his Swiss Vandergast like Friar Bacon around his petty Athens, manages to converse with the aid of a Priscian, a Latin grammar, but owns that for sixteen years he had not spoken so much Latin in a day! At lunch with the Lord Mayor, neither French, Latin nor Spanish were of avail, not that Platter's Spanish can have been in any but sad case, for he picked a little up hurriedly at a friend's in France — so that a certain Mr. Button steps into the breach as interpreter. While at Eton when addressed by Platter in the language of Latium, the black-gowned scholars 'pointed to their mouths with their fingers and shook their heads'. But if

<sup>1</sup> See Hans Hecht, *Bibliog.* (vi and vii).

## PLATTER'S TRAVELS

the English had forgotten their Caesar they had other things far stranger and more wonderful to offer our young pedant. In fact what is strange and unusual after the Continent is the very English nature of the scene — the insularity of this maritime people is unwittingly conveyed in the folio pages of Platter's simple narrative. Were Venus to arise from the foam of the Channel by Dover cliffs, one feels that Drake would inevitably lead her captive to London, she would become news for the plebs and a curio for the antiquarians. Some few gallants might be moved to wordy admiration, but the solid Englishman, the portly Falstaff would liefer have his Mistress Quickly or the Merry Wives of Windsor! The poets were too racy of the soil to care long for classic curves, while the courtiers, having Elizabeth, needed no Venus! Platter's journal produces the flattering sensation that Englishmen had cast off the worn-out Continental problems and put on a resplendent new fabric of their own manufacture. Like a mirage the sensation is clear, is even true for a moment, but illusory, though Englishmen also believed in the illusion.

Welcome my lords, welcome brave western kings  
To England's shore, whose promontory cleaves  
Shows Albion is another little world; . . .<sup>1</sup>

Anyone conversant with the idea of 'Tudor despotism' will appreciate the interplay between this and the concept Tudor London, and will forgive a mere foreigner for saying (as Platter did) 'he who sightsees in London and the royal courts in its immediate vicinity may assert without impertinence that he is properly acquainted with England', a suggestion which was born in this period.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Greene: *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*.

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It was a two-faced idea, as true as it was false. However, that was the task Platter set out to fulfil, and he did it very thoroughly. Lodging in the very core of Elizabethan London, Mark Lane, within easy reach of St. Paul's, Blackfriars and Bishopsgate, aristocratic quarters which boasted many fine houses and innumerable 'fair inns for receipt of travellers', within a stone's-throw of the town and the bridge and thus handy for Bankside, Platter was well placed for the solemn duty he had undertaken. During the first part of his stay he rounded up the City and Westminster, relegating the universities and the Surrey palaces to a coach tour in the second portion. It is idle to speculate how often, if at all, he and Shakespeare and other 'Mermaidmen' ran into each other and cursed a sonorous round Elizabethan oath because of the encounter, the mud and the clatter of the crowded street. Like many another, Platter was entirely oblivious of the significance and immensity of this moment of contact with genius — he knew not Will Shakespeare any more than that 'certain Corneille' whose picture at Greenwich he only noticed for its likeness to 'my brother Dr. Felix Platerus'. The sight of Elizabeth at Nonsuch or Richmond performing her customary antics for public inspection, a talk with that 'gentleman of rare and excellent parts' the estimable politician and antiquary Mr. Walter Cope, a good luncheon with so civic a dignitary and so wealthy a citizen as his worship, the Lord Mayor of London, meant more to young Thomas than a casual encounter with an unknown Mr. Shakespeare.

Again he walks about London entirely unmoved by the events of the day — a foreigner unacquainted with English, wary of discussions with our hostile populace,

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how was he to know of the Essex dilemma and the troubles in Ireland? Even his presence at Nonsuch precisely two days after this cavalier's sudden descent there could have no meaning for him, an outsider ignorant of all but his obvious and immediate surroundings. And he speaks of the beauties and grandeur of the palace, of the ceremonies attaching to Elizabeth's person, of his business with mylord admiral, with his usual detached equanimity and a complete ignorance of the personal upheaval in the lives of these puppets of fame. He is not to be blamed for this, any but the important news from England was outside a foreigner's range, while more was known abroad of the cosmopolitan fraternity of scholars—More, Linacre, Colet and other humanists in their day—than of vernacular poets and dramatic scribblers. Thomas Platter kept to his own *métier* of reporting what he saw. In this he was thorough and efficient, for England as elsewhere; no better perhaps but certainly no worse than his rivals and contemporaries at the game. We will turn to his description.

Everywhere he goes, a traveller is bound to be struck by some special feature of the place he is in—it may be the vast population, it may be wealth or poverty, or a preponderance of class. In London three things take precedence in the diaries of tourists—the shipping, the wealth, the merchant population and the civic pomp which is its concomitant. 'I myself witnessed one large galley next the other, the whole city's length from St. Catherine's suburb to the bridge, some hundred vessels in all.' As Thomas rightly deduces, cause and effect, the shipping, the wealth—'For which reason they allow up to 10 per cent interest, for through shipping much can be effected and attained by money. Hence there are

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'many rich merchants and bankers in the city', particularly in Cheapside; while the Exchange, emblematically the design and gift of a rich and enlightened city family, with the seal of queenly patronage upon it, saw the makers and breakers of city finance foregather in their 'temple of Pluto' twice daily at eleven before lunch and at six after noon.

But the Thames was not only a vast dockyard and emporium of merchantmen, it was a river gay with pleasure craft and ferry boats, serving the small business and amusements of the people. The queen had her stately barge, the lord mayor and the gilds sailed down to Westminster, Will Shakespeare took boat from Paris Garden stairs to Blackfriars. 'And while a very fine long bridge is built across this stream, it is more customary to cross the water or travel up and down the town by attractive pleasure craft, for a number of tiny streets lead to the Thames from both ends of the town; the boatmen wait there in great crowds, each one eager to be first to catch one, for all are free to choose the ship they find most attractive and pleasing, while every boatman has the privilege on arrival of placing his ship to best advantage for people to step into.'

Looking down from the roof of St. Paul's — a pastime enjoyed by the burghers on a Sunday — Thomas was able to observe this 'city of ships'; how long and narrow it was, winding serpentine along the shores of its river. Stow complained often enough that London was spreading, but it had not yet lost sight of the stream which had given it fame. At the base of the cathedral the booksellers were clustered. People bound for Westminster strolled through the church to pick up any gossip or news that was going, for if ever Christ's temple was

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defiled it was by the gulls and gallants, the pickpockets and thieves, the loiterers and newsmongers at Paul's. Nor did the rogues 'come home by Tyburn or St. Thomas of Waterings'<sup>1</sup> as might be expected; only the 'unlesioned lads' went through the ceremony at Tyburn which Thomas describes, the old hands knew better than to be caught at their pranks in Paul's Church, at Westminster Hall in term-time, at Cheapside near the flesh and fish shambles, in the Borough at bear-baiting, perhaps at the stalls in the portals of Westminster Abbey, or by the night-watchman by 'lantern and candlelight'. But luckily for him young Thomas sees little of the shady side of the metropolis so popular with dramatist and pamphleteer. Only Tyburn, part of the traveller's repertory, and Bridewell come inevitably into the orbit of his description. The latter institution leads him to the inference that 'good order is also kept in the city in the matter of prostitution . . . the woman is taken to Bridewell . . . and although close watch is kept on them, great swarms of these women haunt the town in the taverns and playhouses'. Other aspects of charity and social order may be found in an unusual and interesting description of Christ's hospital, a Tudor foundation of almsgiving at Westminster — 'on first entering the church we saw a long board set with dishes of raw meat, and beside each of them six English pennies, and some poor women were there, taking the aforesaid food and pennies away' — in passages on London at work, providing her water-supply, marketing, crying her wares, or at play, daily at the play-houses on Bankside and in Bishopsgate, Wednesdays and Sundays at the bear-baiting, three parts of the year watching cock-fights, whenever inclined

<sup>1</sup> A. V. Judges: *The Elizabethan Underworld*, 1930.

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at tavern and alehouse, drinking, smoking the evil-smelling weed, walking, talking, brawling.

Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known  
No country's mirth is better than our own . . .

according to Ben Jonson, and it seems that he was right.

All these things young Thomas Platter jotted down between the visits, in his leisure moments, on blank days, just as he did in France, spending four days there on one occasion indoors revising notes and memoirs. But so painstaking a character would not leave mere jottings accompanied by crude, yet original lightning sketches to tell their tale. Besides, the rules of the game of travel desired more than scraps from its devotees. What in any case would Dr. Felix Platter say at such gross negligence? And so on his return in 1600 the jottings were improved, edited, rewritten, welded into running prose: 'Since (gentle reader) I completed my journey from Basel into France, Spain, England and the Netherlands by the grace of God according to my desires; and since my "*Herr Bruder*" not only educated me from youth but voluntarily allowed and laid out for me the necessary costs, I for my part have composed and written down in these two books the manner in which I spent my time on my travels, as well that he may know this, as in gratitude and praise for his kindness. Not, however, intending for this time to make a final study of it but rather (like the painters who begin by sketching out their design (concept) then only apply the colours and finish the picture) simply to set it down in writing, for which reason I have only used half the paper, then if anything should be amiss, it can be altered, leaving space for additions or



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alterations where necessary . . . ' And that is where the trouble began; for the next six years at the end of which he read his journal aloud, Thomas applied himself to study of the sources in order 'gradually to improve my description' and when he thought fit interlarded his own work with extracts from his reading, so that it becomes a patchwork of undigested information.

There is nothing new in this, we have seen the cosmographers at work, and the compilers of travel diaries proceeded along similar lines. Just as Hentzner has no compunction in lifting entire passages from Braun and Hogenberg or Camden, so Platter reinforces his material with matter taken out of Wirtemberg, Sebastian Münster or Braun and Hogenberg<sup>1</sup> where it suits him. The results of such a labour astound a modern mind, and unpicking the patches from the patchwork is as amusing as any jig-saw puzzle. Such a game of patience proves incidentally how the unsuspecting reader may be shamefully fooled and hoodwinked! So the following apparently monotonous parallels may even yield some grim amusement. Let the extracts speak for themselves, remembering always, that when the originals are *identical*, their translations may differ slightly in the process of translation.

'Thereupon several Englishmen soon came with boats, and scudded over the impetuous waves . . . and some of our party were in terror at seeing themselves in such little boats among such awful mountains of salt water . . .'<sup>2</sup>

'Whereupon a number of Englishmen arrived in a small boat scudding across the turbulent waves. . . . And although the little English boat appeared very tiny

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 50, notes pp. 53, 102.

<sup>2</sup> W. B. Rye, p. 4.

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against the awful mountains of salt water, so that we might well have been overcome with fear. . . .'<sup>1</sup>

Again:

'In this tower also, but in separate small houses made of wood, are kept six lions and lionesses, two of them upwards of a hundred years old. Not far from these is also a lean, ugly wolf, which is the only one in England; on this account it is kept by the Queen — and indeed there are no others . . . except in Scotland, and that kingdom is only made distinct from England by the water which divides them'.<sup>2</sup>

'We likewise saw six lions and lionesses in this stronghold, in separate wooden cages, and two were over a hundred years old. . . . Not far from them was a lean, ugly wolf, the only one in England, it is true, kept for this reason by the queen, as there is not another in the whole realm except for a number in Scotland, which kingdom is only distinct and divided from England by a river'.<sup>3</sup>

Similar passages scattered throughout the work might be quoted, from sections on Southwark, the dress of the queen's bodyguard, of the gentlemen of the court and elsewhere.

The borrowings from Münster are intended to supply the demand of a general knowledge of England, and may be found in the section entitled 'Of the Kingdom of England in general'. The whole of the first half comes word for word from the *Cosmography* — most of the second half is the property of Wirtemberg. Thus the origins, Albion being '*wysland*', white land, the different views concerning Anglia, being first angle or corner, or from a Saxon queen Angela, followed by the legends of

<sup>1</sup> Text, pp. 147.

<sup>2</sup> W. R. Rye, p. 19.

<sup>3</sup> Text, p. 163.

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Hengist's landing, are Münster's. 'Then he took an ox-hide and cut it up into a long strip and enclosed his plot, and called his castle Corrigie, which is strap or thong', so exactly Platter,<sup>1</sup> 'he then took an ox's hide and cut into a strap . . . and having encompassed a large parcel of land, he built a castle on it, and called it Corrigie'. The customs of the people and their form of greeting may all be traced in Münster, 'men with bare head on bended knee', women with a kiss . . . 'In the time of Julius Caesar the common folk lived on milk and flesh and wore pelts. A woman might have ten men in marriage, be it brother or relative', and so Platter,<sup>2</sup> 'English customs when Julius the first emperor came to England were very different from to-day; for the common people lived in the country on milk and flesh . . . clad themselves in animal pelts. One woman might have some ten men in marriage, no matter whether they were brothers or relatives.'

Finally, three notes on London and the Thames; these may serve to unmask Paul Hentzner who has always posed so securely on his pedestal — for where Camden failed him he turned to Braun and Hogenberg, so that almost half his diary is excerpted from one or other of these sources.

'London the head and metropolis of England: called by Tacitus Londinium . . . by foreigners Londra and Londres; is the seat of the British Empire and the chamber of the English Kings. This most ancient city is in the county of Middlesex, the fruitfulest and wholesomest soil in England. It is built upon the river Thames, sixty miles from the sea, and was originally founded, as all historians agree, by Brutus . . . calling it Troja Nova . . .

<sup>1</sup> Text, pp. 180.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid., p. 182.

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corrupted into Trinovant. But when Lud, the brother of Cassibilan . . . who warred against Julius Caesar . . . encompassed it . . . and called it Caier Lud, i.e. Lud's City . . . Lud, when he died, was buried in this town, near that gate which is yet called in Welsh Por Lud, in Saxon, Ludesgate.

'The famous river Thames owes part of its stream, as well as of its appellation, to the Isis; rising a little above Winchelcomb, and being increased with several rivulets, unites both its water, and its name to the Thame, on the other side of Oxford; thence, after passing by London, and being of the utmost utility from its greatness and navigation, it opens into a vast arm of the sea, from whence the tide, according to Gemma Frisius flows and ebbs to the distance of 80 miles twice in twenty-five hours. . . .'<sup>1</sup>

Now Braun and Hogenberg: 'London, a very old city in the most fertile and healthy spot of all England in the county of Middlesex, on the river Thames and 60 miles from the ocean . . . The first founder is said to be (as historians unanimously state) Brutus. The latter after coming from Italy into Greece . . . in the neighbourhood of the Thames water built a city calling it New Troy . . . which was then called by a corrupted form of Trinovantum. But after Lud a brother of Cassibilaunus who fought with the Emperor Julius had taken the Kingdom . . . enclosed the city . . . and called it by his name Caer Lud, i.e. Lud's City . . . Afterwards Lud died and was buried at the gate still to-day termed Por Lud in English, in Saxon Ludesgate . . . the noble river of Thames, at first called Isis, rises not far from the village of Winchelcombe, is then fed at intervals by

<sup>1</sup> See Hentzner, Walpole's edn., pp. 2-4.

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streams running into it and mingles at Oxford with the river Thame when both waters are known by one name. It is then received by the tempestuous ocean (which according to Gemma Frisius ebbs and flows more than 80 miles within twenty-five hours) grows very broad and navigable and then performing great service to mankind flows to the city and out to sea.' Here Platter ends his annotation, but Hentzner carries glibly on with Paul Jovius's praise of London as rendered in the version of Braun and Hogenberg! Need we copy out the extract a third time? Surely it lies too glaringly unconcealed *ad nauseam*.<sup>1</sup> A careful study in comparisons makes clear that Platter's annotations on London, Windsor, Oxford were extracted from the German and Latin of the celebrated 'Civitates', while he owed few real borrowings to Botero and Ortelius whom he admits as direct evidence, and nothing it seems to Camden whom he knew, or Paul Hentzner whom it is thought he knew.

So in exemplary fashion young Thomas completed his task of cohesion and very obvious patchwork. What Felix the brother thought of his pains is not known, but he was no doubt gratified to have received such items as a piece of Dover cliff, a chip off the *Golden Hind*, a sample of the grease employed by Spanish ladies in their make-up, from Thomas on his travels. If Mr. Cope's collection is typical, it seems that any object was good enough to throw into such stock-pots.

After his travels, Thomas settled down to practise medicine at home 'bringing succour to sick people'. Taking up the threads again, putting his house in order after so long a tour gave him six years' occupation before marriage. This took place in 1605 or 1606, and

<sup>1</sup>Text, p. 153.

## PLATTER LOOKS AT ENGLAND

we hear that Thomas lived 'courteously' with his wife for twenty-two years, faithful unto death.

In that time he had six children by his wife Crischona; the dynasty saw three male generations after the grand old man, Thomas the Elder, and became extinct. Thomas's eldest child called Felix (one hears him murmur 'after my brother Dr. Felix Platerus') was not a true chip of the old Felix, though he seems to have been worthy, and to have followed the family profession with fair show of success. Thomas himself held the chair of Botany and Anatomy, and finally three years before his death, of Practical Medicine. Between the lines of his career one reads the name of Felix, for without him would Thomas have come into his kingdom? His life seems carved out of his brother's — where the latter gained distinction young, was 'born great', the former had to wait his turn, had 'greatness thrust upon him'. Felix was six times rector, Thomas only once at the very end of his career. With all his hard fight, his exertions and manifold interests, Felix lived to the ripe age of seventy-eight. Thomas, despite the blessings of fortune, was cut off in his prime, was spent at fifty-four. The stem had weakened since old Summermatter, the great grandfather, battling with the elements in those bleak heights of the Valais, counted his one-hundred-and-twenty-six years. It was very soon to die out altogether, married to medicine still, the first Thomas Platter's cherished ambition, the profession of gentlemen to the childish dreams of the goatherd.

The shadow has pursued its maker to the end, even unto death, when all things are as shadows. But we would not leave Thomas Platter in this mood — we would wish him and all those who ride with him through

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Elizabethan England, Godspeed, for in the words of Euphues 'the longest summer's day hath his evening, Ulysses arriveth at last and rough winds in time bring the ship to safe road. We are now within four hours' sailing of our haven. Yonder white cliffs which easily you may perceive, are Dover hills . . . Therefore pull up your hearts. This merry wind will bring us to an easy bait . . .' And so adieu.

TRANSLATION OF  
PLATTER'S TRAVELS





## TRANSLATION OF PLATTER'S TRAVELS IN ENGLAND, 1599

ON September 16th, having taken leave of the constable (sergeant maieur), as is the custom, we made for the harbour hoping to take ship with a fine large English vessel which was about to sail: but since a French beer-ship was likewise in readiness to set sail for England, we were reluctantly bound to take her. For if one embarks at Calais for England and a French boat lies in readiness, one is expected to take her: if, on the other hand there is none available, a foreigner may then travel with the English, which rule is likewise observed in England, so that the English have the same advantage in their country, as we also experienced there.

Hence, at about two of the afternoon, thinking to embark on the good solid beership we had previously been shown, we found ourselves instead aboard a small ancient battered vessel; and made out of the harbour with the outgoing tide (maree), and reached the open sea beyond Risbanc.<sup>1</sup> After a short distance the water, which was already collecting fast, was pumped out of the ship, for which reason a deck-hand calked up and nailed the outside as far as he dared reach over; this helped but little, however, for as often as they pumped the water came in, so that we were terrified and insisted on their taking us back. They should receive their promised payment both ways, if only we were out of danger, especially as the wind was only half with us and we had to tack and it was setting in for rain. They

<sup>1</sup> Platter, f. 662<sup>a</sup>: 'a very strong fortress called Risbanc, by which means the whole port may be enclosed with an iron chain'. [H.].

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wanted to persuade us that the water they were pumping out came from the beer casks which had toppled over and were running out, but we guessed this was not so. Our pleading was of no avail, however, and we had to resign ourselves, and so arrived at Dover about nine that evening, where we were brought to land by small English shore boats, and we turned in for that night at the postmaster's (à la Levrette<sup>1</sup>) that is from Calais seven French or thirty English\* miles, for there the sea is narrowest and on a clear day England can be seen from Calais.

### *Dover*

This place which might be termed an English town was formerly called Datvernum in Latin, is a fair size, bright, and an important fortified port or harbour of the English realm; it is situated right on the English Channel opposite Calais, as aforesaid at the narrowest and smallest point, being only 30,000 paces in breadth, so that by the most favourable wind the crossing takes two or at the longest four hours.

And between Calais and Dover the mighty Spanish Armada was attacked, beaten and scattered by England's comparatively smaller fleet, and I saw a number of their ships lying on the shore of Dover harbour.

We were very thankful when still at sea to sight land and the harbour above mentioned in the distance, but were not yet out of trouble, for having come within a few thousand paces of the port, the captain cast anchor and signalled to those on land to fetch us in by boat, as he did not wish to enter the harbour that evening.

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\* 10 German that is or as others prefer 40 Italian.

<sup>1</sup> The Greyhound, Biggin Street. See note, p. 237.

## PLATTER'S TRAVELS

Whereupon a number of Englishmen arrived in a small boat, scudding across the turbulent waves, and having settled with our captain we climbed in. And we rebuked him in strong language for bringing us in such a poor vessel, not above thirty paces long and ten broad, with two decks all full of holes, so that we had to bale water out with pumps all the time. To which he retorted that he himself had no idea that things were so bad, and that after he had returned to Calais with the beer he would not use her again, but burn her. And although the little English boat appeared very tiny against the awful mountains of salt water, so that we might well have been overcome with fear, yet because we had sailed in a rotten vessel all day to windward through the rain, we took no notice now and so landed as afore-said with God's aid very late, but without hurt; not however without paying these English sailors well into the bargain.

Then we were led into the inn where all were ready for bed. But we had some supper prepared for us, and paid a small tax (*le droit*) on our arrival, which Her Majesty's officers demanded of us.

They brought us a pewter basin of water to wash our hands in, after which we were served in English fashion. How gladly we partook of our supper can be readily imagined by all who have been in peril on the water.

On September 17th, a number of officers came to our lodging, examined us all, who we were, where we came from, our destination and purpose in visiting England.

Having discovered that all our energies and money were being expended from mere curiosity to see, they bade us a friendly welcome and offered us every attention.

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Then we went out to investigate the town and the port where a large number of large cast cannon lay piled up, hence, and for other reasons, the port is so secure and not easy to capture or overcome.

Moreover a number of English warships lie at anchor not far distant for defence.

There is besides a well fortified castle on the hill quite close by which, like the neighbouring hills, is white as chalk and very easily discernible. And this same castle is at all times supplied with soldiers and heavy guns and good sentries so that the port is all the more secure, and were war to break out or an enemy to be sighted at sea, the whole country could be warned by gunshots and beacons, as will be noticed again later.

As soon as we had returned to our lodging I was taken to the mayor<sup>1</sup> of Dover, an old man who lay sick with colic or gripe. I prescribed him various remedies to be handed to the apothecary Joseph Calf<sup>2</sup> at Canterbury (there being no apothecary at Dover) as I advised the latter on my visit (there?). And besides the fee, said burgomaster gave me credentials to mylord Cobham<sup>3</sup> in London, chief governor or warden of the cinque ports in England, asking his assistance in all we wished to see, as happened later. And the mayor recovered again, so that he thanked me and I him most gratefully on my return. The houses are built in the English manner, and there are many inns in this place.

After breakfast we took the post, for they would not let us hire hacks, saying that they might not do this unless the postmaster (who has to pay an annual tax to the queen so as to keep the post-house) gave per-

<sup>1</sup> Edward Kempe [H.].

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Colfe or Colf (?) Mayor 1611, etc. See note, p. 237.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Brooke, Lord Cobham.

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mission. So we rode the posthorses from Dover and passed through or near the villages of Bouche, Bruck and Laneth<sup>1</sup> to the town of Canterbury: twelve miles from Dover.

### *Canterbury*

This town is also called Canderberg or Cantobery; there is an exceedingly fine, large, stately church here, most lavishly ornamented, where if I remember, St. Thomas the Scotchman [*sic*] lies interred. I saw some canons in this church; they were all clad in white surplices and wore square birettas exactly as in our Romanist countries, to which we shall refer again.

Nor did we find that post very comfortable on account of the saddles which in England are very small and covered with sheer hide, leather or cloth and hence are very wretched and hard to ride or post upon, particularly for those who do not wear turned up breeches as is the custom for riding. For this reason we ordered a waggon with five horses, having like all such waggons in England only two wheels, yet they hold as much as do our coaches abroad, for they are very long, and can be lengthened or shortened at will.

There dwells in this town the Archbishop of Canterbury, who has fourteen bishops under him, whom I later heard preach before the queen in his bishop's robes at Nonsuch. After we had had a drink, we proceeded on our way in company with some Englishmen in said conveyance, and arrived at the town or village of Sittingbourne; twelve miles from Canterbury.

<sup>1</sup> Buckland, Lydden and Bridge (?)

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### *Sittingbourne*

This place is called Sittenborn or Centhunbarnne, and there is likewise a post there; but since we only passed through it I was unable to make any particular observations; travelled the whole night by waggon through many very dangerous localities as report has it, but since there was a whole waggon-load of us, we suffered no anxiety. And in various places we were given nothing but milk to drink in tankards instead of beer.

The same morning at about four o'clock, we arrived at the village or town of Rochester, twelve English or four German miles from Sittingbourne.

### *Rochester*

This place lies on a river which flows out to sea not far away; across it was built a very fine bridge, and I beheld a number of her Majesty's battleships on this river lying at anchor. Some were very well armed, the rest are being re-equipped.

On the one I inspected I counted some fifty-four great carthouns [cannons] and more, each in its proper place pointing out to sea; the warships are very well fortified and strong, so that from a distance they resemble a castle. Five great masts and thirteen sails it had; the masts were very thick and tall, and on the tallest were string ladders, up and down which they climbed swift as cats, and they drew themselves up by the ropes very deftly and very fast on to the booms and then descended again in a trice.

Amidships they were about twenty feet or more in breadth and there were pleasant rooms, as in a well constructed castle, and magazines well provided for

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war with all the necessary armaments, enough to supply some hundred people. The sails were of different sizes, some very large, especially the main sails.

A number of (Hunes) baskets are attached to the masts as look-outs from which they can herald the enemy. Right at the very top divers large pennons were flying bearing the royal arms of England, and other emblems in bright colours, that one may know to whom they belong. There are even more flags at other times, especially when manned for war.

These mighty ships have a number of anchors too weighing many hundredweight, so that they may be more firmly anchored in port, where they like to moor them.

Each contains also many thousand crowns' worth of light and heavy rope, mostly coated with pitch to keep the rain from rotting it, and the ships are likewise tarred in and outside to preserve them from the water.

Furthermore the hull is very handsome, the body above water being painted in diverse colours, and often at the stern the device from which the ship takes her name is artistically carved or painted.

Concerning the rooms they resemble those described above under Marseilles, five or six, one above the other, very high so that one can live in them just as in a house. They stand well up out of the water, and in order to enter them one climbs a flight of steps, or a ladder hung out for the purpose.

Behind the captain is a lantern which gives a cheerful light at night.

And it is greatly to be wondered at that a single man or captain can govern or steer so large a ship by means of the wind wherever he will: for without wind it would



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not be possible to move so vast a vessel, unless one or more smaller boats were attached, and these rowed so hard that the large ship were towed out of port.

These ships are always provided with a great number of soldiers, pipes and drums, and all that appertains to war, and it is thought that no potentate on earth has better or stronger men-of-war than the queen of England, as one may conclude from the great Spanish Armada which she scattered and overthrew a few years ago. And I took a counterfeit of the royal admiral's flagship home with me to Basel.

We then journeyed on and arrived at nine before midnight in the village or town of Gravesend, eight miles from Rochester, that is not quite a post.

### *Gravesend*

This place is situated on the river Thames or Tamesis, and may well be compared to a town, though like other English towns it is not walled, but open day and night; it is not especially large, but possesses many inns.

On September 18th having breakfasted at Gravesend where there is very little to be seen, we took a small craft, and travelled by way of the Thames, a fairly broad river, with the incoming tide (*marée*) to London — for being a tidal river it ebbs and flows every six hours; on our left lay the fine royal Palace of Greenwich, to which reference will be made again later; and praise and thanks be to almighty God we arrived safely in London about two in the afternoon and turned in at a hostelry called the French Lily (*à la fleur de lys*) in Mark Lane, kept by a Frenchman, monsieur Briard; on our way encountered many tame swans on the water, which the queen has plucked annually for repairing the down in the royal

household, and no harm may be done to them on pain of punishment. And from Gravesend to London are twenty-two English miles, that is from Dover to London sixty-six English or twenty-two German miles.

### *London*

London is the capital of England and so superior to other English towns that London is not said to be in England, but rather England to be in London, for England's most resplendent objects may be seen in and around London; so that he who sightsees London and the royal courts in its immediate vicinity may assert without impertinence that he is properly acquainted with England. The town is called in Latin *Londinum*, in French *Londres*, by the ancients *Trinovantum*,\* and is situated† on the river Thames ('Tamesis') sixty Italian miles or 60,000 paces from the sea, which ebbs and flows as far as London and yet further, as may be observed every six hours from the banks and from the bridge.‡ For which reason ocean-craft are accustomed to run in here in great numbers as into a safe harbour, and I myself beheld one large galley next the other the

\* And some are of opinion that after Brute had landed in England from Italy, and first founded this city, he renamed it New Troy, which again became corrupted into *Trinovantum* that is New City. But after Lud, Cassibilaunus' brother who fought with Julius Caesar had conquered the realm, he enclosed this city with fine walls and called it *Caierlud*, which is Lud's city, and then it was called again by a changed name *Cerlunda*, and in time *Lundene*, and finally by strangers who settled here, *Londers*. Afterwards Lud was buried at *Porlud*, Saxon *Ludsgate*, in London.

† In the most fertile and healthful spot of all England, the county of Middlesex.

‡ This noble river for the first termed *Isis* rises not far from the village of *Winchcombe*, is then enlarged by adjoining streams, and at *Oxonium* mingles with the river Thames when both waters keep the one name; is then received by the turbulent sea (which according to *Gemma Frisius* ebbs and flows over 80 miles within 25 hours), broadens considerably and abounds with shipping, continues its course with great advantage to humanity towards the city and there joins the ocean. The banks of this river on every hand are wooded and gay with pleasant hamlets and homesteads.

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whole city's length from St. Catherine's suburb to the bridge, some hundred vessels in all, nor did I ever behold so many large ships in one port in all my life.

This river, the foremost in all England because of the city of London, does not swell or gain in size, no matter how long it may rain, which is a remarkable thing; and in all parts of this river swans in great numbers may be seen at all times, and it is forbidden to catch them, since they serve as down stuffing to her Majesty.

And while a very fine long bridge is built across this stream, it is more customary to cross the water or travel up and down the town as at Lyons and elsewhere by attractive pleasure craft, for a number of tiny streets lead to the Thames from both ends of the town; the boatmen wait there in great crowds, each one eager to be first to catch one, for all are free to choose the ship they find most attractive and pleasing, while every boatman has the privilege on arrival of placing his ship to best advantage for people to step into.

The wherries are charmingly upholstered and embroidered cushions laid across the seats, very comfortable to sit on or lean against, and generally speaking the benches only seat two people next to one another; many of them are covered in, particularly in rainy weather or fierce sunshine. They are extremely pleasant to travel in and carry one or a couple of boatmen. I took a ferry across the river to a boathouse where the Thames runs in, and there I saw the queen's barge, quite closed up and very prettily designed with gangways, and beside it in this same boathouse there stood another ship in which the oarsmen had to sit to steer the queen's barge in and out, and so that it might glide more smoothly it

was lashed on to this steerage boat, for none was allowed to row in it.

Much salmon and sturgeon are caught with lines in this river.

The bridge<sup>1</sup> across the river is of squared stone, very long and with twenty arches, and on it are built very splendid, finely constructed dwelling houses of prosperous merchants, makes the appearance of a very fine street.

At the top of one tower almost in the centre of the bridge, were stuck on tall stakes more than thirty skulls of noble men who had been executed and beheaded for treason and for other reasons. And their descendants are accustomed to boast of this, themselves even pointing out to one their ancestors' heads on this same bridge, believing that they will be esteemed the more because their antecedents were of such high descent that they could even covet the crown, but being too weak to attain it were executed for rebels; thus they make an honour for themselves of what was set up to be a disgrace and an example.

Just as only recently here in Basel<sup>2</sup> the young earl of Suffolk, grandson to the duke of Norfolk, in order to raise the honour of his family, showed that he was so well connected that his forefathers' heads too were on the tower of London Bridge for having coveted the English crown, and so were executed. On this same bridge are as aforesaid many tall handsome merchant dwellings and expensive shops, where all manner of wares are for sale, resembling a long street.

The water-tower (the water worke) in which is a water

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 237.

<sup>2</sup> P. album contains autograph of Theophilus Howard, 1584-1640 [H.].

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conduit, is likewise on this bridge, which is only open to the river in three places, otherwise one walks between the houses as in a street.

Below the bridge the river falls away so that when it is at its lowest and the tide is out, it is extremely dangerous to pass through; if however, due to the incoming tide, the river has risen, one may still feel a drop in the level, but now without danger, as I myself made the experiment. The bridge is not in the centre of the town, but right away near the citadel.

This city of London\* is so large and splendidly built, so populous and excellent in crafts and merchant citizens, and so prosperous, that it is not only the first in the whole realm of England, but is esteemed one of the most famous in all Christendom; especially since the wars in the Netherlands and France it has increased by many thousands of families (familias) who have settled in this city for religion's sake, and these have been very kindly received, and special places of worship allotted them in which to hear sermons in their own tongue — I myself went to the French church the day after my arrival on September 19th, and heard a French service there.

Most of the inhabitants are employed in commerce; they buy, sell and trade in all the corners of the globe, for which purpose the water serves them well, since ships from France, the Netherlands, Germany and other countries land in this city, bringing goods with them and loading others in exchange for exportation. For which reason they allow some ten per cent interest, because through shipping much may be effected and attained with money.

\* Has a longitude of  $79^{\circ} 15^m$ , [ $19^{\circ} 15^m?$ ] a latitude of  $52^{\circ}$ .

There are also many wealthy merchants and money-changers (*banquiers*) in this city, some of whom sell costly wares while others only deal in money or wholesale transactions.

In one very long street called Cheapside dwell almost only goldsmiths and money changers on either hand, so that inexpressibly great treasures and vast amount of money may be seen here.

The exchange is a great square place like the one in Antwerp described above on fol. 574, a little smaller though, and with only two entrances and only one passage running through it, where all kinds of fine goods are on show; and since the city is very large and extensive merchants having to deal with one another agree to meet together in this palace, where several hundred may be found assembled twice daily, before lunch at eleven, and again after their meal at six o'clock, buying, selling, bearing news, and doing business generally.

The city is governed almost like a republic (*Respublica*) by the burghers themselves without the King's councillors, because of the many services they have rendered to the king, and they are masters of much of the city revenue. Their chief (*le millort maieur*) is called the first lord or burgomaster and is elected annually from amongst the burghers, and he must have an income of at least a hundred thousand English pounds, every pound (sterling) having the value of 20 sh. or 10 franks. And this is in order that he may comport himself with more magnificence, likewise his descendants who are all ennobled on his account, while in addition he himself is knighted so as better to uphold his status. As soon as anyone is elected mayor (*maieur*) he may demand a gift of some thousand pounds from the city, not more than £10,000

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however, and the smaller the demand made, the greater the honour. Moreover he must daily hold an open board to which inhabitants and strangers, men or women, may go even unbidden. And since the mayor (*maieur*)<sup>1</sup> understood that we, although unknown to him, desired to eat with him, he sent us — Jakob Stüber, Herrn Julius and myself — an invitation by one of the city retainers, to come to lunch on October 13th, whither we then betook ourselves. As it drew near to lunch time, two men of distinction came to our lodging from the mayor (*maieur*), to advise us that the gentlemen were foregathered. On arrival, the sword-bearer (*Porteespée*, who frequently proceeds before the mayor) received us and led us through the house to a handsome apartment, where the gentlemen bade us a warm welcome, and the women received us with a kiss. Then we were handed scented water, perfumed with musk, and costly preparations to wash our hands, and when we and our interpreter were seated at table in our cloaks, he called upon his son to say grace.

Straightway all manner of lavish dishes were served most decorously. And there were two servers or carvers who removed one plate after another from the table to another covered table near by, and they did nothing else but carve and serve. They laid the food in small pewter bowls, placing these before each person upon plates, one course after another, all most perfectly and richly prepared and served with delightful sauces, while diverse other dishes to stimulate the appetite surrounded one.

The drinks consisted of the best beer and all manner of heavy and light wines to follow, as for instance, Greek, Spanish, Malmsey, Lanquedoc, French and German, for

<sup>1</sup> Sir Stephen Soame, grocer, +1619 [H.].

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in England all kinds of wine can be had for comparatively little money because of the low freightage by sea.

After two helpings of roasts, stews, and other things, dessert was served, consisting only of sweetmeats, tarts, and pastries, not to be compared for delicacy with the entrées. Finally he gave us thanks for the honour we did him in lunching with him, and he asked us to accept his hospitality, and Mr. Button thanked him in the English tongue on our behalf, for he had spoken for us often while the meal lasted, since we understood nothing of what they said to us, either in Latin, French, or Spanish. And this banquet continued until towards evening, when once again we were accompanied home.

On the morning of October 6th, I and my party visited the castle (called *à la tour*, Tourmb)<sup>1</sup> situated in London not far from the Thames and very magnificent and well fortified.\*

In the entrance of the castle we were shown a large cannon on wheels, which is said to have stood in like fashion in the court at Calais afterwards loaded with nails and chains, and when a monk tried to fire it, he was stabbed by an Englishman, or much harm would have been done.

Before the castle where is a large court, lay some more rude pieces, two massive ones in particular, cast for a Netherlander, which were not set up however, but were solely for use on ships at sea.

We were then put in charge of a guardsman, who was to act as guide round the sights.

We first of all entered an armoury where were many shields [coats of armour]<sup>2</sup> weapons and pikes, there we

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\* (in) the suburb, of which there are many fine ones in London.

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 237.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Rosedale's version: see note, p. 237.



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were shown King Henry's shield [the actual armour of King Henry] which was mighty heavy, also his iron helmet, breast plate [placket] and yellow guntlets. Item a very heavy mace, finely wrought, and many axes with which one can also shoot [guns with the which one may shoot]; in this apartment we made the first gratuity to a keeper in attendance, 3 English shillings.

We were then led into another chamber in which were nought but squatting vaults, holster pistols and the like. There they showed us the ten span long barrel which belonged to the late King Henry, the queen's father, likewise the pistol which he carried on his saddle, and one which could be loaded at the breech, that by this means it might be the less readily exploded, which pistol much resembles a musket. Here we made the second gratuity.

Soon after we saw a shield [suit of armour] which had also belonged to King Henry VIII, on which was a pistol which could be discharged with one finger; there was a quantity of these.

In another room we saw later an incredible number of arrows, a sign that the English formerly used them in battle and many ancient yew [wooden] bows lay near by. There were besides a number of arrows in this same room that can be shot out of muskets, being first tightly wound on to rollers [after they had been fastened together] to make a charge; one of these I brought with me to Basel.

From this room, we went to another full of armour, a number of saddles girt with iron together with horse armour, and two wooden balls on chains. Item the Duke of Suffolk's lance or spear, which he used in France at the joust, so large that one man had enough to do to lift it. Item we likewise saw an iron ball with two spikes [wicks] one wick which should burn its way through the

sulphur to another wick on the other side. Further many spears for foot and horse; and numerous buckets hung from the roof; there we gave largesse for the third time.

Having descended a little and entered another apartment, we saw a number of small field pieces, set on wheels, amongst them one with seven barrels which could be severally discharged. There was also a square one with three barrels, and here we made the fourth gratuity.

Then we were shown two great wooden pieces which King Henry VIII had had placed in France in a marshy spot before Boulogne towards the town, whereat many of the townspeople were aghast, believing they were real battering-rams, and so unable to understand how they had been brought there because of the swampy soil; so that when they beheld this stratagem (stratagema) they straightway surrendered the city. From here we made for another portion or floor of the castle, up a spiral staircase, and entered a large hall in which Julius Caesar the first emperor is supposed to have dined.

Thence we came to the guard-room[?];<sup>1</sup> in the dungeon we saw the ropes used to rack malefactors.

Soon we passed through an old armoury to a chamber where were exceeding many tapestries, amongst them I beheld one very costly one of gold made into a canopy. In this same chamber stood a heavy iron chair which belonged to Henry VIII: item a stool and chair of Queen Elizabeth's. Item a fine chair with a footrest. Item a table bearing the inscription: *En senatum boni principis*, round the edge: *Audire illos et quod iustum est iudicare*: that is in English 'let others hear a wise prince's counsels and make fair judgment'. There were also in this chamber three chests full of stuff, such as bed-knobs,

<sup>1</sup> Possibly Garden Room. See Rosedale's note.

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wreaths for bed-ornaments, and very costly cushions embroidered with pearls and precious stones. In another chest we saw two cushions of beaten gold, made in the shape of bent ducats bearing the royal arms, and many other lovely things very richly worked; they are valued very highly, for they are heavy with gold.

We were also shown a very costly tapestry to spread upon a table.

We then climbed up a wooden tower with lead roofing. Afterwards in another room we were shown a very ancient tapestry which had been in this castle some five hundred years. The history embroidered on it showed a king's daughter disguised as a man in peasant clothes piling up wood: this tapestry was very fine and large: here we gave the fifth gratuity.

Then we climbed the tower erected by Julius Caesar, it was high, and sixteen great pieces on wheels stood there which would fire a distance. Here we made the sixth gratuity. Descending again, we entered the mint to watch all kinds of money being coined. First the small metal bars being cast and beaten out rectangular-wise, then the weighing and cutting out, followed by beating out the metal into discs, and finally the minting. Amongst other things, we were shown an oven, the clever invention of a German, in which the metal, encased, so as not to crack, in square iron receptacles, is annealed, and no fire gets into the oven. Then we saw the gold minted and fanned with the bellows until the coals die out, a difficult and dangerous task; we then looked over the mint kitchen and the old mint with the mill. They informed me that some years ago 100,000 pounds sterling were minted monthly, while now they never exceed 30,000 pounds a month. There we made the seventh gratuity.

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We then proceeded to the lieutenant's apartments where we saw the axe which is carried before the judge at a trial: if he pronounces death sentence the axe blade is turned toward the malefactor, if the latter is not guilty or is set free, the blade is turned away from the malefactor.

We were then shown the iron gate and having gone round the castle, we came to a grating through which criminals are led, the queen was also brought this way.

We likewise saw six lions and lionesses in this stronghold, in separate wooden cages, and two were over 100 years old. And if I remember one was named Edward, and one of the lionesses, Elisabeth. Not far from them was a lean ugly wolf, the only one in England, it is true, kept for this reason by the queen, as there is not another in the whole realm, except for a number in Scotland, which kingdom is only distinct and divided from England by a river.

Quite close to them were also a tiger and a porcupine. And but for a little a lion might have caught one of the party's servants, for it could get its claws through the bars of the cage in which they are fed.

And having now for the eighth time also made a gratuity to the soldiers we returned to our hostel, where we had invited H. D. Medusius, Theologian, and his wife, for in England it is not customary to invite a man without his wife; his wife comes from Heidelberg.

September 20th after our meal, I and my party visited the royal palace in London, where the queen when in London holds her court. It is called Whitehall, that is 'wide hall' [*sic*]. This palace is situated above the bridge on the river Thames, on to which back lovely gardens. Before the entrance to the palace is the tilt-yard, in its

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centre a barrier about a horse's height on either side of which the participants joust. Adjoining this yard is the park where we saw a number of fallow deer, many white ones amongst them.

After climbing the steps into the palace, the floor of the first chamber or rather summer-house was strewn with rush matting, the walls were hung with fine pictures and tapestries. From this room we entered a chamber built over the water, hung all round with emblems and mottoes (emblematicus) of which I only copied out the following: In servitude dolor, in libertate labor.<sup>1</sup>

That is: In service pain, in liberty toil. And the painting represented a hound leashed to a tree, while another hound which was at liberty, was coursing a hare.

Item: superat fortuna laborem.

That is Good fortune vanquisheth effort, illustrated by a hand drawing a ring, with a diamond inset, from the water with a fishing line.

Item: Je me consume au service d'aultruy.

I am consumed in the service of others, with a glass full of oil and a light burning in it.

Item: Adde vel adime 123456789.

That is: add or subtract. Again I noticed a hand stretching a forefinger out of the clouds, accompanied by this verse:

Tu lux unde suam deducunt cetera lucem  
Tu fons unde suos depromunt singula succos  
Tu medicina alijs quae fers (Regina) salutem  
Tu mihi lux, mihi fons, tu medicina mihi

being in English

Thou art the light from whom others take their  
brilliance

<sup>1</sup> Cf. J. Manningham: *Diary*, 1601, pp. 3-5 [H.].

Thou the fount of others' springs  
 Thou art an elixir, thou Queen, bringest health  
 Thou art my light, my fount, my elixir!

This fine, but unfortified palace, contains the queen's wardrobe, (*Garde Robe*) where she keeps her clothes and jewels which are worth an immense sum.

Besides other curiosities I saw an immense whale rib in this palace. Likewise a delightful garden; the apartments contained many beautifully worked tapestries, almost as if they were painted.

There hung in the long room a portrait<sup>1</sup> very artfully lengthened by perspective, of which I took back an engraving to Basel.

We were also shown the Queen's library containing many books written in Latin with her own hand, very clearly indeed. For she can speak this tongue as well as French, Italian and Spanish.

In some of the apartments I saw small positive organs, virginals, which she played, daintily appointed couches, also numerous clocks, cunningly wrought in all sizes. I saw too in this palace an Indian bed, with Indian valance and an Indian table, if I remember rightly. Amongst many portraits from life, I noticed particularly one of a young girl and the Elector,<sup>2</sup> in genuine old fashioned guise.

A picture of a Dutch cook with fruit was also very life-like and artistically painted. There is also another place [court] in London called 'Hithal' [Guildhall] and there I saw pictures of two enormous giants; the right hand giant bore a spiked club on which was inscribed: *Cue-magot Albionus* — the giant on the left held a shield in

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Wedel on Edward VI's portrait in perspective.

<sup>2</sup> ? Wedel, 'the Elector of Saxony'; Rammsla, 'Christian II, Elector of Saxony'.

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his right hand and a halberd in his left, with the words: Corinaeus Britannus.

Returning from Whitehall to my lodgings, I came upon two legal colleges<sup>1</sup> embellished with beautiful gardens, in one of which were a number of stone graves. On these were carved stone images representing Saxons buried there, for from the histories we learn that the Saxons dwelled long in England and gave a beginning to the language.

On September 21st after lunch, about two o'clock, I and my party crossed the water, and there in the house with the thatched roof<sup>2</sup> witnessed an excellent performance of the tragedy of the first Emperor Julius Caesar with a cast of some fifteen people; when the play was over, they danced very marvellously and gracefully together as is their wont, two dressed as men and two as women.

On another occasion not far from our inn, in the suburb at Bishopsgate, if I remember, also after lunch, I beheld a play in which they presented diverse nations and an Englishman struggling together for a maiden; he overcame them all except the German who won the girl in a tussle, and then sat down by her side, when he and his servant drank themselves tipsy, so that they were both fuddled and the servant proceeded to hurl his shoe at his master's head, whereupon they both fell asleep; meanwhile the Englishman stole into the tent and absconded with the German's prize, thus in his turn outwitting the German; in conclusion they danced very charmingly in English and Irish fashion. Thus daily at two in the afternoon, London has two, sometimes three

<sup>1</sup> Inner and Middle Temple. Effigies mostly c. 1300 [H.].

<sup>2</sup> Cf. E. K. Chambers' translation of the following passage. See note, p. 238.

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plays running in different places, competing with each other, and those which play best obtain most spectators. The playhouses are so constructed that they play on a raised platform, so that everyone has a good view. There are different galleries and places, however, where the seating is better and more comfortable and therefore more expensive. For whoever cares to stand below only pays one English penny, but if he wishes to sit he enters by another door, and pays another penny, while if he desires to sit in the most comfortable seats which are cushioned, where he not only sees everything well, but can also be seen, then he pays yet another English penny at another door. And during the performance food and drink are carried round the audience, so that for what one cares to pay one may also have refreshment. The actors are most expensively and elaborately costumed; for it is the English usage for eminent lords or Knights at their decease to bequeath and leave almost the best of their clothes to their serving men, which it is unseemly for the latter to wear, so that they offer them then for sale for a small sum to the actors.

How much time then they may merrily spend daily at the play everyone knows who has ever seen them play or act.

There is also in the city of London not far from the horse-market which occupies a large site, a house<sup>1</sup> where cock-fights are held annually throughout three quarters of the year (for in the remaining quarter they told me it was impossible since the feathers are full of blood) and I saw the place which is built like a theatre (theatrum). In the centre on the floor stands a circular table covered with straw and with ledges round it, where the cocks are

<sup>1</sup> The cockpit in Shoe Lane (?) [H.].



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teased and incited to fly at one another, while those with wagers as to which cock will win, sit closest around the circular disk, but the spectators who are merely present on their entrance penny sit around higher up, watching with eager pleasure the fierce and angry fight between the cocks, as these wound each other to death with spurs and beaks. And the party whose cock surrenders or dies loses the wager; I am told that stakes on a cock often amount to many thousands of crowns, especially if they have reared the cock themselves and brought their own along\*. For the master who inhabits the house has many cocks besides, which he feeds in separate cages and keeps for this sport, as he showed us. He also had several cocks, none of which he would sell for less than twenty crowns; they are very large but just the same kind as we have in our country. He also told us that if one discovered that the cocks' beaks had been coated with garlic, one was fully entitled to kill them at once. He added too, that it was nothing to give them brandy before they began to fight, adding what wonderful pleasure there was in watching them.

Every Sunday and Wednesday in London there are bearbaitings on the other side of the water, and I ferried across on Sunday the 18th of September with the Earl of Bentham(?) and my party, and saw the bear and bull-baiting. The theatre is circular, with galleries round the top for the spectators, the ground space down below, beneath the clear sky, is unoccupied. In the middle of this place a large bear on a long rope was bound to a stake, then a number of great English mastiffs were brought in and shown first to the bear, which they afterwards baited one after another: now the excellence and

\* This entertainment usually lasts four or five hours.

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fine temper of such mastiffs was evinced, for although they were much struck and mauled by the bear, they did not give in, but had to be pulled off by sheer force, and their muzzles forced open with long sticks to which a broad ironpiece was attached at the top. The bears' teeth were not sharp so they could not injure the dogs; they have them broken short. When the first mastiffs tired, fresh ones were brought in to bait the bear.

When the first bear was weary, another was supplied and fresh dogs to bait him, first one at a time, then more and more as it lasted, till they had overpowered the bear, then only did they come to its aid. This second bear was very big and old, and kept the dogs at bay so artfully with his paws that they could not score a point off him until there were more of them. When this bear was tired, a large white powerful bull was brought in, and likewise bound in the centre of the theatre, and one dog only was set on him at a time, which he speared with his horns and tossed in such masterly fashion, that they could not get the better of him, and as the dogs fell to the floor again, several men held the sticks under them to break their fall, so that they would not be killed. Afterwards more dogs were set on him, but could not down him. Then another powerful bear was fetched and baited by six or seven dogs at a time, which attacked him bravely on all sides, but could not get the better of him because of his thick pelt.

Lastly they brought in an old blind bear which the boys hit with canes and sticks; but he knew how to untie his leash and he ran back to his stall.

On leaving we descended the steps and went behind the theatre, saw the English mastiffs, of which there were one hundred and twenty together in one enclosure, each

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chained up to his own separate kennel however. And the place was evil-smelling because of the lights and meat on which the butchers feed the said dogs.

In a stall adjoining were some twelve large bears, and several bulls in another, all of them kept there merely for the sport described above.

With these and many more amusements the English pass their time, learning at the play what is happening abroad; indeed men and womenfolk visit such places without scruple, since the English for the most part do not travel much, but prefer to learn foreign matters and take their pleasures at home.

There are a great many inns, taverns, and beer-gardens scattered about the city, where much amusement may be had with eating, drinking, fiddling and the rest, as for instance in our hostelry, which was visited by players almost daily. And what is particularly curious is that the women as well as the men, in fact more often than they, will frequent the taverns or ale-houses for enjoyment. They count it a great honour to be taken there and given wine with sugar to drink; and if one woman only is invited, then she will bring three or four other women along and they gaily toast each other; the husband afterwards thanks him who has given his wife such pleasure, for they deem it a real kindness.

In the ale-houses tobacco or a species of wound-wort are also obtainable for one's money, and the powder is lit in a small pipe, the smoke sucked into the mouth, and the saliva is allowed to run freely, after which a good draught of Spanish wine follows. This they regard as a curious medicine for defluations, and as a pleasure, and the habit is so common with them, that they always carry the instrument on them, and light up on all

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occasions, at the play, in the taverns or elsewhere, drinking as well as smoking together, as we sit over wine, and it makes them riotous and merry, and rather drowsy, just as if they were drunk, though the effect soon passes — and they use it so abundantly because of the pleasure it gives, that their preachers cry out on them for their self-destruction, and I am told the inside of one man's veins after death was found to be covered in soot just like a chimney. The herb is imported from the Indies in great quantities, and some types are much stronger than others, which difference one can immediately taste; they perform queer antics when they take it. And they first learned of this medicine from the Indians, as Mr. Cope a citizen of London who has spent much time in the Indies, informed me; I visited his collection with Herr Lobelus,<sup>1</sup> a London physician, and saw the following objects.

This same Mr. Cope inhabits a fine house in the Snecgas [*sic*]<sup>2</sup>; he led us into an apartment, stuffed with queer foreign objects in every corner, and amongst other things I saw there, the following seemed of interest.

1. An African charm made of teeth.
2. Many weapons, arrows and other things made of fishbone.
3. Beautiful Indian plumes, ornaments and clothes from China.
4. A handsome cap made out of goosefeet from China.
5. A curious Javanese costume.
6. A felt cloak from Arabia.
7. Shoes from many strange lands.
8. An Indian stone axe, like a thunder-bolt.

<sup>1</sup>Came to England 1566, + Highgate, 1616. See note, p. 238.

<sup>2</sup>Unidentified. Snow or Snor Hill? Walter Cope, + 1614. See note, p. 238.

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9. Beautiful coats from Arabia.
10. A string instrument with but one string.
11. Another string instrument from Arabia.
12. The horn and tail of a rhinoceros, is a large animal like an elephant.
13. A fan made out of a single leaf.
14. Curious wooden and stone swords.
15. The twisted horn of a bull seal.
16. A round horn which had grown on an English woman's forehead.
17. An embalmed child (Mumia).
18. Leathern weapons.
19. The bauble and bells of Henry VIII's fool.
20. A unicorn's tail.
21. Inscribed paper made of bark.
22. Indian stone shears.
23. A thunder-bolt dug out of a mast which was hit at sea during a storm; resembles the Judas stone.
24. A stone against spleen disorders.
25. Artful little Chinese box.
26. Earthen pitchers from China.
27. Flying rhinoceros.
28. (Caterpillar) Hairy worm, sidopendra.
29. Flies which glow at night in Virginia instead of lights, since there is often no day there for over a month.
30. A small bone implement used in India for scratching oneself.
31. The Queen of England's seal.
32. Turkish Emperor's golden seal.
33. Porcelain from China.
34. Falcon's head made of fine feathers.
35. Many holy relics from a Spanish ship which he helped to capture.

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36. A Madonna made of Indian feathers.
37. A Turkish pitcher and dishes.
38. An Indian chain made of monkey teeth.
39. A sea-halcyon's nest, sign of a calm sea.
40. A pelican's beak, the Egyptian bird that kills its young, and afterwards tears open its breast and bathes them in its own blood, until they have come to life.
41. A mirror which both reflects and multiplies objects.
42. Crowns made of claws (ungulis).
43. Heathen idols.
44. Saddles from many strange lands; they were placed round the top on stands.
45. Two beautifully dyed Indian sheepskins with silken sheen.
46. Remora. A little fish which holds up or hinders boats from sailing when it touches them, likewise another species called 'torpedo' which petrifies and numbs the crews' hands if it so much as touches the oars.
47. A sea mouse (*mus marinus*).
48. Numerous bone instruments.
49. Reed pipes like those played by Pan.
50. A long narrow Indian canoe, with the oars and sliding planks, hung from the ceiling of this room.

He possessed besides many old heathen coins, fine pictures, all kinds of corals and sea-plants in abundance. There are also other people in London interested in curios, but this gentleman is superior to them all for strange objects, because of the Indian voyage he carried out with such zeal. In one house on the Thames bridge I also beheld a large live camel.

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This city of London is not only brimful of curiosities, but so populous also that one simply cannot walk along the streets for the crowd.

Especially every quarter when the law courts sit in London and they throng from all parts of England for the terms (*aux termes*) to litigate in numerous matters which have occurred in the interim, for everything is saved up till that time; then there is a slaughtering and a hanging, and from all the prisons (of which there are several scattered about the town where they ask alms of the passers by, and sometimes they collect so much by their begging that they can purchase their freedom) people are taken and tried; when the trial is over, those condemned to the rope are placed on a cart, each one with a rope about his neck, and the hangman drives with them out of the town to the gallows, called Tyburn, almost an hour away from the city, there he fastens them up one after another by the rope and drives the cart off under the gallows which is not very high off the ground; then the criminals' friends come and draw them down by their feet, that they may die all the sooner. They are then taken down from the gallows and buried in the neighbouring cemetery, where stands a house haunted by such monsters that no one can live in it, and I myself saw it. Rarely does a law day in London in all the four sessions pass without some twenty to thirty persons — both men and women — being gibbeted.

And since the city is very large, open, and populous, watch is kept every night in all the streets, so that misdemeanour shall be punished. Good order is also kept in the city in the matter of prostitution, for which special commissions are set up, and when they meet with a case, they punish the man with imprisonment and fine. The

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woman is taken to Bridewell, the King's palace, situated near the river, where the executioner scourges her naked before the populace. And although close watch is kept on them, great swarms of these women haunt the town in the taverns and playhouses.

And since the city is so large and populous all kinds of useful foods and wares are hawked round and cried out as in Paris — as mentioned above f. 480 — 37 types of which are here depicted.<sup>1</sup> Spring or drinking-water is enclosed in great well-sealed stone cisterns in different parts of the town, is let off through cocks into special wooden iron-bound vessels with broad bottoms and narrow tops, which poor labourers carry to and fro to the houses on their shoulders and sell. Or they hire it out to special people, as was noticed above on f. 480.

At the fishmarket, in a long street, I saw a quantity of pike up for sale; they are very fond of this, and call it 'pike', and feed it with needle-fish (*Aiguilles*) eels and other tiny fish. And I noticed that each of these fishermen and fishwives kept a copper or brass needle and thread in the tub, with a sharp knife. And when the purchasers desired a pike the salesmen and saleswomen slit open its belly at their bidding, placing the guts on their hands to show whether the pike was sufficiently fat, and then sewed it up again: if the pike proved fat enough, then the purchaser took it, but if the guts looked thin and poor the fishmonger kept it, throwing it back into the basin amongst the tenches against which they rub themselves and recover enough to keep fresh for at least another week, in fact according to them fish could keep fresh for some months. Indeed they kept tench ready in the fish tanks with the pike, so that they would get used

<sup>1</sup> Between f. 690 and 691 of the MS. [H.].



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to them; all this I witnessed in London with my own eyes, nor is it otherwise.

I am told in addition, that this city contains some one hundred and twenty parishes, besides three where the service is held in French, Italian and Dutch, and the most famous, likewise the chief of these, is called St. Paul's.

On the morning of September 21st, I went to St. Paul's Church, where I saw and heard the canons, in white surplices and square birettas similar to the Papists at home, conduct the service in English, with music and organ accompaniment just as if they were celebrating mass. I then climbed three hundred steps to the church roof, which is broad and covered with lead, so that one may walk there, indeed every Sunday many men and women stroll together on this roof. Up there I had a splendid view of the entire city of London, of how long and narrow it is. On descent I observed that there are two choirs or churches<sup>1</sup> in St. Paul's, one above the other; and in the choir, I saw an uncommonly imposing monument to Christopher Hatton, which Camden describes,<sup>2</sup> as also to John of Gaunt, and Earl William Herbert.

The length of the whole church as I measured<sup>3</sup> it along the floor is two hundred and forty-two of my paces, others reckon two hundred and fifty-two paces. The breadth in the centre according to me is thirty-six paces, from one door however to the other, in the centre measures one hundred and twenty-two paces. Outside one of the doors is a hewn stone, and a standard near by where water may be obtained, and often a vessel stands by it for passing urine, giving a pleasant odour to the passers-by! [*sic*].

<sup>1</sup> The second 'commonly called St. Faith' under Paul's, Stow I., 329.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Camden, 1594, edn. and Stow I, 329.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

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And this church stands detached, and people are in the habit of walking through it on their way to Westminster. Right round the church dwell the booksellers and binders, where all manner of fine books may be had for sale. Close to St. Paul's church, outside the door, a pulpit<sup>1</sup> is erected right out in the open with only a small roof over it, and around it are numerous covered gangways, where the mayor and dignitaries of London sit and hear the sermon. For every Sunday a preacher who is to take office in the country or in another town has to deliver a test sermon there; and if none is available, some other one is procured, and the congregation mostly sits or stands beneath an open sky, coming and going at will, for the sermon must last three, or at the least, two hours together — for which reason the preacher always has a bottle of wine and some bread behind him near the pulpit, where at his request, he is refreshed with food and drink. For since the congregation is so vast that the aforesaid big church will not hold it, so that the sermon is delivered before the church as I described, the preacher must speak all the louder, so that all may hear and understand, hence he requires some refreshment. The sermon ended, the herald precedes the lord mayor, carrying a red sword with yellow stripes, bared and vertical, wearing a white hat, an ashen grey coat with black borders, trunks and tunic, and brown and yellow stockings. And after him the mayor, clad in black with velvet hat, wearing a red coat lined with fur, followed on foot to his residence, where the preacher and other fine gentlemen have lunch with him, for as stated above on f. 674-6, he must keep open house.

On the morning of September 20th, I and my party

<sup>1</sup> See note and Stow.

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went to the splendid, large, magnificently built royal church of Westminster, which lies on the Thames to the west, a thousand paces, or half a mile from London, not separate from the city however, but at the far end of it, where most of the kings of England are interred.

Facing the chapel is a large hall, the court of justice, where the judges sit, and as stated above, hold the trials every quarter\*. The roof is made of a certain excellent wood which, so they told me, harbours no cobwebs, nor did I in truth see a single cobweb in this roof.

For the rest the church is a very large construction of artistic design, containing one chapel in particular built of hewn stone by Henry VII eighty years ago, and the vaulting is so light and ornamental that its equal would be difficult to find. And in this chapel I witnessed some most magnificent and stately tombs of the kings and queens of England, finer than ever I beheld.

Before the chapel, outside in the choir, are also a number of royal tombs made of marble, in all manner of curious colours, inlaid with small squares of stone like porphyry.<sup>1</sup>

On first entering the church we saw a long board set with dishes of raw meat, and beside each of them six English pennies, and some poor women were there, taking the aforesaid food and money away, said to be a special endowment.

In the large porch are merchants selling books and linen. In the cloister-garden where the students and clerics dwell, I saw a plantation of vines, the only ones in all England, but when I tasted the grapelings which were

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\* Platter's marginal note: 'according to ancient English usage; and parliament consists of twenty-four citizens or men called Aldermen'.

<sup>1</sup> See note p. 238 for tombs listed by Platter.

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very early, I thought them rather watery and unfit for making good wine.

Having seen all these things we journeyed back down the Thames to our lodging.

On September 25th I saw Christ's Hospital and another hospital,<sup>1</sup> founded by a great lady, and already in progress during her lifetime, which hospital finds food and drink and clothes for seven hundred young boys and girls, while reading and writing are taught in special schools in the same, and they are kept there until they are fit for some craft or service, when they are taken away and put out wherever they like, or opportunity offers, boys and girls alike; they are all fine children, taken from poor parents and put in here. They keep their hospital exceedingly clean — in the boys' long apartment are one hundred and forty beds in a row on either side, where they sleep two and two together, and by their beds they have low chests in which to keep their clothes. There are fewer girls in a smaller room. A short distance from here I saw another hospital,<sup>2</sup> where patients infected with the French pox are isolated in special quarters, and the wounded also live, and take their meals apart.

On my way to mylord Cobham in Blackfriars Road I saw the prison and the Queen's statue in stone on the tower, then I passed through the French street populated almost entirely by French people to mylord Cobham's house<sup>3</sup> which is a charming residence; I paid a call on his brother Mr. Brooke opposite, with whom my brother-in-law, Heinrich Jäckelmann stayed. From there I crossed again to a glazier's<sup>4</sup> where I saw some beautiful glass being made, and lastly back by way of the Thames to the inn.

<sup>1</sup> Text not clear. All Christ's.

<sup>2</sup> St. Bartholomew's.

<sup>3</sup> See note, p. 238.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

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Although one of London's large meat and fish markets is closed, these are sold in many other parts, and may both be had for a fair price, as good order is kept in such matters.

### *Of the Kingdom of England in General.*<sup>1</sup>

England or Ireland were formerly called the British Isles, England more particularly Albion or Albania, which is in German 'white land', and it was given this name because along the coast towards the Orient were many white chalky hills or rocks, whence chalk is brought to our German lands, and I took some back with me to Basel.

There are many opinions as to the origin of the name Anglia. Some there are think it means an angle or corner of our world; others say it was named after a queen Angela of Saxon birth.

Others believe England was first Engistland after the duke Engist of Saxony, who at their request helped the Britons against their enemies, or again when in A.D. 449 the Saxons, termed Angles, entered Britain, they took the country captive, and hence its name of Anglia.

It is also written that the Duke of Saxony, Engist, demanded as payment from the King of England, a principality, and when this was refused him, he demanded that he be given as much land as he might encircle with a thong on which to set a building, and this was granted him: he then took an ox's hide and cut it into a strap made for the place which he had previously paced out, and having encompassed a large parcel (spacium) of land he built a castle on it and called it

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 238.

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Corrigie, that is strap or thong, which tale or history I will omit here, since many have recounted it at length.

This Kingdom of England together with the Kingdom of Scotland (from which it is divided merely by the waters of Solway and Tweed and the Cheviot hills) form the biggest and most celebrated island in all Christendom, encircling one thousand seven hundred and twenty (miles) English miles.

The Kingdom of England, is often curiously divided, by some according to provinces, of which fifty-two are shown in the map, by others, according to the three different languages, into three main groups, England, Cornwall, and Wales. England is bounded by the German ocean, Cornwall by the French, and Wales by the Irish sea. And each province governs in its turn a number of departments.

The first Christian King in England was called Lucius, but his successors often fell away from the faith.

The Saxons entered the country at the time of King Vortigern, as mentioned above.

The first-born son of every English sovereign is at birth a Prince of Wales, just as the first-born in France is known as Dauphin.

Elisabeth, daughter of Henry VIII by Anne Boleyn, was elected Queen of England on November 16th, 1558, at the age of thirty-three, [*sic*]<sup>1</sup> ten days after Mary's death, and has ruled the country well, and kept constant peace for forty-five years, departing this life finally in the 'horn'-month (February) of 1603 when King James of Scotland succeeded in her stead.

Now the women-folk of England, who have mostly blue-grey eyes and are fair and pretty, have far more

<sup>1</sup> Born September 7th, 1533.

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liberty than in other lands, and know just how to make good use of it, for they often stroll out or drive by coach in very gorgeous clothes, and the men must put up with such ways, and may not punish them for it, indeed the good wives often beat their men, and if this is discovered, the nearest neighbour is placed on a cart and paraded through the whole town as a laughing-stock for the victim, as a punishment — he is informed — for not having come to his neighbour's assistance when his wife was beating him. They lay great store by ruffs and starch them blue, so that their complexion shall appear the whiter, and some may well wear velvet for the street — quite common with them — who cannot afford a crust of dry bread at home I have been told. English burgher women usually wear high hats covered with velvet or silk for headgear, with cut-away kirtles when they go out, in old-fashioned style. Instead of whalebone they wear a broad circular piece of wood over the breast to keep the body straighter and more erect. English women of the nobility dress very similarly to the French except for very long stomachers, and I will illustrate their costumes here. And there is a proverb about England, which runs, England is a woman's paradise, a servant's prison, because their masters and mistresses are very severe, and a horse's hell or purgatory, because they are mostly hacks and ridden hard owing to the flat sandy country.

English customs, when Julius the first emperor came to England, were very different from to-day; for the common people lived in the country on milk and flesh, without bread, and clad themselves in animal pelts.

One woman might have some ten men in marriage, no matter whether they were brothers or relatives. They rode astride their horses like men, until a German

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became wedded to an English Sovereign, and taught them to ride differently. Nowadays the common people are still somewhat coarse and uncultured, especially those who never get away from home, and believe that the world beyond England is boarded off, and that no nation can compare with the English for virtue or comeliness. Hence so soon as they see a handsome man they say he is an Englishman, or if they believe him a foreigner they say it is a pity he is not English. But the nobles and those who have travelled abroad, are almost deferential and friendly towards the foreigner, they greet each other with bared head and a bow, sometimes gently gripping each other on the outside of the knee. The women, however, are greeted with a kiss as in France. In battle they are manly and courageous, and will suffer hunger, cold or nightwatch. They do not lay waste meadow lands and towns in war-fare, but rather one party undertakes to exterminate the other.\*

In former times there were many strong giants in England. And the country still contains many fine robust inhabitants.

The population of this realm is not easy to deduce, but I have heard that whoever would completely conquer England would have to wage eight campaigns and in each of them to reckon with thirty to forty thousand men.

And it is extremely difficult to land in England, since there are only five ports in the whole realm, all very well and securely fortified to prevent any enemy from approaching. Thus, as soon as anything is sighted at sea, for battleships are always anchored at the ports keeping watch there, a signal is given at the ports with a burning

\* For once they have taken up arms they do not give in until they know which party has won, for everything is subject to him who wins the day.



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pan of resin, and this is straightway observed inland, for the country is flat for the most part; and throughout the entire kingdom pans of resin are set up on little mounds, and watch is kept there day and night, and as soon as a signal is given it travels over the whole country, so that roughly speaking, in a trice (avisiert) the report goes round of what is happening at sea.

The country has good soldiers, but they do not care to go abroad; when soldiers are required, and idlers are found loitering in the towns, they are given money, and whether they will or no, are forced to leave forthwith, and if they are caught deserting their case has been dealt with and justice done forthwith. For since this kingdom is surrounded by water on all sides, so that the only approach to or departure from it is by ship, the order is given out at all ports and harbours that no Englishman may leave without a passport.

The inhabitants of this island are almost all prosperous, both because of the sea and the shipping, and of the air and fertility of the soil, for it is a fairly temperate climate, and the winter snows begin in December and last till February, but do not lie long. They use very little wood for heating as they have no stoves.\*

The longest summer day has in some parts eighteen hours, then it is light enough to see the whole night through. Of field crops there is a splendid profusion in England, corn, rye, barley, oats, beans, hops, garden produce, apples, pears, many species of red and purple plums, cherries, which however, ripen rather late.

This kingdom has no vines, for the grapes will not ripen, but for a comparatively small price the choicest

\* Some think this is due to the mild temperate and dense atmosphere which often makes the sky dull and heavy.

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wines from any country may be had to taste nor are they very dear. For the most part they drink beer, which is as fine and clear in colour as an old Alsatian wine, and very palatable and pleasant, and is exported to far countries.\*

Of game there are deer of every shade in plenty, both in the woods and in enclosed parks, likewise red deer, stags and other game, small in size and quantity however, and no black game or roebuck; sheep are abundant, and since there are no wolves in England they are easier to keep, the wool is extremely good, and the cloth is rated very high. There are plenty of foxes and hares and a great many rabbits all over England, and the rabbits are often found in enclosed gardens, or running about the open fields and woods. Tame fourfooters also abound, as for instance fine oxen and cows, which, like the sheep, are put out to graze in the summer without a herdsman.

Sheep are shorn once a year only, in the 'hay-month', and the heaviest rams weigh from forty to sixty pounds, yielding, however, only four to six pounds of wool. The best rams fetch five to ten franks a head. A pelt or the wool about one frank.†

Horses are plentiful too, but wretched and small, though very nimble, the riding horses are geldings, and

\* And very often innkeepers brew the beer which they retail themselves, and others also do this who have large households, as I myself saw and depicted the manner of it.

† There are many slopes or hills in England bare of trees and having no springs, covered with a delicate short turf, which makes good pasturage for the sheep, hence great herds of snow-white sheep graze on them, and they all have very soft and more delicate skins than any other sheep. Since this country has no wolves or other savage beasts, the flocks are seen cropping the grass in the hills and valleys day and night; also on the meadows which are turned into common pasture, and on the fields, which after the crops are gathered, are turned over to the community for pasture. This is the golden fleece whence comes the wealth of the inhabitants, for much money is brought in by their sale, which it is forbidden to take out of the country.

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mostly excellent. And it is forbidden to take these horses out of the country without the queen's passport.

Poultry and feathered game there are, swans in great numbers, herons, ducks, pheasants, partridges, quails, turtle-doves and wild pigeon.\*

There are besides great rivers full of fish, and they are moved twice daily by the tide, flowing first to the sea and then back again. A great many oysters are caught in England too, better than the French and Italian ones, small but very perfect.

English dogs are also very noble and excellent for hunting, but they have already been referred to above. Gold, silver, iron, tin and lead, item, salt-springs, precious stones and pearls are also found in England. In many parts of England, as in Scotland, stone and earth are used for firing and cooking for lack of wood, for which reason stone [coal] is given as alms.

The English language is a mixture of many languages, and in particular a combination of Saxon and French. And there are three main languages in England. One is the general and foremost tongue, employed by the English and cultured Scottish people; the second is Hibernian [Gaelic], spoken by the common peasant folk, especially in Scotland, and the third belongs to Wales, also called ancient Briton [Celtic]. Others maintain that there are six different speech forms in England; namely English, Gaelic, French, Scottish(?),<sup>1</sup> Irish and Cornish, according to every province.

The order of potentates in England is as follows:

\* In particular there are a great multitude of crows in this country, and they not only eat up the ripe fruit, but dig out the seeds in its first growth with their beaks, for which reason the farm lads lie in wait for them in the meadows, and shoot them, for no amount of shouting will scare them off.

<sup>1</sup> 'Shonois' of text a misreading?

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The king or the queen, for government also goes to women, are at the head, then come the two archbishops, after them (*custos sigilli*) the keeper of the seal, then the (*cancellarius*) chancellor and next (*thresorier*) the treasurer, the marshal, the admiral, who if he is an Earl heads all the Earls, and if a Baron, heads all the Barons, which rule applies also to his subordinates like the (*chambelains*) chamberlains who carry the keys of the King's chamber, and the Knights of the Garter. After them follows the nobility and so on to the guards and court retainers.

Of the Order of the Knights of the Garter,<sup>1</sup> which is the highest in England, it is said and written that when King Henry VIII, [*sic*] if I remember rightly, was in his ladies' apartment, one of the ladies in waiting lost her garter, which the King himself picked up, kissed and replaced for her, when some of the councillors who were present, laughed and whispered together. Whereupon he very clearly pronounced the words: *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—which is Shame to him that thinks evil on it. And he added that he would found an Order in memory of this occasion, so that the story should not be lost to posterity, and every Knight (*de la Jarretiere*) of the garter would wear a garter around his left leg with the above superscription, as is still the case to-day, and I have noticed the first gentlemen of England wearing such a garter, while many eminent lords and princes of other nations have accepted this Order deeming it a great honour, and I have read their names in the choir of Windsor church.

There are many curious laws and customs in England which fill up many volumes, for my part I will only relate what was told me. If a man murder another in

<sup>1</sup> See Windsor (notes), p. 238-9.

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anger and the criminal can read,<sup>1</sup> he is shown mercy in so far as his hands only are cut off, that he may be able to read, in the hope that he may yet perform some good, but if he cannot read, then he forfeits his life according to the manner of the offence. If anyone steal a horse or a sheep he is put to death, while if he remove an ox or a cow, his life is granted him for the first offence, for a horse or a sheep may be easily stolen, while an ox or a cow present great difficulty, surrounded as they are in their meadows by ditches, for since there are no wolves in England they require no shepherding.

The eldest brother takes two-thirds of the whole inheritance for his portion, besides his share of the remaining third which is divided amongst the other children, as is fully treated by the lawyers elsewhere. And although England belongs entirely to the reform church, yet on two days a week — Wednesdays and Fridays, if I remember, or Fridays and Saturdays — throughout the whole year, and also during fast time they eat no meat, by order of the secular government, so that the meat shall not be entirely consumed, especially as a great deal is salted for export. Likewise to keep the fish-trade alive, for due to the surrounding ocean fish is very plentiful, and the fishermen would otherwise go short.

Four times a year as aforementioned the terms (termes) are held in London, at which time there is a great concourse of people, as also on the Queen's birthday and coronation anniversary in November, when there are always great celebrations.

Claikgeese [barnacles]<sup>2</sup> of which I sent a jug full of

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Sneyd: *Camden Soc.*, 1847, pp. 35-36.

<sup>2</sup> See note, p. 238.

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shells to Basel from Langue d'Oc, are to be found in England, more especially in Scotland. And these shells grow on old trees, ships, stones, and other objects, and where the seed falls, tiny shells form first, gradually growing larger until finally the shell bursts, and a claikgoose (bernicle) emerges as from an egg, increasing in size, half white, half black, or ashen, or so one hears from quite credible sources, and I beheld the actual head of such a goose.

Numerous witches are found in England, for report goes that they do not punish them with death there, because the queen was once on the water, and a number of witches had planned her destruction in a storm, but another witch prayed for her and held off the tempest, as she herself confessed, and so although the belief is that they bring on many hailstorms, they are not punished with loss of life.

The taverns supply one's demands for the money, and prepare the others according to request; the appetite sated, together, one checks up the items and reckons the amount, for they will not serve one for an inclusive charge, indeed it works out very dear for one person alone desirous of making a good meal and drinking well.

I have never seen more taverns and ale-houses in my whole life than in London, and it is the custom in the latter to erect partitions between the tables so that one table cannot overlook the next.

Matters of coinage and payment are in good order in England for the queen mints only coins of pure gold and silver, the smallest is a halfpenny of pure silver, and very tiny, and a whole penny is roughly worth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  German kreuzers. So that 2 English pennies are about 3 kreuzers. Accordingly the coins are an English

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$\frac{1}{2}$  penny, 2, 3, 4, and 6 English pennies, which 6 make half an English shilling, equivalent to a frank in some parts, or 2 batzen 1 kreuzer. A whole shilling equals  $4\frac{1}{2}$  batzen. These are the eight different silver coins which I took back to Basel, other varieties I did not see in England. And so soon as a new king or queen succeeds, all the old silver coins are called in, melted down, and the new king or queen's emblem struck on them, for which reason old English silver coins are hard to come by. If one buys to the value of less than a half-penny, permission is granted to mint lead or copper symbols in one's own house, some 4 or 6 going to a half-penny, and these symbols are given to the apprentices; when they have a halfpenny worth or more, they exchange and reckon up together so that nobody loses.

Their golden coins are an Engelot bearing the knight St. George, the equivalent of ten shillings or £1 sterling, that is five franks; a rose noble sixteen shillings or eight franks, a double rose noble sixteen franks. A Hungarian ducat which they do not mint equals six shillings or three franks. So much for England in general.

On Sunday, September 26th, I and my party drove by coach through the borough of Tooting (bourg) to see the royal palace of Nonsuch 12 English miles, or some reckon 10, from London.

Nonsuch<sup>1</sup> (or Nuntzich) is a fine royal residence; it takes its name from its magnificence, for Nonesuch is equivalent to (non pareille) without equal, for there is not its equal in England.

On arrival we saw a broad, green meadow before the palace on which were pitched a number of tents, round

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 238.

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in shape or elongated like a church, where many of the noble lords in the train of the royal court had their quarters. For the palace stands isolated, having neither township, village nor a single house in its vicinity, so that whoever is not accommodated in the royal residence must manage under the tents. We ordered our coachman to draw up on the meadow and alighted, and by way of a long grassy avenue enclosed by wooden palings made towards the royal palace, where the queen was then keeping her court.

I had an introductory letter from the mayor of Dover whom I attended, to mylord Cobham, Governor of the Cinque Ports in England, requesting him to make arrangements for me and my party to see the royal palaces and anything else we desired: so that I straight-way asked for him.

He has his lodging with mylord Admiral<sup>1</sup> and other officials in the forecourt. Having received and perused my letter, he put us in charge of someone to guide us over the palace and take us into the presence chamber before the queen. The palace exterior is built entirely of great blocks of white stone on which are represented numerous Roman and other ancient stories.

Above the doors of the inner court, stone statues of three Roman emperors are erected. Then, in the inner court, I noticed a very handsome and elaborate snow-white stone fountain, showing a griffin angrily spewing water with great violence. Then we looked at the inner building, from the outside only however, all four sides are full of apartments, but since most of them were inhabited at the time, we could not enter as we pleased, especially as it was a Sunday and all were awaiting the

<sup>1</sup> Lord Charles Howard of Effingham.



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service and so had not gone out. We were led very soon into the presence chamber where we were placed well to the fore, so as better to behold the queen. This apartment like the others leading into this one was hung with fine tapestries, and the floor was strewn with straw or hay; only where the queen was to come out and up to her seat were carpets laid down worked in Turkish knot.

After we had waited awhile there, somewhere between twelve and one, some men with white staffs entered from an inner chamber, and after them a number of lords of high standing followed by the queen, alone without escort, very straight and erect still, who sat down in the presence chamber upon a seat covered with red damask and cushions embroidered in gold thread, and so low was the chair that the cushions almost lay on the ground, and there was a canopy above, fixed very ornately to the ceiling.

She was most lavishly attired in a gown of pure white satin, gold-embroidered, with a whole bird of paradise for panache, set forward on her head studded with costly jewels, wore a string of huge round pearls about her neck and elegant gloves over which were drawn costly rings. In short she was most gorgeously apparelled, and although she was already seventy four, was very youthful still in appearance, seeming no more than twenty years of age. She had a dignified and regal bearing, and, as noted above, rules her kingdom with great wisdom in peace and prosperity and the fear of God, has up till now successfully confronted her opponents with God's help and support, as can be testified by all the histories, and although her life has often been threatened by poison and many ill designs, God has preserved her wonderfully at all times.

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As soon as the queen had seated herself, her lady-in-waiting, very splendidly arrayed, also entered the room, while her secretary stood on her right; those with the white staffs and several other knights on her left; and one of the knights handed her some books, kneeling when he approached her, as did likewise the Admiral and mylord Cobham, who were also present. I am told that they even play cards with the queen in kneeling posture. On receiving the books, she read in them a little, and a preacher in a white surplice delivered a sermon, merely standing on the floor, facing the queen. And two bishops stood beside him in black satin cassocks, assisting the preacher at the beginning and end with the responses (*per responsoria*) just as in the Roman church.

Having read a while she listened, not for long however, for since it was very warm and late, and many people were assembled, she called one of the knights to come to her and commanded him while he knelt before her to sign to the preacher to draw to a close, as the time was going on, which straightway happened.

When the prayer was ended, she withdrew to the apartment from which she had come accompanied by her lady and the gentlemen.

They bade us wait a little in the audience chamber so as to see the queen's luncheon being served; indeed every honour was shown us. The lords and esquires of the royal court were very grand, for the most part clad in French fashion, except for their short cloaks and occasional Spanish capes, while they do not wear such broad hats as the French; they keep a large retinue, for the most part tall, handsome fellows,

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and they do not usually wear cloaks, but only tabards folded back behind in their master's colour, likewise his crest on their sleeves to distinguish them from one another.

Now when the queen had returned to her chamber, her guardsmen wearing tabards, red, if I remember, with the royal arms on their backs embroidered in gold, carried two tables into the room with trestles, and set them down where the queen had been sitting. Then another two entered each bearing a mace and bowed three times; first at their entrance, and by the door, then in the centre of the room and lastly in front of the table, and after they had laid it they withdrew again. Soon two more guards in tabards appeared bowing with plates and other things which they laid on the table. Following them came another two bowing, and placed the carving-knives, bread and salt upon the table. Then a gentleman bearing a mace entered, together with a charming gentlewoman or lady-in-waiting, who bowed very gracefully, as described above, thrice to the empty table, at the same time a gentleman with a mace arrived with another gentleman and all four stood before the table.

Then straightway came the queen's guardsmen with red tabards folded back, one behind the other, and if I am not mistaken, a weapon at their sides, each one bearing a single covered dish of food. They are all very tall, fine, strong men, and all similarly attired, so that I never in my life saw their like. I believe there must have been forty of them.

When they had handed over the food a gentleman removed the cover, while the lady-in-waiting served and carved a large piece off, which she gave to the guard

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who had carried it in, and who was supposed to eat the portion, though they generally took it out or merely tasted a morsel.

Two of them brought wine and beer which was also poured out and tasted. And after this long table had been fully laid and served and the same obeisance and honours performed as if the queen herself had sat there, whatever dishes there were, were offered to the queen in her apartment for her to make her choice. These were sent into her and she ate of what she fancied, privily however, for she very seldom partakes before strangers, and the remainder was carried out again to the lords' table; and the guards brought other fresh dishes, which were served like the former, and I observed amongst them some very large joints of beef, and all kinds of game, pasties and tarts. After the third course had been thus brought in, served and removed again, and the dessert prepared and cleared off, the queen's musicians appeared in the presence chamber with their trumpets and shawms, and after they had performed their music, everyone withdrew, bowing themselves out just as they had come in, and the tables were carried away again.

Having seen this luncheon served and set out, we went to a tent before the palace and took our luncheon there. Then we returned to the palace, and were shown the queen's garden laid out as follows:

At the entrance to the garden is a grove (lucus) called after Diana, the goddess, from here we came to a rock out of which natural water springs into a basin, and on this was portrayed with great art and life-like execution the story of how the three goddesses took their bath naked and sprayed Acteon with water, causing

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antlers to grow upon his head, and of how his own hounds afterwards tore him to pieces. Further on we came to a small vaulted temple, where was a fine marble table, and the following mottoes were inscribed here thus — on the nearest wall:

Nil impudicum pudicitate Dea  
Nil turpe suadet sceleris vindicta  
Sed mala mens malus animus

being in English 'The goddess of chastity gives no unchaste councils, she does not council disgrace, but avenges it, they are the fruits of an evil mind and an evil spirit'.

On the right is written up:

Impuri fontis,  
Inclari rivuli  
Ingratae mentis,  
Impuri oculi

which is in English 'From an unclean fountain impure springs, from an unpleasant mind a sight defiled'.

On the left is:

Aestuanti umbra,  
Languanti sedes  
Noli in umbra umbratilis esse  
Nec sint sedenti serpentis oculi

which is in English: 'Shade for the heated, a seat for the weary, in the shade thou shalt not become shady, nor sitting grow serpent-eyed'.

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Then I beheld a pointed tower (pyramidem) spurting out water, and a rock from which issued water.

We next entered an harbour or pavilion (pavillon) where the queen sits during the chase in the park. Here she can see the game run past. Then through a wood in the gardens, with fine straight long alleys (allées) through it, fashioned in this wise:

In the very densest part of the wood about here a great many trees are uprooted and cleared, within a breadth of some eighteen to twenty feet, along a straight course, so that there is a vista from one end to the other. And here and there they are partitioned off on either side with high boards, so that the balls may be played in the shade of these same alleys very pleasantly, as in an enclosed tennis court, and other amusing pastimes may also be pursued, while the delicious song of the birds in the tall trees, densely planted along the sides in ordered array afford one great delight.

From here we came to a maze or labyrinth surrounded by high shrubberies to prevent one passing over or through them. In the pleasure gardens are charming terraces and all kinds of animals — dogs, hares, all overgrown with plants, most artfully set out, so that from a distance, one would take them for real ones.

On leaving the garden we found that the gentlemen had lunched in the meantime. And having spoken to mylord Cobham about a passport he directed me to mylord Admiral, in front of whom, when I appeared, some were already kneeling with requests from him; I for my part greeted him in French, pronouncing my demands in that tongue. He straightway bade his secretary (secretario) make a letter out for me to all those inhabiting royal residences, asking that I and my

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party should be shown not only the gardens, large apartments, chapels and chambers, but also the small royal cabinets and the treasures they contain, all of which we afterwards from time to time enjoyed. For since but a short time before, an attempt had been made to poison the queen by smearing powder on the chair she was accustomed to sit and hold her hands on, she refused to allow anyone into her apartments without mylord Admiral's command.

Having received the letter from the secretary and left him a small token for it, we once more took our places in the coach, and arrived in the village of Kingston that same evening, some 5 or 6 miles from Nonsuch I think.

### *Kingston or Kinston*

is an English village situated on the river Thames, and as is the custom in England, it is not walled. We put up there for the night.

On the morning of September 27th, after looking over the stately residence<sup>1</sup> of an Archbishop in this place — I think of Canterbury — (for there are only two Archbishops in England, he of Canterbury with fourteen bishops under him, and the Archbishop of York with only three) we left Kingston again, and as soon as we had crossed the bridge there, we came right out on to the park of Hampton Court, which is encircled or enclosed by a wall of red brick, an English mile long if I remember rightly, and so to the palace of Hampton Court. 1 m.

<sup>1</sup> *V.C.H. Surrey* III, 487-490, *passim*. Leland, iv (see p. 27): 'the house yet called the Bishop's Hall . . . now a common dwelling house . . .'

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### *Hampton Court*<sup>1</sup>

Hampton Court is the finest and most magnificent royal edifice to be found in England, or for that matter in other countries, and comprises without the park (which has a wall round of one and a half miles in length, is full of game and has a lodge in its midst from which the queen can watch the chase) ten different large courts, and the same number of separate royal or princely dwellings, all adjoining one another however. And the entire construction is built of brick.

The first large forecourt is covered with lawn. In the second court is a beautiful clock, cleverly devised from which one can tell the time by the sun, and also observe the movements of the moon. The third court contains a fine large fountain of great height, artistically wrought of white marble, with an excellent water work with which one may easily spray any ladies or others standing round, and wet them well. And since the queen recently progressed from Hampton Court to Nonsuch with some three hundred carts of bag and baggage as is her custom, the tapestries and all the other ornaments still hung in the apartments, for the latter, as will be noted shortly, contain such elegant tapestry of good gold, silver and pure silk that the like is nowhere to be found in such quantity in one place.

First we were shown through the aforesaid courts into a large and very long gallery hung all round with old woven tapestries. This led us to the dining or banqueting hall, from where we entered the church or chapel containing a most excellent fine organ on which I played a while, then we inspected the gallery or loft, from which the queen listens to the sermon.

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 238.



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There all over the ceiling were painted these three signs: a portcullis just as is stamped on the half-pennies, a lily (*fleur de lis*), and a rose, always encircled with these two mottoes: *Dieu et mon droit*, 'God and my right'; and *Dominus mihi adiutor*: Being, 'The Lord is my help and succour'.

On descent and exit from the church the gardener presented himself, and after we had offered a gratuity to our first guide, the gardener conducted us into the royal pleasaunce.

By the entrance I noticed numerous patches where square cavities had been scooped, as for paving stones; some of these were filled with red brick-dust, some with white sand, and some with green lawn, very much resembling a chess-board. The hedges and surrounds were of hawthorn, bush firs, ivy, roses, juniper, holly, English or common elm, box and other shrubs, very gay and attractive.

There were all manner of shapes, men and women, half men and half horse, sirens, serving-maids with baskets, French lilies and delicate crenellations all round made from the dry twigs bound together and the aforesaid evergreen quick-set shrubs, or entirely of rosemary, all true to the life, and so cleverly and amusingly interwoven, mingled and grown together, trimmed and arranged picture-wise that their equal would be difficult to find.

And just as there is a park on the one hand, so opposite this in the middle of the other side there is a maze, similarly decorated with plants and flowering trees, and two marble fountains, so that time shall not drag in such a place; for should one miss one's way, not only are taste, vision and smell delighted, but the gladsome

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birdsongs and plashing fountains please the ear, indeed it is like an earthly paradise.

After leaving this extensive and pleasant garden, and presenting our gratuity to the gardener, the governor of the royal palace, one of the nobility, to whom we had previously sent in our letter of introduction, received us, and after he had returned our letter he presented us to his wife and daughters, who were to take us over all the inner royal apartments and cabinets, and show us all the treasures then in the place, and whatever the woman and daughters pointed out was all told us in French by an interpreter who was with us. The first room they showed us into contained the lively and life-like portrait of the wild man and woman captured by Martin Frobisher,<sup>1</sup> the English captain, on his voyage to the new world, and brought back to England alive. The man's face was much waled, and both looked like savages, wore skins, and the woman carried a child in Indian dress in a linen cloth upon her shoulder. Above the woman were the words: *Ginoct Nutioc*.

Then we saw a picture of love,<sup>2</sup> in the guise of a woman. Across her brow was written: '*Procul et prope*', that is 'far and near', and over her heart I read: '*Mors et vita*', that is 'Death and life'; by her feet, '*Hyems et aestas*', that is 'Winter and Summer', and underneath, '*Veri amoris repraesentatio*', that is 'The image of true love'.

Close to it they showed us the whole evangelical scripture, very artfully cut or carved on numerous square plaques of mother of pearl,<sup>3</sup> a very exquisite work, and the plaques are for the most part attached to a large table.

<sup>1</sup> Law, II, 68, 70; W. B. Rye, p. 205.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Wirtemberg, Stettin.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

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We then entered a room containing many fine royal beds, also numerous canopies and royal chairs all very lavish and ornate; and the walls everywhere were hung with extremely costly tapestries worked in gold, silver and silk, so life-like that one might take the people and plants for real.

We soon came to the king's quarters and saw the royal bed, of red satin set and embroidered with gold, which he had with him at the siege of Boulogne, is likewise very luxurious.

In another room we were shown a bed where the queen's brother was born<sup>1</sup>, against her will [*sic*]. And on the wall tapestries the history of Pompey<sup>2</sup> was embroidered after the life. Another chamber showed the history of Tobias worked and embossed in gold relief on the tapestry.

Thence to the queen's quarters, which stood apart, and the floor was strewn with rushes, into a long gallery (gallerien) very poorly tapestried; there I beheld a very handsome inlaid table. Likewise a picture of the burial of Tobias.

In the next room the gold embroidered tapestry on the walls told the history of the murder of Julius Caesar, the first emperor. By the door stood three of the emperor's electors (electores) in customary dress painted in life-like fashion.

The history of Lot on a golden tapestry was in another room. As also Abraham's history, both of these thought to be the finest and most artistic in England, indeed the representations are immense in size. In another apartment we were shown a very costly bed

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Hentzner, Stettin.

<sup>2</sup> Rammsla, also Law, for this and following tapestries.

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which the queen's mother and her ladies worked themselves.

Thence through another chamber hung with ancient tapestries, into a small apartment ornamented with silk hangings worked in Turkish knot, said to be a gift to the queen from the Earl of Leicester (Lest).

This room led to the paradise chamber,<sup>1</sup> where the ceiling is adorned with very beautiful paintings and an extremely costly canopy or royal throne, from which amongst other precious stones, pearls, large diamonds, rubies, sapphires and the rest shine forth, like the sun amongst the stars. Beneath this the queen is accustomed to sit in her magnificence, upon a very stately chair covered with cushions.

The royal arms are on the wall on a very fine tapestry with an extremely large square diamond worth many thousands of crowns.

The tapestry covering the table, red and inset with precious stones and pearls, is valued at over 50,000 crowns.<sup>2</sup> Nor do I ever remember seeing larger or finer pearls before. On this same table there stood a very fine chess-board, with ivory chessmen, very artfully fashioned.

On the table lay also a handsome game of backgammon, in which the draughtsmen were finely shaped and perfumed and ornamented with crests, and the dice were of pure silver with other smaller ones inside them.

We were next shown a number of white ivory pipes with which all kinds of animal sounds may be imitated. On the tapestries around the crested canopy was a garter with the accompanying French motto as above. In another room I saw the portrait of Ferdinand,<sup>3</sup> the Spanish prince at the age of eight. Again in another

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Hentzner.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Wirtemberg.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Hentzner.

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room a small virginal all made of glass, beautifully perfumed (parfumiert) with the following inscription on the lid in gilt letters:

Cantabis moneo quisquis cantare rogans,  
Vivat in aethernos Elisabetha dies,

which is in English 'Whomsoever one bids sing, let him not refuse', and 'May Elizabeth live in eternity'.

We saw in addition many more costly virginals, instruments, positive organs, and organs of which Her Royal Majesty is a great lover and connoisseur. And amongst others we were shown an instrument or virginal whose strings were of pure gold and silver, and they said the queen often played this very charmingly. In another room we were shown a large chest full of nothing but costly cushions on which the queen sits and reclines.

We then had to show the introductory letter given us by the Admiral once again, and after they had read it, they led us into the queen's library where we were shown many old foreign books, I remember an old Latin manuscript Bible in particular, and numerous other manuscripts.

We were also shown many handsome little striking clocks. Item Henry VIII's hunting-cap, and his silver-gilt posthorn, with several silk leashes for the hounds. Likewise many more bugles, horns and pipes.

One chest contained a lovely glass salver, dishes, plates, candlesticks and the like. Further they showed us the circular horn of a unicorn, seven of my spans in length, had been filed down to heal the sick, resembled ivory, although the black veins where it had been turned were still visible. It was hollow inside so that a nerve

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could run through it. Having taken a stand-up morning drink with the aforementioned overseer and made a gift to his ladies, we left Hampton Court and arrived at the village of Windsor for lunch, some 6 or 8 English miles from Hampton Court, I believe.

### *Windsor*<sup>1</sup>

Is an English town, not walled however, as is their custom; is called Winsort or (Windsor), is situated on the river Thames, where it turns from meridion to midnight. We lunched there and sent in our letter of introduction to the overseer of the castle, inviting him to partake with us, or if he had already done so as it was now rather late, asking him to remain at home on our behalf, or at least to make arrangements for us to look over the royal castle after our meal, as we had come expressly for that purpose; which he straightway promised us and afterwards fulfilled.

So that after lunch my party and I left the village for the royal castle of Windsor, delightfully situated on a small mound or hillock, and built entirely of square stone, eight miles out of London and four hundred and ten paces from the Thames. In the first or outermost court, partly covered with lawn\* there is a very beautiful mighty church, with a smooth flat leaded roof (like all the churches in this country), which King Edward erected to the Virgin Mary, and King Edward IV magnificently renovated and enlarged in memory of

\* Right round it are pretty stone houses with flat lead-covered roofs, where the Knights of the Garter have their dwellings. In the middle of this first square is a fine house with a high tower; quite open all round like an island, inhabited by the governor of the castle. The general kitchen is there lavishly provided with household utensils and necessaries, also a great wide room in which the knights daily take their meal.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 238.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Braun and Hogenberg for this and following annotations.

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St. George of Cappadocia. On either side of this church hung the shields, helms and arms of the knights of the Royal Order, called the garter (*de la jarretiere*), an order of very high merit in England, which I will now describe.

### *Of the Order of the Knights of the Garter.*<sup>1</sup>

In the year 1350, when King Edward III had reigned for twenty four years in England, and brought peace and order to his royal dominion, he founded the present order, which later achieved such distinction and renown, that powerful sovereigns coveted membership.

The knights of this Order are twenty-six in number. When one dies another is elected in his stead.

The head or chief is always the king himself. The second is the king's eldest son, called the prince of Wales, if there is one, and after him foreign or native sovereigns, potentates, princes and lords, as at present for example the king of France, the king of Denmark and the duke of Wirtemberg.

In the choir of said church I saw, nailed to the stalls on brass plates, the names of all those who had ever been knights, a few of which I noted down, as Henry II, king of France, knighted 1551, June 21st; Charles IX, king of France, 1564; Philip, king of Spain 1560; John, king of Portugal, and Frederick, king of Denmark, 1578; James, king of Scotland, 1535; Maximilian, Roman Emperor, the Emperor Charles, etc. Kaiser Rudolf II, and many more besides, as Elector Palatine Prince Hans Casimir by whose name was written 'Constanter et sincere' and underneath 'Du treshault, trespuissant et tresnoble prince Jean Casimir, conte palatin du Rhein,

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 239.

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duc de Baviere et chevalier du tresnoble ordre de la Jarretiere 1578', which is in English 'Constant and true. The allhighest, mightiest and noblest prince Hans Casimir, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, Duke of Bavaria, and Knight of the highest order of the Garter, 1578.' Item of Ferdinand the Spanish king's son and others.

The Knights of the Garter wear a violet-brown [purple]<sup>1</sup> velvet mantle lined with white satin when they walk in processions or are made Knights, and a curious hat on their heads, all of which were shown, with the garter and the book containing their rules besides.

Beneath the left knee they bind a garter worked in gold, with pearls and jewels, whence the Order took its name. The motto embroidered on the garter, in pearls against black velvet, runs 'Honi soit qui mal y pense — Shame to him who thinks ill on it'.

And although the origin of this Order is actually not known since English historians make scant reference to it, this is the story current:

Once upon a time King Edward III found his consort's, or as others have it, one of his court ladies' garters\* which she had dropped while dancing, or in some other way; he picked it up, kissed and returned it to her,† and when the gentlemen looking on saw this and laughed, he is supposed to have said: 'Good sires, it will shortly come to pass that you will hold this garter in great esteem', and shortly after he founded this Order.

Others say it was first founded in honour of St. George as patron of all soldiers and warriors.

\* Or as some say his gracious lady's, whom the King loved beyond all measure.

† Not as some say for reasons of flippant love, but so as to find a cause for the founding of so splendid an Order of Lords and Princes.

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<sup>1</sup> In reign of Elizabeth.



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For which reason these knights annually hold solemn celebration on his day in the church at Windsor, where the arms are displayed, and disport themselves with a magnificent banquet. They have certain laws and rules amongst themselves, above all that they should help and support each other in distress, not desert one another in case of loss of rank or titles, or flee from the battlefield. Some of their numbers are termed heralds, whose chief is called king-at-arms, and they proclaim peace or war or sieges according to occasion in the king's name, and present the dukes and earls created by the king with their arms and decorations (ornamenta) and also assist at their interments.

In the church we were shown the coats and apparel of the above knights.

Then we were led into a large room, bare of hangings, where said knights receive the accolade.

There is besides another Order of Common Knights in England (equitum auratorum) also dubbed with the sword.

In the middle of the choir of the said church, I saw the spot where king Henry VIII has been laid. There is only a rectangular bier on the tomb covered with a miserable tapestry, as they have no tomb splendid enough to bury him.

And in front of the castle we were shown an immense black stone (Lapidem Lydium) which is intended for Henry VIII's tombstone.<sup>1</sup>

In a chapel at the back of the church I saw a very handsome tomb, which twenty two years ago a cardinal<sup>2</sup> had begun to erect in honour of king Henry VIII.

<sup>1</sup> See Tighe and Davis, vol. 1, and Poynter, pp. 9 and 10.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

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The pillars made of brass are all very graceful, and eight angels likewise of brass overlaid with gilt. In the centre is a stone of black marble, it is one of the very finest tombs that I have seen; if only it were finished and complete! It is rumoured that the queen may use the said figures for her tomb.

I saw also in this church a stately tomb of black and white marble with the following inscription: 'Nobilissimo Domino Edoardo Finio, Lincolniae comiti, Clintoniae et Saiae Baroni, indlyti ordinis periscelidis et summo Angliae admirallo cum post etc. Obijt 16 Januar 1584', which is, 'To the most noble Lord Edward, Earl of Lincoln, Baron of Clinton and Saye, Knight of the Garter, and England's greatest Admiral, when he died January 16th, 1584'.<sup>1</sup>

The organ in the church is very melodious and pleasant, and I played it a little before vespers.

Then we heard some glorious music in the church at English vespers, choir with organ, cornet and fife accompaniment, for as stated above, in outward ceremonies they much resemble the papists. In the forecourt mentioned earlier, seventeen or thirteen veteran or poor knights,<sup>2</sup> who have borne themselves with courage in wars and battles on sea or land, have their lodgings, and so receive a living as remuneration (remuneration), and besides their quarters each has annually one hundred crowns or eighteen pounds sterling to spend, which the queen gives them with a suit of clothes. For this, however, they are obliged to attend church twice daily at Windsor like the canons, clad in doublet and

<sup>1</sup> Ibid.

<sup>2</sup> Originally 26. Norden, 1607, 'The poor Knightes lodgings'.

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cloak. The latter are only common golden (aurati) knights.\*

The inner or second court is square, in length and breadth about a bow shot, in the midst of which I saw a tall fountain<sup>1</sup> artistically wrought of lead, some fathoms high, on which were carved griffons powerfully spewing water from their mouths. And yet another fountain is being equipped of white marble, which I am told has already cost some 70 p. sterling and the water is to be conducted through channels for four miles.

We then ascended to the royal castle, which in proportion as it is situated higher than other edifices equally excels them in architectural charm. It is 148 paces long and 907 [97?] broad. To the east are delightful houses for the king's nobles, to the south is a fine playing ground where they play ball with racquets (tennis) and otherwise amuse themselves. To the north is the royal palace with excellent apartments, halls, rooms having a special chapel for adornment. Here there is a large hall 78 feet by 30 broad, where the Knights of the Garter banquet annually on St. George's day, and the whole edifice is of square stone (despite the fact that it can only be had in this part of England but very rarely and at

\* Each must be above the third rank of good nobility, and this foundation was made so that they should diligently send up their prayers to God Almighty for King and country, in their chapel, which is 134 paces long and 16 broad, and where from the time of Edward III were 18 stalls with their names on for the Knights, as above fol 724b, also this church contains numerous royal tombs, namely Edward IV's, Henry VI and VIII's and his wife Jane's and others on fol 726b. And this chapel has annual revenue of 2,000 £ to which Edward III and King Henry VII gave large sums. On the other part of this castle, situated a little higher, and girt with a strong wall, also containing some charming buildings, was once the old castle of which the ancient chronicles write about the year 1359 King Edward began to build a new edifice at Windsor Castle, for he was born there, hence he had bigger and more splendid residences built in this place. And in this castle were imprisoned John King of France, and David king of Scotland, captured by Edward

<sup>1</sup> Compare the following with Norden's plan, 1607.

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tremendous cost) from the very foundations to the roof, occupies a large area and is a fair stronghold.\* Though generally speaking apart from the ports there are no fortified places to be found, for they were all, or in the main, swept away long ago, so that the inhabitants should not rise up against their king, since it is possible in other ways to see that foreign enemies do not enter the country. On first entering the castle we saw a very large kitchen with six great chimneys, then we came to the council chamber (*aulam consilii*) which was hung with old tapestry. Thence we entered an apartment tapestried with the history of the siege and capture of Jerusalem by the Romans.

Then by way of the guard room we entered the room where the queen's wardrobe is kept (*hardes*) thence to the presence chamber where the queen appears in person (*presentiert*). We then passed through another apartment into a chapel which Elisabeth had built in 1571, the ceiling is painted all over with roses, and there is a place there from which the queen listens to the sermon when she is at Windsor.

From there a long corridor led straight to a round tower hung with fine tapestries. We then saw the queen's bedchamber with very lovely hangings.

In a corner was a tiny closet containing a rectangular table-top<sup>1</sup> of red coral mingled with watered marble and set in wood. At the four borders of the table were the following four inscriptions: 1. *Virtutis laus actio est.* 2. *Regina rerum sapientia.* 3. *Omnis sapientia à Deo.* 4. *Industriae fomes praeium.* That is: 1. The praise

\* So that one would not only take it for a castle but for an invincible small town.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Hentzner.

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of virtue lies in action. 2. Wisdom is the queen of all things. 3. All wisdom comes from God. 4. Reward is the tinder of industry. We then entered another room also built by queen Elisabeth. The ceiling was very prettily stuccoed and painted with her name and her usual mottoes. Here stood the foot of the aforesaid coral top.

We then descended from the castle which (as above mentioned) is situated on a high hill, to the castle grounds, and came to a long terrace (*allée*) from which we overlooked a good part of the royal parks which are enclosed.\* And they told us that round about Windsor there were over sixty parks adjoining, full of deer and other game of every species, which is driven from one enclosure to the other, so that if they desire they can have magnificent and royal sport.

The water with which the garden is sprayed is conducted through secret channels in the ground to a stream in the garden. On the aforesaid long terrace are two little lodges with stone porches, 1578, Elisabeth Queen, Defender of the Faith, Ann. 42, was chiselled in English on the stone of one, in the other was a seat on which to repose with the following Latin inscription: 1574, Elisabeth Queen Defender of the Faith.† The castle has three fine large suites, (*appartamenti*) one belonging to the members of the aforesaid Order of the Garter, the other built by John, king of France, and the third by David, king of Scotland, when they both lay captive there under king Edward III, and the latter also made

\* For owing to the incredibly fine stretch of meadowland one can see for twelve miles around without a break, also when the huntsmen and nobility merrily go hunting with the falcon.

† And this terrace is 380 paces long and 7 broad, fenced in on both sides, whence is a fine distant view as announced f. 729.

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many improvements there. In the middle of the castle is a very high tower with lead roof, on the top of which I wrote my name and could see the city of London very well.\* We then came to a large apartment full of royal beds, hung or tapestried with crimson velvet on which were embroidered in gold the garter and its motto.

There I beheld a bed of extraordinarily large proportions, very ornate, sixteen of my spans broad, and fourteen long, said to be King Henry VII's bed, and I never saw a bigger in my life.

I likewise saw there King Henry VIII's bed adorned with crimson velvet embroidered with the garter. There was also a very old and regal mirror in this room. On the table near the window lay a great number of very costly tapestries worked in gold, belonging to a canopy under which the queen generally sits, the back-piece and the top were very richly embroidered.

The castle overseer also showed us in the same room a very magnificent cushion embroidered in silk, gold and silver, which the queen worked herself during her captivity at Woodstock.

Besides the tapestries one is shown a very ancient arras stretched against the wall, worked in silk and gold, which the English took from the French.<sup>1</sup>

The story worked on it tells how the three lilies fell from heaven out of an angel's hand into the hut of the hermit of Remigi who was holding a chaplet, and he

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\* This tower was built by a bishop who was prelate of the knight's company, and is hence called Winchester tower. It has 100 steps which are so constructed that one can mount them on horseback, and is 150 paces in circumference. In this tower are all kinds of weapons deemed necessary for defence.

<sup>1</sup> See text, p. 239. Hentzner also mentions this tapestry -- Specialized literature. [H.], p. 165.

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gave them to King Clovis' consort and instructed her in the Christian faith so that she became a Christian, and he advised her to hand the three French lilies to her lord the King and persuade him likewise to become a Christian, so that he should be the first Christian sovereign, and to bear these three lilies as arms, instead of the three toads he had previously borne, as it came to pass, and the French still bear the lilies for their emblem to-day.

Beneath the hermit handing over the lilies to the lady, which is very beautifully worked, were some French verses raised up in black silk, which interpreted mean roughly the following: 'For the greater furtherance of the Christian faith, God had the angel throw the lilies into the hermit's hut', and they are on an azure field and signify faith, strength and equity, and herewith he commanded that he should give them to King Clovis' consort when she came to him in his hut, just as it happened, and the King took them gladly, and became a Christian, and was anointed afterwards at Rheims by the hermit of Remigi with the holy oil from the ampulla there, as mentioned above, and installed, just as they still anoint them there to-day.

And ever since the French have borne three lilies in place of the three toads which they had formerly upon their shields. And over the writing stood the angel and the king, the angel throwing three lilies down from heaven, and the hermit reverently picking them up — and opposite was the King's consort. Since this arras is so old and beautiful and depicts the French genealogy, France has often attempted to buy it back again for an immense sum of money, but it is not to be purchased from England at any price. Near the above room

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(chambre de la Garde Robe) in a smaller chamber we were shown a chest containing numerous very richly fashioned, worked and embroidered royal cushions, and in a lower drawer of the same chest was a longish case and in it a whole bird of paradise, which they took out for us; its back was pale yellow, and both sides were chestnut brown, all round the beak however, which was very hooked, was green. The whole bird with its tail feathers measured three of my spans in length, had very fine feathers soft as silk, and two little black thongs four spans long, which it uses like claws to hook itself to trees.

In a lower drawer of said chest lay also a natural unicorn's horn weighing twenty pounds, and one span taller than I. I could almost compass its circumference with one thumb and forefinger. In the region which seems to have been embedded two spans into the head, it was hollow and contained a nerve. The exterior was very straight and pointed and wonderfully turned. They told us that Henry VIII had received this unicorn from Arabia and had valued it highly. We then saw over the dwellings of the nobility and the royal retinue, in the court where stands the fountain. Having thoroughly inspected the above castle and given gratuities to the overseer's staff, we went down the hill to the university called Eton College, or Aetona, founded by King Henry VI.

We did not see anything particular in this college except a number of clumsy scholars in long black gowns whose maintenance is amply provided by the queen. And we were told that many of the nobility dwelt in this college. I could not discover a single student able to talk to me in Latin, they all pointed to their mouths with their fingers and shook their heads. So that we did



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not linger there for long, but merely looked over some class-rooms (classes) and a splendid church nearby. Then we returned to our lodging in Windsor where we spent that night.

On the morning of the 28th of September we drove from Windsor in our carriage and past the above-mentioned college of Eton through the town or village of Burnham (?) to the town or village of Wycombe where we arrived for lunch. After the meal we drove through the town or village of West Wycombe where there was a castle, past the hostelry at Tetsworth (?) for the evening to the hostelry at Wheatley (?) some 18 or 20 miles from Windsor I believe.

On the morning of September 29th, we arrived at Oxford for lunch, 8 or 10 miles from our night's lodging I imagine, and turned in at the Bear.

### *Oxford*<sup>1</sup>

This town\* has a most delightful situation, it is not very large, and the colleges occupy most of the site. From the ruined towers and walls one can assume that it was once a strong armed and fortified town, now, however, it has no great importance, for as noted already, all such things have fallen into decay, though it still possesses bright and wide streets.

And since our coachman refused to drive us direct to Cambridge from Oxford according to the contract made in London, I went straightway into Christ's

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\* Owing to the charm of the locality was formerly called Bellositum, by the English Rhidfiche, that is Oxenford, in Latin Oxonium. Leland believes it should be named Ouseford, that is Isis ford since it is situated on the Isis. Some for the love of their country wish to ascribe a very great age to it, saying the Saxons called it Oxenford, others write that in Briton it was termed Caer(w)enn helgoit.

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<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 239.

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College to the Chancellor of the University of Oxford and complained of our coachman. He had agreed for the sum of sixteen shillings or eight francs daily, for himself his horses and the coach, to drive us to Oxford, then to Cambridge, and back to London, and now made objections that the road was too boggy and difficult to find, for that neighbourhood was uninhabited and rather deserted, further that it had recently been raining, so that he did not wish to take the risk, especially since one wheel of his coach was damaged, which he had already had mended at one place on the way. Adding that the coach was very expensive and belonged to a great lord from whom he had hired it, and that he had newly set up house and should the coach get stuck in the mud he would be a broken man for life, all of which he told the Chancellor very eloquently, while I did my part on behalf of my fellow travellers. Whereupon the Chancellor commanded one of the four beadles accompanying him, bearing long silver staves, to send two of the best smiths to our lodgings, first questioning and taking their opinion as to whether we could be driven in that coach to Cambridge and on to London, which happened without delay. And after the smiths had made their inspection, they decided that we could not get to Cambridge without grave risk to the coach owing to innumerable obstacles on the road, but we could quite well make London, and when the Chancellor learned this and that we desired to see Woodstock, he ordered the coachman, whose only wish was to return with us, on pain of serious punishment to conduct us to Woodstock and thence again to London, and if anything were amiss with the wheels, he was to have it repaired while we looked over the town and colleges, as it befell.

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For the Chancellor is almost head of the town of Oxford and commands such esteem that what he orders must be carried out, especially when it concerns students or scholars, as may be read and learned elsewhere.

The high school at Oxford as it is called, was founded by the devout charity of Alfred, England's pious King, in 872 A.D.<sup>1</sup> Others are of opinion that it was erected in 1015 B.C. and that King Vortigern renewed it in 474 after the birth of Christ. To-day it is one of the foremost universities in the whole of Christendom, whether for the splendour of the magnificent buildings, the high attainment of professors and students, or the position of the charming and healthy region in which it lies.

They told me when I was there that it contained sixteen colleges and foundations, which maintained the scholars from the common funds, in which many live secluded as in monasteries. There are besides some eight aulas or halls where the students live from their own purses or those of relatives or friends.

The sixteen colleges and their arms, founders, revenues, also the number of students taken in by each, are described by Simon Bibeus an Englishman and printed in a Latin table by Jakob Rathgeb exchequer clerk to the Duke of Wirtemberg, whence all detailed information may be taken.

[Fol. 736a — 738b omitted by the editor as copied out of Wirtemberg. See W. B. Rye, pp. 21-30. Platter visited the following colleges: Merton, Exeter, Magdalen, Brasenose, Corpus Christi, All Souls, New College, Christ Church, Trinity and Jesus.]

In most of the above colleges we received something to drink, generally beer, and bread and butter to eat,

<sup>1</sup> See Parker, Chap. II.

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they also showed us over their gardens, halls and rooms, and behaved with every courtesy and friendliness towards us. Further the English professor accompanying us took us to the theological students' (Theologorum) hall, now very splendidly rebuilt, and vaulted with so flat or straight an arch that it is deemed particularly skilful.

Above the roof of this hall they are making a place for the new library,<sup>1</sup> where already many great chained books may be seen. The ceiling is finely proportioned, and painted with the university arms, namely an open book having two crowns above and one below. In the book is written of wisdom and felicity (*sapientiae et faelicitatis*). Beneath the book were the words: 'The Lord is my light' (*Dominus illuminatio mea*). I saw the old library containing many manuscripts and fine globes (*globi*) in the new college. On our return to our lodging, the said professor showed us a place called Carfax,<sup>2</sup> situated at a cross-roads, leading to the four corners of the universe, and a great iron ring is inserted there.

He showed us a seat opposite it which he named penniless bench (*scamnum sine pecunia*)<sup>3</sup> saying it had taken its name from the loiterers in the habit of sitting there daily.

We then came to a prison called Bocardo.<sup>4</sup>

Right close by we were shown the far-famed and very learned Mr. Caius'<sup>5</sup> residence.

From there we arrived at our hostel the Bear, detained the English professor to lunch with us and learned many curious things from him, and he admitted frankly that

<sup>1</sup> Plummer, p. 99.

<sup>2</sup> Plummer, pp. 86 and 87, Clark I, 61, Hurst-Agas 'Quatervoy's'.

<sup>3</sup> Clark, I, 63n, 221n, etc.

<sup>4</sup> Clark, I, 255-7, in the North Gate [H.].

<sup>5</sup> P. is apparently confusing John and Thomas Caius [H.].

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in all the sixteen years of his professorship he had not spoken so much Latin in one day as with us, and it was pitiful to see him consult Priscian.

After lunch we took coach together from Oxford to the royal palace of Woodstock,<sup>1</sup> 6 miles from Oxford.

Woodstock is a royal palace built of square stone; the first entrance is a large forecourt, in which is erected a fine fountain with five spouts, and the water from the Rosamund spring flows into it. And after climbing up thirty-five stone steps we entered a large hall, the roof and woodwork of which were built of Irish wood as in Westminster, and again they told us that such wood harboured no cobwebs, nor did we see any.

This room led to the three apartments running one into the other, where for a long time Queen Elizabeth was imprisoned while soldiers were on guard at either end and hourly she awaited the death to which she might be condemned; she was not allowed to go beyond those three rooms; for in the first and last room forty soldiers were on duty at a time, twenty at either end. In the foremost or first apartment I was shown the following English verses on a window-shutter written by the queen herself with charcoal, since she was allowed neither paper, pen, nor ink.

Oh fortune thy Wrestling wavering state  
Hath fraught with Cares my troubled witt;  
Whose witnes this present prisoner late,  
Could beare where once was Joy flowne quitt,  
Thou causedst the guiltie to be losed,  
From bandes where innocents were inclosed,

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 239.

## PLATTER'S TRAVELS

And caused the guiltless to be reserved,  
And freed those that death had Well deserved,  
But allherein can be nothing Wroughte,  
So God send to my foes all they have toughte<sup>1</sup>

Finis. Elisabetha the prisoner, 1555

The other room was her bedroom.

From the third room she could look out on to the meadow, and it is said of her, that watching the milkmaids milk the cows upon the meadow, she often declared that nothing would give her greater happiness than to be a milkmaid like those whom she saw out on the field, so miserable and perilous was her captive plight.

Afterwards however, she was elected and made queen from out this prison, as the histories tell.

The overseer of the residence told us that when Elizabeth was last at Woodstock, seven years ago in the above three rooms, with tears in her eyes she related how strict they had been then, allowing her neither paper nor ink. And when she entered the garden she wept again, and told how the gardener's boy had often brought her flowers from the garden to her prison,<sup>2</sup> and how this was immediately forbidden him although he was only an innocent child. After leaving these rooms we were shown King Henry VIII's bathing-tub and bathing room, also a large square lead cistern full of water in which he bathed; the water comes from the Rosamund spring, is cold in summer and warm in winter.

Then we were conducted into a chapel built in Jewish fashion in a semicircle; the women stand on one side,

<sup>1</sup> [H.] p. 122, has emended the text. I have kept more closely to the original in order to preserve the P.-Hentzner version.

<sup>2</sup> See Marshall and Mumby.

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and a window looks on to the men's chapel. Before the door stands a large stately font in which many kings have been baptised.

After this we saw the king's hall and his chamber very poorly constructed and without proper tapestry, since the queen very rarely comes here, and has no great inclination to live here again, nevertheless, she does not wish to let the place decay, and orders the building to be kept in repair.

Thence we went into the garden, which is also in poor condition, there we saw rosemary forty years old, and the gardener told us the story of the gardener's boy (f. 74<sup>1</sup>).

After inspecting the palace thoroughly and remunerating the overseer for his pains, we entered the old ruined building opposite the palace (rudera) where dwelled the lovely Rosamund Clifford,<sup>1</sup> King Henry II of England's concubine.

Then we saw a number of ancient walls and doorways still standing, and a rather large square stone basin full of water which is warm in winter and cold in summer, where the king is supposed to have bathed with his fair Rosamund.

They showed us also a number of places in this same house where in the king's time had been dug secret subterranean passages leading to a wood some two miles off, and when the king chose to lose himself while hunting, he came thus secretly to Rosamund's house, so that the queen should not discover it, for she was very alert and kept careful watch in the palace over anyone entering or leaving Rosamund's house.

Finally since she could detect nothing, she went herself

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 239.

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to Rosamund's dwelling and walked in the secret subterranean passages spreading green Spanish silk along the sides and on the ground, so that when her sovereign lord chanced to pass that way, and came in contact with it, it would cling to him, as it befell, for returning home from the chase one day, unwittingly he brought back home a piece of said green Spanish silk upon his hat, from which the queen at once deduced that her lord was accustomed to wait on Rosamund by means of the secret passage. For which reason she was straightway revenged on Rosamund with poison, of which she died, and was interred at Godstow, 3 miles from Woodstock, in the white order, and these two Latin verses were inscribed upon her grave:

*Hic iacet in tumba Rosamundi non Rosamunda,  
Non redolet sed olet quod redolere solet,*

in translation, 'Here lies Rosamundi (a rose unclean and worldly) not Rosamunda; that which should smell sweet has no perfume but stinks'.

While we were drinking an evening draught in the village of Woodstock they told us that the palace was said to be erected in Julius Caesar's time.

After our drink we returned to Oxford, and since it was getting late, tarried the night there.

On the morning of the last day, the 30th of September, we left Oxford in the small hours passing the Wheatley(?) hostelry on our way to the Tetsworth(?) hostelry for lunch. After lunch here we arrived by way of West Wycombe and Wycombe at the village of Beaconsfield for the night, it is open like a village, has a broad street running through it, but unpaved if I remember.

On October 1st, we drove through the charming village



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of Uxbridge or Oxenbridge, 15 miles from London, and the villages of Hillingdon (?) and Acton (?) past Tyburn gallows, and a house that is haunted so that nobody can live there, and back once more to London, the Lord be praised, that makes 44 miles from Oxford to London, or some calculate 47 English miles. We turned in at our old hostelry, the Lily in Mark Lane, with Monsieur Briard.

### *Journey to Greenwich*<sup>1</sup>

On October 6th, we accompanied Dr. Medusius and his wife down the Thames from London in a sailing boat to the royal palace at Greenwich, after having seen the Tower of London, and lunched together, as related f.676.

This royal palace of Greenwich\* is situated 3,000 paces or 3 English miles from London, on the river Thames to the east, and the queen generally spends the summer there giving audience in the same to many foreign potentates and ambassadors, for I am told she was born in this palace.

In the outer court is a delightful fountain.

When we had made our way up into the royal palace we saw a very large picture of the king of France on horse-back<sup>2</sup> in one room. Also a picture of a creature half-woman and half ox.

They led us then to the Presence chamber where I played the positive organ, and the ceiling was all gilt.

In another large chamber I saw the portrait bust of Julius Caesar on the mantelpiece, made of white stone.

Then we entered the field room overlooking the Thames. There we saw many fine things,<sup>3</sup> amongst

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\* So called from the green gardens around.

<sup>1</sup> See note, p. 239.

<sup>2</sup> Rammsla, equestrian portrait of Henry IV.

<sup>3</sup> Stettin, objects of vertu.

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them a very costly backgammon set, gift of Christian, Elector of Saxony, to the queen. On the pieces (dames) were the coloured portraits of great lords and queens in relief covered with pure crystal. The edge or border of the board was encircled and inlaid with ivory and ebony and set with costly jewels. Another pure silver game of chess and a wolf game, in which a wolf and a number of sheep are played, of silver-gilt, were also to be seen.

We were then shown a fine high silver-gilt escritoire on which stood a good clear mirror. Item, another escritoire like a little box, beautifully worked. Next a tall saltcellar like a candlestick was pointed out to us, very tastefully ornamented with a tree made of natural silver material. Another saltcellar was in the shape of a native decked out with fine feathers, on his shoulders was a shell inlaid and set with pearls and precious stones. Likewise we were shown a box made of pure mother of pearl and another fashioned with great artistry all of glass.

Then we looked at three candlesticks held on high by three men standing on three tortoises.

On the side-board was a long cover worked in silver and gold showing the queen in a coach driving up to a house. And over the carriage was written: 'Non dolo sed virtute clara', that is, 'Renowned not for guile but for virtue'.

Further we saw an exceedingly lovely cover of peacock's feathers sewn together into pretty pictures. Likewise a small mat all of dressed thistlefinches' heads very cleverly put together. And another cover of ducks' heads stuck together, very well worked and extremely attractive. Following these came a rich gilt clock; item, two fine large globes (globi) of heaven and earth. They told us that all these splendid objects were gifts to the queen

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from the great potentates and lords to whom she showed some favour, for they were aware that Her Royal Highness took pleasure in such strange and lovely curios. In the said chamber which formed a bay overlooking the river was also a charming canopy with numerous cushions and feather plumes under it, where the queen sits in her magnificence.

We then descended into the garden which is attractively laid out.

Thence we climbed a steep slope up to a high tower behind the palace, I think it is called the Venus hill and on the top of the tower<sup>1</sup> there is a great flag. The tower was lead covered, and the following Latin verses were inscribed there:

Lysiadum princeps . . . Antonius armis,  
Reginae petijt sorte coactus opem  
A° 1581 et 1585'.

which is, 'When Antonius the eloquent was compelled by war to seek help of the queen, this inscription was made'.

In this tower were many costly tapestries, intended for the rooms and apartments there.

One room contained a portrait of one named Corneille, wearing a velvet cap and triple chain around his neck, resembling indeed my own brother Dr. Felix Platter in countenance. From the top of the tower we had a splendid view, for it is built on the summit of the hill. After coming down the hill again we boarded our ship, and the river bore us back again to London.

Not far from the said royal palace, upon the shore, we saw the ship<sup>2</sup> of the English captain Drake in which he is

<sup>1</sup> Rammsla describes the interior of Mirefleur.

<sup>2</sup> *The Golden Hind*.

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said to have sailed round the world. It appears that it was very large and stoutly built of some hundred tons, quite fitted for so long and perilous a voyage, and since it is rotten with age and now decaying, I took a piece and brought it back with me to Basel.

Further up the river we saw two royal warships lying at anchor on the Thames, which we boarded and found exactly like the ones described above on f. 668.

After this we gradually returned and arrived back in London for the evening, where we dined together at our inn.

### *Journey to Richmond<sup>1</sup>*

On Sunday, October 17th, I, Junker Stüber, Peter Julius, Mr. Button and others, drove by coach to the royal palace of Richmond, 7 miles from London on the Thames near a place called Richmond.

King Henry VII of England built this royal palace, for before he became king he was Earl of Richmond.

And it was according to his command that, after his decease, his intestines were slung full of blood against the walls of a chamber in the palace, as a symbol that he conquered the kingdom by force, slaying Richard III who had usurped the realm, in battle.<sup>2</sup> Indeed many traces of blood were pointed out to us in one room.

On arrival at Richmond preparations are made in the church: and Caspar Thoman of Zürich with whom I was acquainted in Languedoc came across me there, and enquired of me how he should comport himself in the matter of a supplication which his [gracious] patrons in Zürich had given him for the queen, asking that he

<sup>1</sup> See note p. 239.

<sup>2</sup> Stettin repeats this legend.

## PLATTER'S TRAVELS

should be assisted with a scholarship into any college they pleased, as I myself read it written on parchment in the Latin tongue. I spoke to the queen's secretary who asked to see the recommendation, and he immediately informed him not to hand it to the queen in passing as he had intended, but to come to him the next day and he would try to assist him in every way, which he did; for although bursaries (*collegia*) are mostly founded for the natives in special cases, yet he received a good grant, so that he is still studying in England free of costs to-day.

Soon after the queen walked alone out of her presence chamber, followed by all her lords, councillors, body guard and retinue, and passed quite close to us and most of the onlookers knelt.

As she looked down from a window in the gallery on her people in the courtyard, they all knelt and she spoke in English: 'God bles mi piple', and they all cried in unison 'God save the Queen', and they remained kneeling until she made them a sign with her hand to rise, which they did with the greatest possible reverence.

For this is certain; the English esteem her, not only as their queen, but as their God, for which reason three things are prohibited on pain of death. Firstly none may enquire whether she be still a virgin, for they hold her too holy to admit of doubt. Secondly no one may question her government or estates, so completely is she trusted. And lastly, it was forbidden on pain of death to make enquiries as to who is to succeed her on her decease, for fear that if it were known, this person in his lust for government might plot against the queen's life. For they loved their queen and feared her mightily, for she had ruled her kingdom for so long and kept the peace against all schemers; nor could she bear any other person besides

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herself to be popular with the people, so that report had it that the Admiral was very good to the people but he also chastised and punished them severely, only in order that they should dislike him and he should obtain greater favour with the queen.

From the aforesaid gallery the queen entered the church where she heard a short sermon, then we saw her re-enter her presence chamber; and the King of France's ambassador followed after her, for he had just arrived at court, and craved speech with her.

We departed to the courtyard to a pleasant tennis court where we played a game or two before lunch.

They invited us to lunch at court, but as we were afraid we should be kept too long and unable to return to London that same day as we desired, we made our excuses and took our lunch in the village at an inn. After the meal we returned by coach quietly back to London to our former hostelry.

### *Journey to France and the Netherlands*

On October 20th, having settled the account for myself and my gentlemen to the hostess's satisfaction and taken leave of my acquaintances, I went to milord Cobham's and fetched a passport in the English tongue as follows:

Wheras the bearers herof Jean Joachim Stuber, Petrus Julius, Andreas Pucher, Paulus Holtzbecher, Martinus Pissetius, Thomas Platerus, highe Almaynes gentilmen and schollers came latelie over, moved with a desier to see her Mayeste and the countrey, and are nouue disirous to passe over into frannce to the like ende: Theise are therfore to praye and requier you and everie of you whome

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it maye concerne, not onlie to sufer them with their clokebagg and other their necessarie carriage quietle to passe without your or anye of your lette, hinderannce or impeachment; but also to yeelde them all lawfull favor and curtesie you maye and they shall desier for their better expedicon; foreseeinge they carrie nothings with them contrarye to order nor behave themselves otherwise then becommeth. And in so doinge this shalbe your warrant. Ffrom my house at Blackfriars the xx<sup>th</sup> of October 1599

Henry Cobham

To my lovinge frends  
the maystre of Dover  
and to the reste of the commissioners  
for restraunte of passage there.

[German translation follows]

In the top right hand margin (in margine) was the queen's crest sealed in red wax, as in the original passport, which I took back with me to Basel.

On procuring this passport we had lunch, and then travelled by a large boat on the Thames to Gravesend, 22 m. from London, and mentioned above on f. 670.

On the morning of 21st of October we took the ordinary post to Rochester, there we took fresh mounts and soon arrived at the third stage, Sittingbourne. There again we changed horses, and posted on to Canterbury and thence with the fourth post to the port of Dover; 44 miles from Gravesend, as will be found above on f. 664 and following. Many of them experienced great discomfort from the posts because of the small saddles which they had to ride without post cushions, and all made great speed, so that we covered the 44 English miles in about five hours.

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On October 22nd, we rested quietly at Dover harbour, in a hostelry called the Greyhound (*à la levrette*) and saw about a ship to take us back to Calais. We found French and English ships ready there to sail, and should have liked to confide ourselves to the French captain because of the danger of the Spaniards from Dunkirk, had the English allowed, but an English boat was ready, and the rule applied as stated f. 663.

On October 23rd, after visiting the mayor at Dover, who had now recovered with God's help and the prescriptions I had given him on my outward journey, and having settled with our host, paid the requisite custom and the queen's dues, we drove out in God's name to the English vessel lying at anchor in the port, and embarked; and after the sails had been hoisted we made towards France. But since the wind was more against us than in our favour we made slow progress, and remained till midnight on the high sea, when a calm befell us, so that we could move neither way, except a little with long oars which the captain carried with him, enlisting all our services with these, but without the wind our efforts were unfortunately not strong enough to make great headway.

Soon a breeze sprang up again, which fact we could only partly appreciate, for our English captain warned us very earnestly not to make a noise, while he hid the light in our lantern so that we should not be observed, for he had sighted a Spanish ship from Dunkirk close by, which was patrolling the sea, but it did not spot us, for which we were very glad. Having escaped this peril and once sure of Calais harbour, the captain swore that if the Spaniards had given chase, he would sooner have flung away his ship, or risked making straight for land,



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even though it had meant complete destruction, rather than surrender to the Spaniards. For he knew the treatment meted out by the Spaniards to English captives, and theirs on the other hand to the Spaniards. One thing is certain, had they captured us, we might have stood a chance of being ransomed for a good sum of money.

But God be praised we arrived safe and sound at Calais port towards dawn, where we made merry until daybreak in a fisherman's hut, as is the case with those who land happily in port after a great peril.

As day broke on the 24th, a Sunday, and the gates of Calais were opened, and after we had paid our English captain, and shown our English passport, we entered the town of Calais and turned in at our old hostelry, the Swan, that is 7 French miles from Dover.

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## NOTES

READERS requiring specialized and detailed annotation are referred to the original edition by Hans Hecht, 1929. There is no reason to repeat what he has very ably put together. Only useful reminders or additions of interest to an English public are made available in the following.

The following abbreviations have been used: P=Platter; [H.] = Hecht; K=Kingsford's Stow; VCH=Victoria County History; DNB=*Dic. Nat. Biog.*; OHSP=Ox. Hist. Soc. Pub.].

p. 145 Risbanc — cf. F. Lennel *Histoire de Calais*, 1908-10, II, 275-80, and plates.

p. 146ff Mileage — See *Geog. Journal*, 1930-31, 'The Old Eng. Mile'. This was roughly equivalent to 10-11 furlongs or 1500 paces. The distance Dover-London acc. to roadbooks was 55 or 54 miles as against P. 66.

p. 146 'Greyhound' — See J. B. Jones: *Annals of Dover*, 1916, 416.

p. 148 Joseph Calf — William Somner: *Antiquities of Canterbury*, 1703, I, 184; Edward Hasted: *A History and Topog. Survey of . . . Kent*, 1797-1801, XI, 191, 234.

p. 148 The Post — For verification of this statement see Edward Arber: *Story of the Pilgrim Fathers*, p. 73ff., *Eng. Hist. Rev.*, 18, 716, and J. C. Hemmeon: *Hist of the Brit. Post Office*, 1912.

p. 149ff The Fleet — cf. William Lambarde: *Perambulation of Kent*, 1596, p. 349; *Archaeologia*, XIII, 1830. List for 1599. [H.] plate p. 143.

p. 153 Londinium, etc. — For an account of the place name see 'The Derivation of London', E. Jeffries Davis, *History* XI, 1926.

p. 155 London Bridge — Platter's localization apparently inaccurate. Heads transferred to Bridge foot 1577. Gordon Home: *Old London Bridge*, 1931, pp. 186, 193-4.

p. 157 Cheapside — cf. Paul Hentzner. K. I, 345-46; II, 351-52. [H.] Kenneth Rogers: *Old Cheapside and Poultry*, 1931.

p. 159 The Tower — Much of the armoury noticed by P. will be found catalogued and reproduced in Charles J. Ffoulke's *Inventory and Survey of the Armouries*, etc., 1916, which also contains a translation of this passage by Dr. Rosedale. [H.]. See also: John Bayley: *Hist. of the Tower of London*, 1830; Lord R. S. Gower: *The Tower of London*, 1901-2; Walter Bell: *The Tower of London*, 1935.

p. 163ff Whitehall — [H.] pp. 148-49 on Devices. Descriptions and inventories in Wedel, Hentzner, Stettin (and travels of Neumayr von Rammsla (1613).

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p. 166 The Theatre — On this passage, see E. K. Chambers: *The Elizabethan Stage*, II, 1923. Regarding its importance for the date of Julius Caesar, v. E. K. Chambers: *William Shakespeare*, 1930, p. 397. The farce enacted at the curtain was possibly 'The White Tragedy': cf. W. Creizenach *Sn. Jahrbuch*, 54, 42ff., [H.].

p. 167ff Sports — The rings for bull and bearbaiting are marked in contemporary maps, descriptions in Wedel, Kiechel, Wirtemberg, and Hentzner, etc. (see note p. 102).

p. 171 Lobelus — cf. *Shak's Eng.* I, 510-11 Ludoric Legré: *Pierre Pena et Matthias de Lobel*, 1899.

p. 171 Cope — See DNB, K. II, 23. *Hakluyt Soc. Pub.*, 1935. N.S., LXXVII. Stettin also sees this collection.

p. 177 St. Paul's Pulpit — W. Sparrow Simpson: *Chapters in the Hist. of Old St. Paul's*, 1881, and engraving in Robert Wilkinson's *Londona Illustrata*, I, II, pp. 115-58, showing this very scene. [H.].

p. 178 Westminster tombs — P. lists the following tombs: (1) Sebert King of Essex; (2) Richard II; (3) Frances Duchess of Suffolk; (4) Lord John Russel; (5) Edward the Confessor; (6) Anne Duchess of Somerset; (7) Lord Burghley; (8) Frances Duchess of Sussex; (9) Sir Thomas Bromley; (10) Henry VII; (11) Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII; (12) Henry III; (13) Edward I. cf. [H.] pp. 54-55, Camden's. *Reges, Reginae, Nobiles . . . in Ecclesia . . . Westmonasterii sepulti 1600 et seq.*, also Brayley and Neale.

p. 179 Blackfriars — A. Feuillerat, Malone Soc. Coll. II, *The Blackfriars Records* in which are frequent references to Cobham House and the Glass house. [H.].

pp. 180-190 For discussion, Introd. II and Hans Matter Bibliog. I. On the Barnacle, see E. Heron-Allen: *Barnacles in Nature and in Myth*, 1928. [H.].

p. 190ff Nonsuch — For description of palace, see A. W. Clapham and W. H. Godfrey: *Some Famous Buildings and their story*, 1913; VCH III, pp. 268-70 [H.]. J. A. Gotch: *Early Renaissance Architecture in England*, 1901; Hentzner, Stettin, Neumayr v. Rammsla contain descriptions and inventories. For general notes on the annals and hist. of many Tudor palaces see *Royal Palaces of England* [ed.] R. S. Rait, 1911.

p. 199ff Hampton Court — See fig. 129 Thomas Garner and Arthur Stratton: *The Dom. Arch. of England during the Tudor Period*, 1929, vol. I; E. Law: *The History of Hampton Court*, 3 vols. 1885-91. [H.]. Hentzner, Wirtemberg, Stettin, Rammsla for inventories of effects.

p. 205ff Windsor (i) — Follow P's. tour on Norden's plan 1607 reproduced in R. R. Tighe and J. E. Davis: *Annals of Windsor*, 1858,

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vols. 1 and 2. [H.]. Sir Jeffery Wyatville: *Illustrations of Windsor Castle*, 1841 invaluable essay by A. Poynter. Hentzner and P. have as common source Braun and Hogenberg (p. 139ff) for their knowledge of Windsor. See again Hentzner, Wirtemberg, Stettin, Rammsla.

pp. 206-208 Order of Garter (ii) — See Elias Ashmole: *Hist. of the most noble Order of the Garter*, 1672 and 1715; G. F. Beltz: *Memorials of the most noble Order of the Garter*, 1841 [H.]; Sir Harris Nicolas: *Orders of Knighthood*, vol. 1.

p. 216ff Oxford — Sir Charles Mallet, vol. II, 1924-7, OHSP 3; J. Parker: *The Early Hist. of Oxford*, 1885, OHSP 3; Ch. Plummer: *Elizabethan Oxford*, 1887, OHSP 8; A. Wood ed. A. Clark: *Survey of the Antiquities of Oxford*, 1889, OHSP 15; H. Hurst: *Old Plans of Oxford*, 1898, OHSP 38; *Oxford Topography*, 1899, OHSP 39.

p. 220ff Woodstock (i) — Rosamond Clifford, see DNB where legends of maze, silk, poison cup, the burial and epitaph at Godstow occur.

(ii) Elizabeth at — Edward Marshall: *The Early History of Woodstock Manor*, 1873; F. A. Mumby: *The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth* [H.], 1909. cf. Hentzner (from Camden) and Stettin.

p. 224ff Greenwich — See A. G. K. L'Estrange: *Palace and Hospital of Greenwich*, 1886, and *Vetusta Monumenta* II.

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## NOTE ON TAPESTRY

Pour plus tenir foy Chrestienne estable  
 Et de pervers damner l'iniquité  
 Fu Roy Clovys esleu connestable  
 Au hault conseil de sainte trinité.  
 Pour annoncer laquelle election  
 Ce saint Ange par digne affection  
 Au lieu qu'on dict Joyenval descendi  
 A cest Hermite & [le] devin tresor  
 Pour Roy Clovys convertir luy tendi:  
 Sur champ d'azur ces trois fleurs de lys d'or,



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Disant: amis, ce present honorable  
 Signifie foy, force & equité.  
 Clovys sera victorieu notable  
 Pour ces armes d'excellent dignité.  
 A Sainte Clotte en feras mention  
 Femme Clovys, qui par devotion  
 Veoir te vient; lors encontre elle issy  
 Le saint luy dict, elle respond: desor  
 Prendra Clovys, quand à Dieu plaist ainsi,  
 Sur champ d'azur ces trois fleurs de lys d'or.  
 L'escu fist faire à ce present semblable  
 Et fust au Roy par elle présenté  
 Qui au nom Dieu le receut acceptable.  
 Don fust Candar, Roy des Gothois, mat:  
 Joyenval a de ce fondation.  
 Puis print à Rems Regeneration,  
 Lors tramist Dieu l'ampole à saint Remy  
 Dont fu sacré, si sont ses hoirs encor  
 Qui ont porté et portent comme ly  
 Sur champ d'azur as trois fleurs de lys d'or. [H. pp. 110-111]

## WOODSTOCK POEM

*Hentzner's Latin version, 1612*

O Fortuna! tuum semper variabile numen  
 Implevit curis animum mordacibus aegrum;  
 Carcer hic est testis, qui gaudia cuncta removit;  
 Saepe tetris miseros tentasti solvere vinclis:  
 Et servare tibi innocuos justissima cura.  
 Sed tamen inde tuo fallaci fidere vento  
 Nulli consultum puto; nam mutaris in horas;  
 Tandem Jova Pater, qui servantissimus acqui  
 Et scelerum vindex es justus, tela retunde  
 In me missa, meis inimicis lance repende  
 Aequa; fac videam propriis contreria votis.

Elisabetha Captiva

## NOTES

*Translation in 1757 edn.*

O Fortune! how thy restless wavering state  
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!  
Witness this present prison whither fate  
Hath born me, and the joys I quit.  
Thou causedest the guilty to be loosed  
From bands, wherewith are innocents inclosed;  
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,  
And freeing those that death had well deserved:  
But by her envy can be nothing wrought  
So God send to my foes all they have thought.  
Elizabeth Prisoner

A.D. MDLV

*Hentzner, 1612*

Oh fortune thy Wrestling wavering state  
Hath fraught with Cares my troubled witt;  
Whese(o) witnes this present prisonn late,  
Could beare where once was was Joy floune(?) quitt,  
Thou causedst the guiltle(?) to be losed,  
From bandes where innocents wehre(?) inclosed,  
And caused the guiltles, to be reserved.  
And freed these that death had Well deserved,  
But allherein(?) can be nothing Wroughte,  
So God send to my foes althey have toughte.  
Elisabethe the Prisoner, 1555

John Nichols: *Progresses*, 1828, I, 9-10 reprints passages from Holinshed and the above poem as in Walpole's edn. of 1757.



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